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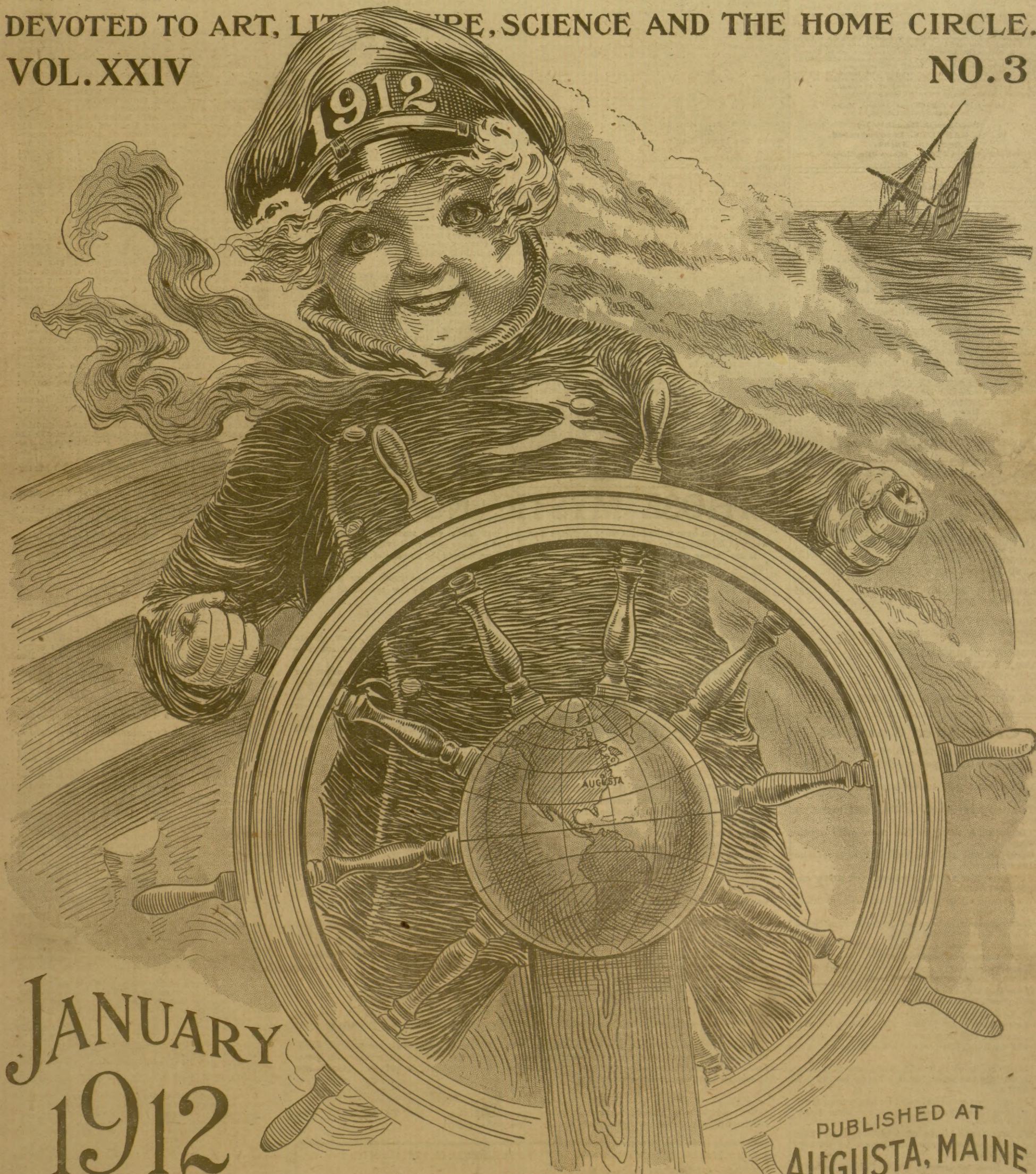
# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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# COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated  
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL  
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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## Crums of Comfort

Everything that totters does not fall.

A person without patience is a lamp without oil.

Enjoy what you have: hope for what you lack.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

The absurd man is the man who never changes.

Good actions are the visible hinges of the gates of heaven.

The more idle a woman's hand, the more occupied her heart.

We should all be perfect if we were neither men nor women.

There is pleasure in meeting the eyes of those to whom we have done good.

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.

Were we perfectly acquainted with our idol, we should never passionately desire it.

If we had no defects we should not take so much pleasure in discovering those of others.

To know how to be silent is more difficult and more profitable than to know how to speak.

It is more difficult to dissimulate the sentiments we have, than to simulate those we have not.

Not to enjoy one's youth when one is young is to imitate the miser who starves beside his treasures.

If happiness would always be prolonged from courtship into marriage, we should have paradise on earth.

We have three kinds of friends; those who love us, those who are indifferent to us and those who hate us.

Great men undertake great things because they know they are difficult, and fools because they think they are easy.

What a cruel jest it would be to condemn those who continually boast of their virtues to the strict practice of what they profess.

He who thinks he can do without the world deceives himself, but he who thinks the world cannot do without him is still more in error.

# Kidnapping a Bridegroom

By Elizabeth R. Carpenter

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## CHAPTER I.

THE lobby of St. Rhuels was thronged with men early one evening last November. The more fortunate, or perhaps the more prosperous of these, were awaiting the call for their automobiles, which stood without the brilliantly illuminated entrance and extended in an unbroken line almost to Broadway. Some were there to keep appointments of more or less importance, while still others were seeking temporary refuge from the capricious north wind, which careered about the busy thoroughfare, tossing sleet and snow into the eyes of the rich and poor alike, and impartially nipping the noses and fingers of the just and of the unjust.

Over to the extreme right of the lobby, two men conversed in a desultory way. The taller, who was stout, sleek and well-groomed, kept his face toward the lobby entrance and, with sharp deep-set eyes, watched the advent of each new arrival.

From time to time his companion moved uneasily, shifting his position, tugging at his high collar, and thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, only presently to pull them forth again. His bearing was utterly unlike that of the other, and manifested extreme impatience and apprehension.

"Dam-me!" he presently exclaimed fretfully, "it's cold as Greenland out here. My feet are getting numb! Why can't we go inside?"

The stout man's watchful gaze left the entrance long enough to turn upon his companion a disdainful glance. His soft voice possessed a quality of rare richness and sweetness. "Gad, I wish I'd been more fortunate in my selection of a partner. Cold feet! That's been your trouble from the start. But, let me tell you something. You're not going to sheer off now and leave me in the lurch. You've got to see me through! Jocks! Isn't five thousand dollars worth the game? Hold on to yourself, Jim, he's sure to be along presently. Ah—"

The abrupt exclamation was elicited by the sudden entrance of a young man who seemed to be about thirty years old and looked like a Westerner. Athletic in build, long limbed and lithe in his movements, he handled a huge valise as though it were a hand bag. His face was smooth and boyish, and his mouth and chin resolute. Over his whole face from his honest eyes to his firm mouth was an expression of blithe good nature.

Glancing neither right nor left, he entered the broad hall and approached the clerk. The two loungers sauntered in the wake of the newcomer, still chatting, apparently in a careless, indifferent manner. After a few moments' conference with the head clerk, a porter was summoned, who took the young man's valise and led the way to the elevator.

The two who had kept within hearing distance adjourned to the bar. It might have been a half hour later, that John Graham, the young man who had registered, was interrupted in his comfortable after dinner smoke by the rap of a bell-boy at his door. "Scuse me, suh," said the boy, thrusting his woolly head within the room, "They's two gentlemen to see yoh, suh."

"The Dickens there are!" exclaimed the young man, springing up. "Why, what in the name—oh well, all right Sonny, show them up."

The youngster withdrew and presently two men entered, closing the door behind them.

The tall, stout fellow stepped forward and bowed.

"Ah, a thousand pardons for this intrusion, my dear Duke!" he said in a voice that possessed

a sweet cadence and was as smooth as velvet.

Graham gazed at the speaker in blank surprise and then he smiled. "Gentlemen, you're in the wrong room. You flatter me, but I'm not the party you're seeking."

The stout fellow smiled ingratiatingly in return. "Pardon, my dear sir. No mistake. Ha, my name is Jacobs—Permit me—my card. Our friend here is Jones, Theophilus Jones. And you?" he waved a thick impressive forefinger. "You, my dear sir, are the Duke of Charteris! May we be seated?"

John Graham felt a slight qualm of uneasiness. At the same time his ever ready sense of the ridiculous was getting the ascendancy. He hesitated whether to obey the impulse to spring past his visitors and reach the bell button, or to roar with laughter. But he chose the simpler way.

"Be seated, by all means, gentlemen!" he said with a hearty laugh, wiping genuine tears from his eyes. He walked over to the fireplace and stood, hands behind him, before the warm blaze. "If I can be of service to you gentlemen, pray command me. However, let me assure you that I am not the Duke of Charteris, and don't know his lordship from Adam! In fact my acquaintance among the nobility is very limited."

Jacobs laughed softly, chaffingly. "Isn't he a whimsical chap, Jones?" with admiring indulgence. "A card, by Jove, he's a card!" He turned to Graham. "It's all right, Duke. Rather cruel of you to try to deceive us. But of course we understand you're traveling—ha—Innocent."

Graham pulled forward a chair and seated himself. His face lost in a measure its expression of merry good humor, yet he was still diverted. He was by nature a daredevil, and always ready for a venture. An experience of this kind appealed to him. He had stopped over at New York on his way to Argentine, whither he was bound on business. He was ready for work, but he was also ready for amusement and adventure. The latter seemed to be coming his way a little faster than he had anticipated. After a pause he leaned forward and looked Jacobs square in the eye. "What's your game?" he asked coolly.

"Ah, my dear Duke! Now you're talking business," cried Jacobs. "There is a game, sure enough, and a winning one as far as you are concerned! We're here to persuade you to undertake a venture, a rather unique proposition, a well—not to take your time mincing matter, a matrimonial venture. We're—ha—going to take you up town, and—well, in short, we're going to join you in holy wedlock to a young and beautiful girl!"

"Oh, is that all?" "One moment, my dear sir. Have patience, and we'll make everything clear. First of all, a number of persons are interested in this enterprise. The girl's stepfather (an unscrupulous old fox, my lord) is perhaps the prime mover, so to speak. He has reasons, personal of course, for desiring the girl to marry into the—ha—nobility. But we need not go into that. The girl, a powerful-willed little minx, has made us a deal of trouble. Now, at last, such strong pressure has been brought to bear, that she has yielded. We needn't go into that either. It's all settled. Now my dear sir, a word in regard to yourself.

"We've been very much interested in you. Your movements have been pretty closely watched for a couple of months. You expected to reach America some time ago,—in September to be exact. You were detained by the death of your great aunt, Lady Kilmore. Isn't that right? You arrived only this evening on the Kaiser Frederick, telephoned here for—your suite,—and here you are! How about it? One minute and I'm through. The girl, first of all, is a lady, so make yourself quite easy on that score. She's young, beau-

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January, 1912.

tiful, good. The old fox has made it an object to me, and our friend Jones here, to use our influence, which, allow me to state, you will find rather strong, to induce the Duke, whom you closely resemble, to look with favor upon this match. The real duke might prove a difficult subject for us to handle, but as the old man has never seen him you will answer the purpose, if you act your part, and he will never discover the difference, not till we get our money. Now, how does this scheme strike you?"

There was a long pause, pregnant, breathless. Then John Graham slowly rose from the chair. His face was quite colorless, his hands were tightly clenched. He took one step toward Jacobs, then an unmistakable click caused him to lift his eyes. He looked down the barrel of Jones' revolver.

Graham hesitated, shrugged his shoulders philosophically and reseated himself. "You're a pretty couple of scoundrels," he sneered. "Claver! my lord, but you're clever!" Two to one. Holding an unarmed man at pistol point! However, he again faced Jacobs with blazing eyes, "However, I'll be hanged if you're clever enough to cart me to a parson and marry me offhand. Let's see you do it!"

Jacobs leaned forward, rubbing his fat hands together. "Oh, come now," he said persuasively, "don't lose your temper.—He's such a testy chap, isn't he Jones? Yet he looks good natured too. Young man, keep calm.—cool. That's the ticket, always keep cool! And so you give me leave to—"

"Go ahead with your game, you smooth-tongued fool!"

Jacobs continued his suave smile and went on, rubbing his great hands. Presently he drew his chair a bit closer to Graham. "See here, young fellow," he said confidentially, "what do you know of—of—mesmerism?"

"Rot!" Graham's brows suddenly drew together in a black frown.

"Ah, so you think it,—what was that vulgar expression—rot! And from the lips of a Duke. Well, well, so you consider it rot? He is a skeptic Jones, but he still believes in the efficacy of a revolver. My dear Duke of Charteris," his voice sank lower and lower to a purring monotone, "have you ever by chance heard of the famous mesmerist Monsieur Default? Ah, you start! I see you have. I, my dear sir, am he!"

There ensued a long silence. Occasionally a fierce blast of wind shook the window casings and pelted the glass with hail and sleet. Below in the street the toot of an automobile or the clang of a trolley car might at intervals be heard above the storm. But the room where the three men sat was silent as death, save for the monotonous ticking of the clock.

Graham seemed lost in profound thought. He sat motionless, his chin upon his chest, his strong hands hanging nervelessly at his sides. Across the table sat Jones, revolver lowered, but alert for emergency. Directly opposite Graham sat Jacobs, his breathing momentarily becoming more labored and his eyes wilder in their intensity as he concentrated his will power upon the young man. As minute after minute slipped by moisture began to show upon his high, expansive forehead. Once or twice Graham stirred, but only to sag farther down in his chair. His expression seemed gradually to undergo a change and his face became blank. His eyes were now vacant and apparently unseeing, but Jacobs continued gazing into them. Now and then the hypnotist made a slight pass before Graham's face. After perhaps ten minutes the mesmerist spoke softly: "All right, Jones; we're nearly ready. Gad, but that was easy—dead easy." He leaned toward the young man. "How do you feel, my dear Duke?"

There was no answer. Jacobs made another pass before the expressionless face. "You are the Duke of Charteris, all right. I want you to forget your assumed name and remember only your own. You are now the Duke. Do you hear? Say so, after me, 'I am John, Duke of Charteris.'"

"John, Duke of Charteris."

"I am going to marry Helen Winston tonight."

"I am going to marry Helen Winston tonight."

"We're going to sail as soon as the ceremony is over—"

"We're going to sail as soon as—as soon as—"

"The ceremony is over—"

"The ceremony is over—"

"For Genoa."

"For Genoa."

"There! Now Jones the worst is past! Here, hand me his things first. Rubbers—gloves, on the dresser there. Great guns, but he was easy! We'll have him in the cab in no time. Hey, don't leave his grip, you old fool!"

Jones cast one frightened glance at the inert figure. "Dam-me! It's an uncanny business—any way. Killing a man's mind instead of his body! Gives me the creeps! By Jiminy, I don't like it! Lord help us if he wakes up!"

"You won't wake, old boy," said Jacobs assuringly to Graham. His velvety laugh held a note of elation, "you won't wake—not until you are well started on your honeymoon, but," he chuckled musically, "I'd give a good deal, my husky, to see your bonny face when you do wake!"

At eleven o'clock they stopped before the house which was their destination. Before the front stoop stood a touring car, evidently awaiting passengers from the house. The chauffeur, well muffled, was upon the front seat, hand upon spark. In the back of the car were a couple of large grips. Jones placed Graham's grip on the seat beside the others. The two kidnappers led their victim up the stone steps and the three were immediately admitted by a colored footman and conducted into the parlor.

Here, likewise, all was in readiness. Two elderly gentlemen, one of whom wore the garb of a clergyman, sat together upon the couch, engaged in earnest conversation. Over in the corner of the room, half hidden from view by giant palms, stood a young girl. She was equipped for traveling, simply yet richly gowned. In her right hand was tightly clasped her prayer book. Though her sweet face was colorless, and her gray eyes wide and dark, her manner was calm and self-possessed. It seemed too calm indeed, as though knowing herself beyond hope, she had nerved herself for the approaching ordeal.

Jacobs sprang forward. "Quick, quick with the ceremony!" he cried. "Not a moment to lose! Their steamer sails at twelve sharp, and we've got to get them over to the North German Lloyd."

They gathered about the minister. As the old man paused to wipe and adjust his spectacles, John Graham slowly raised his eyes and met those of the girl. For a brief space they gazed—he saw at first, simply a look of helpless appeal, which touched to the quick his manliness and honor. Then! At first she noted simply a glance of half friendly sympathy and understanding, then—then what did she see? A sudden leap of—was it recognition? A slowly dawning joy!

Bewildered, half terrified her eyes sank before his. Jacobs stood at Graham's right hand, prompting him through the service, which was soon over. The register was placed before the young couple. With a shaking hand the bride signed her name, "Helen G. Winston." The pen was handed to the groom, and for the last time Jacobs gave him his cue. "Sign your correct name, Duke,—thus—John, Duke of Charteris, Glastonbury, England." Graham leaned over the book and wrote in large, firm characters, "John F. Graham, Cannan, N. H." But Jacobs had turned to speak to Jones and did not notice the signature, and before he looked round again Graham had closed the book.

Graham and his bride were at once rushed down stairs and into the waiting car.

Jacobs yelled to the driver: "Hoboken! North German Lloyd! and drive like H—"

TO BE CONTINUED.



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. p. roll stitch; s. l. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sta. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

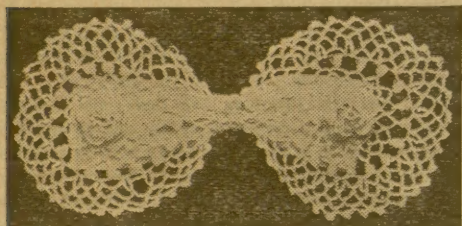
K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; p. k. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Dainty Neckwear

**F**OR years so much attention has not been given to dressing the neck attractively as at present. Ever since the advent of the popular Peter Pan collar, which ushered in the collarless blouses and collars of all styles, shapes and sizes to finish the necks of these low-cut waists, and neckwear accessories have been on



IRISH CROCHET BOW. FIG. 1.

the increase, 'till now there is a bewildering variety of little garnitures such as bows, tabs, jabots and ties of every imaginable shape, from the perfectly plain to those embroidered in every method known to the needleworker. However, these airy little bits of lace and linen cost much, so if you are wise you will manufacture the particular trifle which appeals to you from your box of odds and ends.

Most of the collars are soft and lacy, and a noticeable feature is the continued popularity of Irish lace, which is still used extensively for collars of all kinds and jabots, so fortunate, indeed, are those who understand this work well enough to duplicate some of the simpler designs.

A very pretty Dutch collar of this lace, which can be easily made, is here illustrated.

First draw the pattern of a collar which you are sure will fit your neck. Mark this outline on a piece of cambric, then make the five rose motifs and baste them in place, one in the center of the back and two on each side, an equal distance apart.

## Rose Motifs

Ch. 7, join in a ring, ch. 5, 1 tr. c. in ring, \* ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in ring, \* repeat from \* to \* 5 times, ch. 3, catch in the 2nd st. of first ch. 5.

2nd row.—1 d. c., 8 tr. c., 1 d. c. under each ch. 3.

3rd row.—Ch. 4, 1 d. c. in the top of tr. c. of last row at back of petals, \* ch. 4, 1 d. c. in top of next tr. c., repeat from \* around.

4th row.—1 d. c., 10 tr. c., 1 d. c. under each ch. 4, in turn.

5th row.—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 4th tr. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 7th tr. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. between the petals, repeat until round is finished.

6th row.—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5 of 5th row, repeat all around.

7th row.—Same as 6th row.

8th row.—The same, simply adding 4 shells of 7 tr. c., 3 shells separated by 2 chs. 5, and the fourth having 5 chs., 5 either side of it. Make one more row of chains; this completes a rose motif.

After these are all finished and basted on the shape, connect by working rows of chains of 5 back and forth. Finish by working one row of chains around the edge of the collar. Then in the first, ch. 5 of one front, working on the right side of the collar, \* make a shell of 5 tr. c. each separated by a ch. 3, ch. 2, 1 d. c. under next ch. 5, repeat from \* all around the

edge, continue around the neck with ch. 2, 1 d. c., turn at end of row and work back in the same way. This completes a very pretty collar which is simple in the extreme, but being handwork freshens prettily the plainest garment and lends just that attractive touch which handwork always gives.

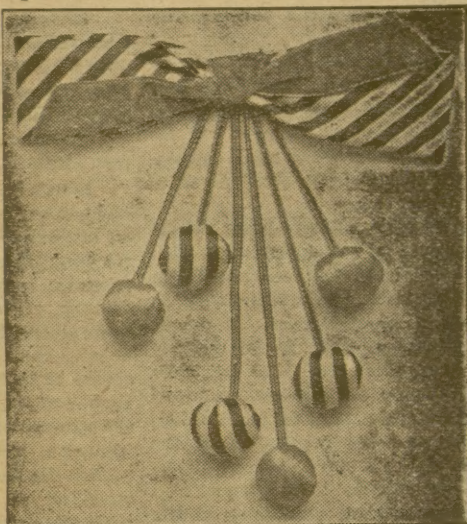
A remnant of insertion and a scrap of velvet ribbon can be fashioned into the dainty little tie, which makes a pretty finish for this collar.

Two thirds of a yard of insertion should be tied up into two and one-half inch bows. Add a third six-inch end and complete with a touch of any color velvet or satin ribbon and three tiny crocheted balls.

Or if one wishes the collar and bow to match, two rose motifs can be made and fashioned either into a bow or a tab as shown in illustrations Fig. 1 and Fig. 2.

To make either of these begin by making a rose and three rounds of chains of 5; when these are complete make ch. 3, 1 tr. c. under ch. 5 of last row, thread over the needle,

under the tr. c. and draw up loop, repeat 3 times, crochet all off together, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. and repeat all around.

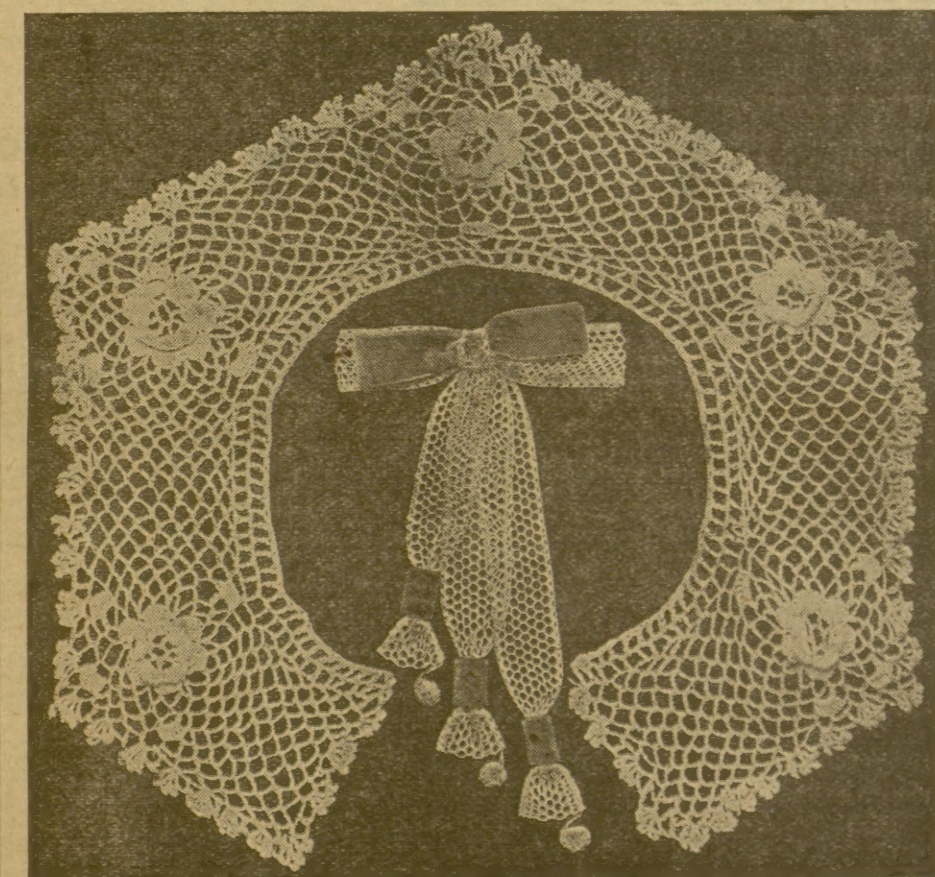


HELEN PINK BOWS.

Next four rows of chains of 5, last row of chs. 5, having picot of ch. 3.

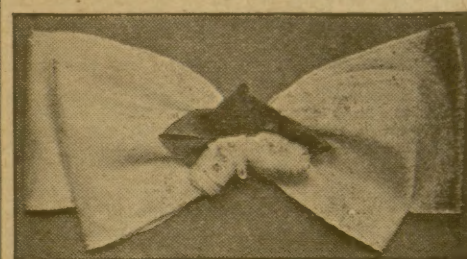
Join two motifs made exactly alike into a tab by crocheting back and forth as shown in Fig. 2, before putting on the picot edge, or make up over a little lawn bow.

For collars, variations of the sailor are among the most popular models. In shape they are as various as the necks to be fitted, some of the



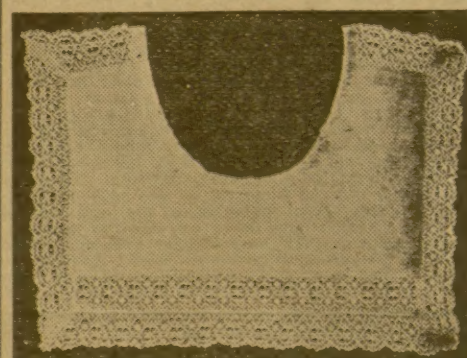
DUTCH COLLAR IN BEBE IRISH CROCHET.

collars reaching almost to the waist line in the back, either square or coming to a rounded point. Sheer materials are usually used, trimmed with Valenciennes, cluny or torchon



SILK BOW.

lace. They are also hemstitched, tucked and embroidered but white or in colors they are seen on street suits, dressy gowns and house



CLUNY EDGED SAILOR COLLAR.

dressess, in fact they form a feature of every well-dressed woman's outfit this season.

The lines of this collar are not extreme and being straight one will have no difficulty in copying the simple but pleasing arrangement of insertion and lace. Two or three rows of insertions, tucks, or a touch of embroidery can be added, or narrow strips of lawn hemmed and put together with insertion can form an entire collar.

Of course all handwork always results in the prettiest, daintiest work at only a trifling expense if one has the time.

Where a collar such as this comes together, a pretty bow matching or harmonizing with the dress or skirt can be worn.

For example, the stylish one made of a scrap of black and white silk, with just a touch of Helen pink. The little balls were stuffed with cotton and attached to black soutache braid. This is one of the little touches which chances to be in favor just now and which can very easily be copied in almost any combination with good results.

Lovely little bows can also be made by hemming strips of light colored silk and finishing with two ribbon roses and green leaves in the center. These are prettier if made of the more delicate shades of pink, blue and lavender. They are seen of a single color or of two or three shades of one color, or again in combinations, to form a lovely Dresden effect. Tiny folded bias strips rolled closely round and round and sewed, form the roses and No 2 dark green satin ribbon, folded to give a pointed end to the leaves.



RIBBON ROSE.

## Mother Goose Apron

Simple garments which are sensible and serviceable are best adapted to a child's needs. This little model for a two-year-old or larger child can hardly be improved upon. Natural colored linen would be perhaps the best material to select as a child of this age is usually so active it is difficult to keep them spotless.

The apron is cut in one piece with straps buttoned on the shoulders.

From any Mother Goose book a pleasing design can be copied and outlined either in black or red. Add two small pockets and finish by hemming or binding all around.



DESIGN FOR PATTERN.

## Baby's Bib

Little folks' garments are being constantly improved and while bibs have always held an important place in a baby's wardrobe this prettily shaped and improved bib answers the purpose much better, as the added darts, serve to keep the bib smoothly in its proper place.

A third of a yard of fine lawn or linen will be needed, and this is decorated with a running vine in outline and satin stitch, the petals of the tiny star-like flowers being worked solidly, with eyelet centers.

For the busy mothers this is a particularly suitable kind of needlework, as one does not need to be a skilled worker in order to do it well. Small pieces kept in a convenient

place, may be picked up for a few stitches now and then and before one realizes it the work is complete.

Finish the edges with a buttonhole scallop, beneath which place a frill of narrow lace, this gives the touch of softness all baby garments should have.

Baby's outfit should contain a generous supply of these dainty accessories, so there may always be a change as they serve to dress up a plain slip so nicely, they obviate the necessity of having more than a couple of dresses, thus saving the hard work of laundering.

## Ladies' Arctic or Bedroom Shoes

If the Arctic is to be worn over the shoes for cold rides then choose a sole a number larger than the shoes.

It is worked with rib stitch and when sewed to the sole the crocheted upper must be stretched very hard, except across the toes there allow a little fullness. The design illustrated is made with a number five sole and German Knitting yarn. The whole upper can be crocheted in one piece but for the sake of alteration it is made in two and sewed up the back. The front is laced up with shoe laces, or if one preferred, ribbons of some contrasting color could be used with good effect.

Start in front with 50 chain.

1st row.—Skip first, stitch 49 singles, crochet on chain 49.

2nd row.—1 ch., 49 s. c., in lower loops to make rib stitch.

3rd row.—Same as 2nd row. Now for the short ribs. Work up 4 s. c., ch. 1, turn work down 4 s. c.; ch. 1, turn, work up 6 s. c., you take up two on long piece right next to the ones last worked, ch. 1, turn, work with s. c. in s. c. Repeat this except that it increases two s. c. each time, until you have a rib of 24 s. c. done, now work 13 ribs all across, and fasten off.

This is one half. Start the other half with 50 ch. and work 13 rib, then one of 24 s. c. and so on decreasing two s. c. until the last is 4 s. c.

Now pick up 49 s. c. all the way across and make two ribs. At the toes join together 15 stitches then sew to sole. Sew up the back and make scallops of 7 d. c. in every third s. c. down the front on both sides. The laces go in the holes made by the scallops and they must be exactly opposite each other. Scallop around top between every two ribs.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.



BEDROOM SHOES.

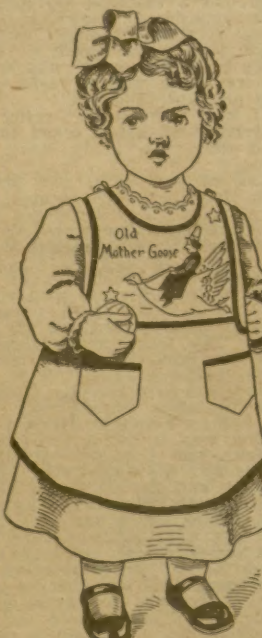
A cute little bag which can be made by utilizing a dolly's head is shown in this illustration and is intended to hold spoons of cotton. The thread comes out of the mouth, so one should pick out a head having the lips parted.

Make an ordinary little bag of pretty flowered dimity, lawn or any washable material; into this put the spoons, draw the bag up around the neck and tie, running the threads from the spoons out of the mouth.

Edge another piece of goods about two-thirds the length of the bag with lace; this gives a cape effect; tie in the front with ribbon, leaving a loop in the back to hang up by, and the bag is ready for use.



THREAD BAG.



MOTHER GOOSE APRON.



# A Few Words by the Editor

**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all! Just a few words of advice about the New Year. Try not to carry the troubles of 1911 into 1912. Wipe the slate clean and begin anew. Just take a big sponge and dip it into the sunny waters of love, forgetfulness and forgiveness, and wipe out from your heart all unhappy memories. If you have a grudge against anyone try and forget it. Life is too short to nurse grievances.

Scientists have demonstrated that hatred, resentment and all angry passions, liberate in the body poisonous toxins that are as dangerous as the germs of the most violent diseases. Kind and loving thoughts on the other hand, act as a tonic. They strengthen every fiber of one's being, for perfect love casteth out not only fear but all other germs of evil, which envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness may for a moment have allowed to enter into body and soul.

You have heard people say of such and such a person: "Isn't he or she perfectly lovely?" You are irresistibly drawn to some people. They radiate sunshine. Though strangers to you, you feel in a few moments that you have known them all your life. Such people are an inspiration and you leave their presence refreshed and strengthened, and the prospect of meeting them again fills you with joy and happiness.

It is not possible for anyone of us to change our physical make up to any extent. We cannot change the contour of the face, the length or size of the nose or mouth, or the color of the eyes, but we can totally change the expression of the face by drinking into our souls new thoughts, new purposes, new ideals, new aspirations; letting in the light and driving out the gloom; replacing sorrow with cheerfulness, selfishness with sympathy, enmity with friendship, and hate with love. The homeliest face may become beautiful, the most beautiful face become homely and even repulsive, at the will of the owner. The face of the beautiful woman who has gone the pace and become utterly worldly soon loses all its charm. Eyes that were once windows of a soul now dead, have been robbed of their brilliancy. The soul that once through the eyes sent forth its radiant beams, as the lighthouse flashes its rays across the dark waters in the still watches of the night, has been choked by the weeds of sin and wickedness through which the God-given light of love and holiness can no longer penetrate. Sin sears, defiles, mars and spoils all that it touches, and makes the lines of a face once beautiful, become hardened and

immobile. As a matter of fact, a face hardened by sin and dissipation is no longer a face, but a death mask. A death mask—yes—because the light of the soul no longer shines and illuminates the rigid dehumanized features, which now only repel.

On the other hand a face with irregular features and no claims to beauty, will become beautiful, attractive and inspiring, when love, sympathy, mercy, kindness and goodness beam from the eyes of its owner, and illumines a countenance otherwise commonplace.

When people notice any defects in their faces they fly at once to the toilet water and the powder box, and the beauty page of their favorite magazine is feverishly consulted. If these same people were as feverishly anxious to root out the blackheads from their souls and the freckles from their characters, as they are to remove the blemishes from their faces, it would be far better for them and for humanity.

People are exceedingly particular about those things that the world sees, and indifferent to the hidden faults that God sees. If human eyes do not penetrate and see the blemishes on the soul and character, there are eyes divine that do see them in all their ugliness and repulsiveness. If people would clear up these internal blemishes, they would quickly radiate a force that would remove external blemishes far more effectively than could be done by drug-store concoctions doped out by beauty doctors and dermatologists. It is far more essential for the happiness of the race (and the beginning of the year is the best time to make a start), that we pay less attention to mere externals and superficialities of existence, and more attention to those great underlying principles of life which are the foundations on which rest all true happiness in this world, and from which radiate sweetness, light, peace, purity, contentment and all those uplifting forces which make for individual growth and national greatness.

Though these remarks are addressed more to the members of the gentler than the sterner sex, they equally apply to humanity at large. Let 1912 be a year of growth for us all and a year of expansion and progress. Try in this year of grace to reach loftier heights of thought and a higher plane of living than you have in the year that is past.

Don't be discouraged by the misery and wretchedness that you see around you; by the corruption and graft that disgraces the land. Rather let that fill you with the determina-

tion to do your part towards lifting the burden of the race, and making the world a better place to live in.

Don't shun those who are shiftless, thriftless, characterless; men and women who have lost their grip, and are wallowing hopelessly in the abysmal depths of social degradation.

It is necessary that you advance yourself, but much more necessary that as you press onward you grasp in your hand the hand of a brother and sister and carry them onward with you.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, a train immediately stops when one car wheel is broken. You then, dear friends, who have seen the light flashing from the mountain tops of progress and enlightenment, take it to those weaker human links in the great chain of humanity which makes up the life of our nation and strengthen them with new hopes, new ideals.

Don't be a dead weight in the boat of progress. God has put an oar into your hands and expects you to use it. Don't sit in your seat idly while a brother or sister does your rowing for you. The national life-boat moves slowly o'er the sea of progress, because to everyone who is bravely pulling at the oar of duty, urging the good craft forward, scores of others are, by their slothfulness and indifference, either asleep at their posts, or with their oars dropped idly in the water, making futile the efforts of those who are bravely struggling to reach the smiling harbor of that fair land of promise, where humanity safe from the scourge of poverty, hunger, misery and want, the lash of injustice, wrong and oppression, will realize and live that higher life God has ordained for His children, and for which mankind has been struggling and fighting against terrible odds since the dawn of creation.

Onward and upward, let that be your watchword for 1912. Let us all do our part to make this the best year the world has ever known. There is work for us all to do. The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few. Go work in humanity's vineyard; go take your place at the oar of duty in the boat of progress, and with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, let us make for ourselves this year a record of golden deeds and bright achievement that will redound to our credit, and add to the prosperity and happiness of mankind at large.

Again we wish you all the happiest of happy New Years.

Comfort's Editor.

## THE SKY BOY A Story of Adventure

By William S. Birge, M. D.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Three boys of Santa Monica form a kite club called "Sky Boys." They make six mammoth kites rigged tandem fashion and take them to a big pasture sloping to the water's edge. After several unsuccessful attempts they get the six flyers into the air and find the strain too much for them, one of their number suggests trying them to the beach where they all sit watching the graceful flying of the kites. Uncle Jim Dunning makes a landing in his boat. He has been to the city to fit out for a week's cruise to the fishing grounds. The boys want to see what Uncle Jim has to say and they have not gone more than a few feet when they hear a bumping sound and turning around see the old sloop half suspended in the air and bumping on the ground. Harry Adams wonders if the kites would carry one of them, and they rig an old chair for a seat and he goes up in one about thirty feet. Finding it hard to hold the kites they fasten the line to a roll of barbed wire and a mowing-machine wheel. The boys go home for dinner leaving one to guard the kites. Watching them until he gets tired in the chair and enjoys the motion of swinging back and forth in the air. He unfastes the kite line, passes it under the rim of the mowing-machine wheel then under the chair seat, tying it to the arm of the chair. The strain of the drawing kites loosens the machine wheel and he finds himself being dragged, wire and all, over the field and towards the water where the wily catches in Jim Dunning's boat, dragging it out to sea stern foremost. Luckily he is washed out of the chair seat, but grabbing a rope finds himself tangled up in the boat. Anxious to keep the kites in the air he heaves the sail overboard to make a drag anchor. Growing hungry he opens the locker and finding a variety of provisions eats a square meal. A schooner appears, and, coming near he can see the men on the deck. Suddenly she bears off and is lost to sight. Realizing he is tired he crawls into one of the bunks in the cuddy and is soon fast asleep. One day succeeds another until eight pass, when he sees an island he knows must be Hawaii. His provisions are running low, and his chances for rescue seem less favorable. The morning of the tenth day after passing Hawaii he sees a large island ahead with a submerged coral reef along the shore line. Fearing the Alice Dunning cannot go stern foremost he determines to let the kites carry him over the line of surf. Glancing at the shore he sees a number of dusky forms, waving their arms in a frantic manner and jumping up and down. Climbing into the chair he eases up on the line and ascends in the air about forty feet. The boat plunges into the breakers with such force she rides safely through the surf parting the kite line from her stern. His position changes suddenly and he is bobbing around in every direction in the air just over the beach.

### CHAPTER IV.

**W**HEN the rope broke the people on the beach gave a kind of deep "A-a-h!" as folks do when they see fireworks on the Fourth of July.

Then the kites plunged and shook, and I expected every second to be spilled on the ground. But I had forgotten my hauling-rope, which, as I have said, was belayed in the stern of the Alice Dunning. There couldn't have been more than fifteen feet of slack to it, and when it had pulled taut it held, and the kites steadied themselves as well as before, and the broken end of the old drag-cord, that had served me so well and so long, dropped and lay along the beach, while the chair rose as much as twenty-five feet higher, because the kites were now held firm.

It was funny, scared as I was, to see how all the people jumped and scattered, as if it would hurt them to touch the dragging rope. And then they all began jabbering up at me. Their brown skins were greased all over, so that they shone in the sun; their hair was bushy, and they looked wild and threatening, jumping up and throwing their arms about at a great rate.

"Cannibals!" I thought; "cannibals, sure as guns; but I don't believe they'd eat me as lean as I am now. I'm going down and get something to eat." But at first I didn't quite know how to do it. Finally, though, I twisted my leg about the old kite cord, which was hanging loose, and slid down to the beach on it; and I can tell you I burnt my hands nicely coming down, too, because the cord was too small to get a good grip on.

"A-a-h!" said the people again, and they crowded close up all around me, waving their arms over their heads, and all yelling at once, until one big old fellow, whom I took to be a chief, came up and began poking my ribs with his thumb.

I tell you it made me shiver. Then the old fellow began to shout at the others, and then a fellow ran up with a big bunch of bananas and put them down on the ground. Everybody kept just still waiting to see what I would do. I suppose, and, of course, I picked up the bananas, for I was starved enough to eat a ten-penny nail.

"Thank you, sir," said I to the man who laid them down. They tasted good, I can tell you.

"A-a-h!" said all the people again, as if they were glad to see me eating. The horrible thought struck me that they were interested in my getting fat. One big chap, with a squint-eye, began fidgeting the cord I had slid down on, but the big old man came and held up his hands toward the kites, and said, "Sa tabu." Nobody would ever try to touch them after that.

Then they led me up to a little village of houses made out of stuff that looked something like cornstalks or sugar-cane stuck up in the ground, and with grass roofs or roofs of long, wide leaves. And when we came to one of the huts that seemed to be empty they motioned me to go in; and I did, but it was hot and stuffy, so I came out again and lay down outside the door. I was pretty tired and weak from starving, but the bananas had helped. I made a sign as if I would like to drink, and a big fellow brought me a gourd full of coconut milk, but I didn't drink as much as I wanted. Folks who read about never do, after they've been shipwrecked and starving. Besides, I was in no hurry at all to get fat.

All the people who had been down on the beach were squatting round in a half-circle to watch me. The women didn't have any housework to do, and the men's work, as near as I could make out, wasn't pressing. They were talking about me, I knew, and there was a word or two that I could understand, from what sailors had told me about South Sea talk. "Me-se-onaly," was one of them.

They took me for a missionary. I suppose I looked old to them just as a Chinaman does to us. Now that I noticed more things about them, I could see that what few clothes they wore were partly made of cotton cloth—short skirts, aprons and such things—and that some of them had coats and old blue caps and things like that; and one had a battered stovepipe hat. They must have murdered shipwrecked sailors and stolen their clothes, I thought, and the tall hat must have been a missionary's. All those folks had been killed and eaten; and now these man-eating thieves were wearing their clothes—these were my pleasant thoughts.

I saw they weren't going to boil me in the pot right off, and I began to feel tired and sick and dizzy; so I lay down flat and shut my eyes.

All at once everybody got up, and they began tiptoeing away, as quiet as you please. "Sa la ki moce," they whispered, as they went away, and one big fellow stayed to watch me.

I slept all night, though it couldn't have been after four o'clock in the afternoon when I dropped off. When I woke, there was another man waiting for me with some queer fruit I'd never seen before and a coconut.

The man squatted on his heels to watch me eat. This fellow acted friendly and was nearer my age than the other. Not more than seventeen, perhaps, though it is hard to tell when people are so different. I made up my mind I'd try to make friends with him, anyhow, and by and by he might help me to get away.

He was a handsome fellow, about average height, and straight and slim. His head was large and his hair bushy. He was quite dark brown, and the whites of his eyes and his big white teeth shone when he grinned, but yet he didn't look like a negro. I guess it was because his lips were different. He was barefooted and his legs were bare, and he wore a pair of breeches made out of cotton sheeting that only came to his knees. He was greased all over, but for all that I will say he was as good-looking as anybody. He didn't make a motion to go away. I guess he had been told to put in the day with

me, as a kind of guard. I showed him my knife and a bunch of keys and he ran and got his sheath-knife to show me, and that gave me the shivers again. He must have won it from some shipwrecked man, for it was a regular ship's knife.

Then we started out to see the sights. When we went around among the huts the women all grinned and showed their white teeth and bobbed their heads at me, and a lot of children followed us around, but they kept a long way off. If I turned to look at them they would scamper away and hide behind the big-leaved bushes that grew everywhere.

Nobody seemed to be very busy. A few women were weaving cloth out of yellow fibers of bark, and some men were pottering away at the houses, fixing the roofs and walls; and down by the beach two or three more were at work gouging a canoe out of a big log and fastening a row of conch-shells all round her gunwale on the outside to make her look pretty. They had a few Yankee tools to work with, like an axe and a hammer and knives. Of course, we looked at the kites, which were still aloft, flying to their new rope, and Keto—that was the other boy's name—had a lot to say about them that I couldn't understand; but he couldn't understand what I said, either, so we were even. We swam and waded out to where the Alice Dunning lay. She was not hurt in any way, as far as I could see; and I began to make plans to get her ashore next day and make her ready to put in case of danger; but I didn't think there was any hurry until I found out what these people really meant to do with me. There was one funny thing; Keto wouldn't touch the boat. I suppose the chief had told him not to. I tried to get him to help me slick the boat up a little, but he as good as said he wouldn't touch it for a farm. I thought it wouldn't do any harm to let it go a while, anyhow, but I made up my mind to coax him to do it somehow.

We went into the woods, and they were different from any I had ever seen. They were thick and dark; there was so much shade, and the air felt damp and hot. There was a funny smell of wet leaves and rotting stalks. The things growing there were big enough to be trees, but they looked more like grass and ferns, only about twenty times too big. Some of the palm leaves were as long as I am, and about as wide, and they made pretty good shingles for the native houses.

Keto showed me how to climb up a coconut palm to throw down the nuts. These palms are tall and straight, and the trunks are smooth, and the nuts grow in a little clump of leaves away at the top, something like a feather duster on a long pole. He put a loop of bark rope about the trunk and got inside of it and worked his way up, hitching the loop of rope as he went along. When he came down, I tried it, but I didn't go up very far, for I needed three meals a day a little while longer before I felt really first-rate. So I came down and pointed to myself and then to my kites, to show that that was my favorite way of climbing. There was always someone looking at the kites and at the Alice Dunning, and jabbering about her and about me.

By and by a man brought some kind of a message to Keto, and they led me up between them to the big chief's house.

"Now," I thought, "something is going to happen." Then I remembered reading once where a castaway had been made king of a cannibal island, and my spirits rose; but they fell right away for, of course, it was all guesswork, and, as sure as you're born, I didn't know, as I marched to the chief's house, whether I was going to be made a king or a soup-bone. Suddenly Keto came to a stop and held his head close to the ground, as if he were listening. Then the other man did the same thing, and both straightened up and began jabbering at me, and started off toward the village on a run, I following them.

For quite a while I could hear nothing. Then I began to make out a distant noise, and by the time we had reached the village I could hear from the beach where the Alice Dunning was a tre-

mendous racket, as if everybody in the village were yelling at once, but I couldn't see the beach yet, because of the thick trees. There wasn't a soul in the village.

When we got to my house Keto pushed me into it head first and ran off to see what was the matter, but I wasn't going to stay there. Something was going on and nobody was there to hold me. I crawled out of the hut and started down toward the beach meaning to hide in some place where I could see without being seen.

All at once, half-a-dozen natives came tearing along up the path. Keto was a little ahead, as if he were coming to give me warning of something; but before he could reach me a long-legged chap, caught up with him and pushed him to one side into a clump of bushes. Then the long-legged fellow, whose face was shining with grease, and who was all out of breath with running, grabbed me by one arm, and another fellow came up and grabbed me by the other arm, and three or four more got hold of me anyhow they could and began hustling me off toward the beach.

And then I felt for certain that my last hour had come.

### CHAPTER V.

When the half-dozen natives, puffing and blowing and jabbering as they went, had got me down the path to where I could see the beach, I gave a big shout—I could not help it, for there, right off-shore, was a small schooner, and a boat that must have come from her was landing near the Alice Dunning. That was what all the row was about. The people on the beach were shrieking and yelling and pointing at me and at the boat.

At first, frightened as I was, I thought there was going to be a battle. And the next minute I knew that couldn't be, nobody on the beach was armed, and there were only five men in the boat. And as for noise, I've heard worse at home, election nights.

When we got up to where the crowd was we found that everybody seemed to be friendly enough, in spite of the noise, and the Captain who had come ashore with four sailors, was talking as fast as the best of them, and in their own lingo.

"Why, here he is, now," said he, as he turned and saw me coming. "How are you, Sky Boy, and how were all the folks when you left them?"

"Pretty well, sir, thank you," said I.

"I don't know where you came from," said the Captain, who was quite young and tall, and did not look exactly like a seaman; "but you have caused a great sensation in the upper circles of this town. I can tell you. They call you the Sky Boy. Did you rain down?"

"No, sir, I came on the kites; in the chair," said I, pointing up at it.

"So these gentlemen inform me," said the Captain. "At first they thought you were a new heathen god come to make trouble for them, and they weren't exactly pleased; but your remarkable appetite for bananas cured them of that delusion, and they have now adopted the more reasonable explanation that you are merely an aggravated case of just plain boy. Maybe it's just as well that I came along as I did, however; these rascals are friendly enough, but they do very queer things sometimes. Well, where are you going kiting to now?"

I shivered, remembered my start for the chief's house. "I'll leave the kites here, sir," I said, "and go back to California with you."

"Delighted, I'm sure," replied the Captain, "but I happen to be going to Samoa, which is just exactly in the other direction. I have a most pressing invitation to dine with a cannibal king. Here, young fellow, sit down and tell me all about it."

And so I did, and when I got to the point where the people saw the schooner coming and left me and ran, he smoked hard, but did not say anything for a while. Then he muttered something about it being right, he guessed, but I could see he was glad he had come. He told me he had come to the South Seas first for his health, and had taken to copra-trading.

"What is copra?" said I.

"It's the coconut kernel dried; good to make oil of and to put in curry," said he. "You ought to know. You're going copra-trading yourself, you know."

"I didn't know; how can I?"

"Swap the Alice Dunning for copra, of course."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

### That Greenback Shower -- Another Coming.

It rained greenbacks from our office on December 8 and 211 people scattered all over the country got hit by the cash that flew abroad. There is another greenback shower on January 8th, and still another coming on February 8th. Get in line and have your platter right side up to catch your share of the greenbacks that we shall send abroad on February 8th. For the names of those that got hit and the sizes of the wads that fell to them see announcement of payment of November cash prizes in this paper, also our Grand Cash Prize Offer, and enter at once for the January cash prizes to be paid on February 8th.







# In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

By Charles Garvice

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A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily consults himself as a small figure on an Exmoor pony appears. The rider, Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the tumble-down stable, where she cares for her pony. Entering the house she inquires of Martha, the woman of all work, for her father. Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter, who inherits from a Scotch mother, strength and ambition. The Ryall land is mortgaged and the home practically in ruin. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora asks no questions, but her eye rests on an envelope addressed in a lady's handwriting. At supper-time Martha can only talk of Sir Joseph Ferrand and the grand doings at the Hall. Going to the barn she finds Ned fast asleep. A heifer is missing, and she starts in search of it. Coming to a gap in the hedge, bounding the Ferrands' land she sees Brindle. Sir Joseph's cousin, Elliot Graham, who is in the capacity of a caretaker on the Ferrand estate, assists her. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Elliot Graham who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she is slipping in as she puts her arm around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and inquires the trouble. Nora honestly explains that Bob resents the stranger's familiarity and is responsible for his fall. Elliot introduces Miss Ryall of Ryall—he has been fishing in the Ryall water without permission, and apologizes. Nora tells Elliot of Mr. Ferrand's audacity, and fearing a quarrel between them prevents Elliot from following him. Elliot wishes he bore the relationship of brother and will keep Mr. Selwyn Ferrand from annoying her again.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by an adventuress, and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and Nora's poor clothes. They eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes through her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with numerous servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the little cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. She inquires the way to the Hall, and further conversation reveals his name and that he cares for Sir Joseph's horses. Expressing a desire to see them Elliot leads her to the stables. She approaches too near and Elliot saves her from danger. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and demands an explanation. When he learns it is about Miss Bartley he reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself and not the first time either. Selwyn Ferrand going to the Hall meets a man shambling along. He demands his business and he admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk. Stripley meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will give an answer to the one bearing the stamp of Gilley and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unnaturally white face.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE Ryalls had been going slowly down hill for many years, but the advent of Reginald's new wife gave their fortunes an evil impetus. Each day matters grew worse, and Nora's life less endurable. The money which she had set aside to pay the interest on the principal mortgage went to buy new furniture, a pony, carriage, new dresses for Mrs. Ryall, and in the discharge of some debts which she had incurred before her marriage.

"Why ain't we friends with the people at the Hall?" she demanded one evening after she had been expressing her unfavorable opinion of the country, the people generally and the Grange in particular.

"Why don't you know them Reginald? We might have a good time then instead of being shut up in this dreary hole."

Ryall looked nervously at his wife and at Nora.

"I don't think you understand, Amelia. These Ferrands are quite—quite new people. I have always held myself above them. Then, they are very rich and we are very poor; I could not accept their hospitality without returning it."

"I call that beggarly pride! I don't suppose they'd care a hang if you asked them back at all. Besides there's Nora 'ere; she's getting on in life; she ought to have a chance. There's a lot of young men up there"

Nora rose, her face scarlet. "Excuse me father," she said. "I ought to go and look at the lambs."

"Lambs!" exclaimed Mrs. Ryall with a snort. "You'd be much better employed making friends with such people as the Ferrands, who might be of some use to you. A pretty future I've got before me! An unmarried girl about my own age hanging about my skirts."



He took the flowers from his pocket asking forgiveness

His arms went round her, he kissed her on the lips

"You gave me the lie!" Shrieked Mrs. Ryall.

"He pushed the bundle towards her and snatched the brooch"

"Dear me! where did you come from boy?"

perately—"I feel as if I had known you all my life." He drew her a little nearer to him.

"Nora—you'll let me call you Nora?—would you mind—letting me kiss you—just once?"

"No, no!" she panted, "you must not—"

She shrank away from him, her face flaming, but his eyes acted like a spell. As if powerless to resist, she let him draw her still nearer to him; his arms went round her, and, trembling in every limb, he kissed her on the lips.

The spell was broken by the faint sound of wheels on the dusty road.

"I must go—don't stop me—I want to go!" She stretched out her hand as if to ward him off, and he stood as deeply moved as herself, and let her go.

Nora hurried home. She fled up to her room, and bathed her face. Presently there rose from the dining-room below the sound of Mrs. Ryall's voice. It was strident and hysterical, and suddenly Nora heard her own name. Then her father's voice called her. She paused a moment to get possession of herself, then went down.

Her father was flushed, and his loose lips worked with excitement; Mrs. Ryall's eyes flashed with a kind of spiteful triumph.

"Amelia sa—s—s—s," stammered Ryall, angrily, "but I can't believe it—it must have been someone else—"

"Oh, no, I saw her with my own eyes!" said Mrs. Ryall, furiously. "Pretty goings on!"

child—he cannot dispose of it."

"Then we are done—unless—"

"The wife is dead. We should have to deal with the girl." They passed out of hearing, and Nora left her hiding place. She had listened mechanically, not dreaming that the matter had any reference to her. Her one great desire was to get away from the Grange, to place herself beyond capture.

She stole along the plantation and gained the high road. For hours she kept on her way—her life seemed to have been caught up into a phantasmagoria, in which only one thing was real and palpable—the burning bars across her cheek.

The dawn arose, and gave place to the fresh glory of a spring morning. Somewhere about six o'clock she climbed a hill, and looked down upon the little seaport town of Porlash, lying in the hollow of the bay. She was going down the hill when she saw a boy seated by the wayside.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Porlash?" she asked.

"I can," said the youth. "What are you going there for? Situation? You look as if you had come a long way."

"I have, and I am very tired." "Then sit down and rest," he suggested. "Do 'ee ever play with these? First-rate things!" He jerked his head at a pack of cards, with which he had been playing. "You sit down and have a

hand with me—I'll play 'ee for a shilling." "I don't want to play cards with you," Nora said. "Besides, I haven't any money to lose."

"I'll play 'ee for that little brooch on your dress—it beant gold, I reckon, and I can match it."

"It is gold," said Nora.

"Well, an' if it is gold, I can match it. There's a new suit of clothes in that bundle, and I'll set them against your brooch."

Nora shook her head and was about to pass on, when an idea struck her, which sent the blood to her face. In that bundle were the means of not only concealing her identity, but her sex. It would be much easier to obtain employment if that bundle were in her possession.

She took the brooch from her bosom, and held it out to him.

"You'll play?" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"No, but I will give you the brooch—for that bundle."

"You're a contrary and cantankerous female—but—yes, I'll swap with you, though I'd much sooner have played for 'em."

Nora took up the bundle, her face turning crimson at the thought of what she was about to do.

Little further down the road she saw a half-ruined shed. She looked round quickly. The boy had fallen to his cards again; there was no one in sight. She went through the gate into the field, and entered the shed.

## CHAPTER X.

Ryall had gone back to the house in response to his wife's call.

"I've just been out to find Nora," he stammered. "You—you were rather hard on her, Amelia."

"Oh, you'd 'ave 'ad me stand her impudence and said nothing? Not me! Not from a bit of a girl like that. You just let her stop out there and come to her senses. She'll be all right in the morning."

She went up to her room, but Ryall remained down-stairs. He was a loathly cur, and at that moment he knew it. He thought, perhaps for the only time in his life, of all Nora had done for him. He shivered as he thought that it was just possible that she would leave them. There would be a scandal, an outcry. Presently he was impelled to go out and search for her; but he only returned to the house wet through with mist, and without Nora. For days he made cautious inquiries at the neighboring towns and villages, but no trace of her could he find.

One day when he returned from a fruitless search, he found Sir Joseph seated in the drawing-room with his wife. The blood rose to Ryall's face, but Mrs. Ryall looked up with a smile and a nod, and said in a tone of satisfaction and triumph:

"Come in, Reginald. Sir Joseph has done us the honor of a call."

"How do you do, Mr. Ryall?" said Sir Joseph, as if the call were the most natural thing in the world. "I have done myself the pleasure of looking in upon you to make my apologies for trespassing on your land yesterday."

He smiled under his lips at Mrs. Ryall, who bridled and smirked. Sir Joseph's wily tongue had flattered her and smoothed her feathers, and she was radiant. In the conviction that she had made a favorable impression on the great man of the Hall.

"I need scarcely say that Lady Ferrand would have accompanied me and paid her respects to Mrs. Ryall, but she has one of her bad headaches. Now what do you say to coming over to dinner tomorrow night? We've got some rather nice people staying with us, but we are quite 'omely' people, quite 'omely.'"

Sir Joseph sometimes found a little difficulty with his h's.

"We shall be delighted to come, Sir Joseph," said Mrs. Ryall, before her husband had time to reply. "It will be quite a treat for us, we see so few people. This dull life is such a change to me—I've always been used to mixing in society."

"Fine old place you've got here, Ryall," remarked Sir Joseph, quite unconscious of the fact that his familiar way of addressing the man irritated him almost beyond endurance.

"It is of some age," he said, drawing himself up.

"Mrs. Ryall tells me your daughter is away, paying a visit to a friend."

Ryall grew pale, and stammered: "Yes, my daughter is away on a visit."

"I am sorry, I had 'oped that you would have brought her with you tomorrow."

"Now aren't you pleased, Reginald?" said Mrs. Ryall, after Sir Joseph left. "Of course it's all on account of me—the invitation, I mean. Sir Joseph saw at once that I was a lady—he came to smell out the land, as it's said in the Scriptures, and this is the result. Now what shall I wear?"

"I can't find Nora," said Ryall, with a troubled countenance.

"Oh, bother the girl!" said Mrs. Ryall, "she's all right."

She thought and talked of nothing but her dress from that moment until the one in which they started in the hired fly, for the Hall. She had decided in favor of the purple velvet, which was velvet, and the pearls, which were a string of palpably glass beads. They arrived late, and there was only time for one introduction—to Miss Florence Bartley. In making it Sir Joseph remarked with a smile that Miss Bartley was almost one of the family, and that her father was a partner of his.

They went in to dinner. It was an elaborate one, such as Mrs. Ryall had never sat down to. After a glass or two of wine Mrs. Ryall's tongue was unloosed. There was a silence now and then as she talked, and the other guests looked at her curiously and with expressive smiles at each other; but Sir Joseph passed a swift frown round the table, and emphasized his attentions to her.

After dinner, when Mrs. Ryall was asked to sing, she was in the seventh heaven of self-satisfaction. If there was any doubt about the impression she had created all doubt fled at that moment. She chose one of her most popular songs; it was called "A Costermonger's Courtship," and she sang it as she used to sing it when she was "Happy Amelia" of the Halls.

There were some ladies there, strange to say, and they shrank with a little shudder in their chairs; but the men gathered round her, exchanged winks and nods of appreciation and amusement, and applauded her loudly. There were loud cries for an encore, and she sang again, a song even more pronounced than the last.

The Grange "enrapture" was announced, and Ryall bore off his triumphant bride. They were accompanied to the door, not only by Sir Joseph, but by the rest of the men, who clapped their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Hoping this will do someone a world of good, I remain a friend to all.

Miss ELISIE GORDON, Pittsburg, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I sent a letter to COMFORT which was published some time ago.

Since then I have received a great many letters asking me for the piece of poetry I composed about Washington and as I haven't the time to write to them all, will you kindly publish it for me?

I greatly enjoy reading dear old COMFORT and hope to take the paper as long as I live. I am very much interested in the sisters' letters on how to rear and care for the children. I have a dear girl of fifteen and a mischievous little boy of six. They are the sunshine and joy of my life. I always talk to them and reason with them, explaining as nearly as I possibly can, right from wrong.

I believe in teaching children manners at the table commencing when they are little tots, then when we take them visiting, or at different places, they do not forget their manners. For I find as the children are at home so are they abroad. We cannot let them act as they please at home, then when we take them abroad expect them to act with politeness.

I suppose the sisters would like to know the description of myself. I am five feet two inches tall, with blue eyes and black hair, weigh one hundred and fifty-one pounds, age thirty-seven, complexion rather fair.

I never get tired writing about Washington, so I am sending you this little piece of poetry hoping you will excuse the poor attempt. I will send something better next time.

## Washington

O Washington, fair Washington,  
The land that's hard to beat,  
The land of the big apple  
And the grand Alberta peach.

The seasons here are bright and clear,  
The sun shines all day long,  
The woods all ring, as the glad birds sing  
Their merry, merry song.

We have no storms in Washington,  
No thunder's deafening roar,  
No lightning flashes, no deadly crashes,  
No steady rain downpour.

There's plenty of chances in Washington,  
For the man who is willing to try,  
Just stick to his work, no duty shirk,  
He will get there by and by.

So do not hesitate to come,  
To the land where the roses bloom,  
Get out with the rest and do your best  
And you'll soon have a cozy home.

Mrs. LEONA ROBISON, North Yakima, R. R. 6, Wash.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I was surprised to see the bundle of letters and cards that awaited me on my return on October 16th, after a trip of three months in the Northern and Eastern part of our lovely U. S. A.

I have answered all, excepting those who desire information about land, climate and crops in Oklahoma, and if our good editor will permit the space I'll answer all of you at the same time.

Oklahoma's soil and climate make it possible to grow profitably any crop grown in the United States. She markets some kind of an agricultural commodity eleven months of the twelve. Oklahoma has more land under farm control than any other state had at more than twice its present age, and exceeds every other state in the increase in the annual production of live stock. She has the most ideal proportion of the three important items of industry, viz: timber, mines and farming. Oklahoma has an estimated possession of eight billion tons of coal yet to be mined. Grapes, apples and other fruits are adapted to the uplands and people with courage to start orchards are needed. Oklahoma has good public schools and water. Being a prohibition state, it is safe to rear boys and a good place to improve men.

Those who desire to purchase Indian lands write to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C., and they will receive more complete and accurate information than I am able to give.

The excellent letters on Indian Runner ducks have inspired me and I shall start raising them next spring. I would like to buy some eggs.

I also am convinced that goat's milk is more nourishing than cow's, and would like to buy a good nanny. On old year's eve I would like to give a party to about forty people, old and young. Will the sisters help me with suggestions as to how I shall entertain them?

Wishing you all a bright and prosperous New Year and with three cheers for Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and all the sisters, I remain sincerely,

Mrs. M. B. STEINER, U. S. Indian Agency, Shawnee, Okla.

## Comfort

Comfort corner, oh, how precious!  
Every word is new to me,  
As I read each well-meant letter,  
Comfort in each line I see.

Yes I read the pages over,  
And I pause to think a while,  
Then I see them there before me,  
Patient faces, sweet with smiles.

Yes, I think of Uncle Charlie,  
How he cheers the sick and sad,  
With his jokes and cheery chatter,  
Making many sore hearts glad.

Now dear COMFORT may you prosper,  
Many long and happy years,  
Bringing joy in all your pages,  
Bright with happiness and cheer.

I'm a worker in His vineyard,  
Pray that I may do much good,  
And among the poor and lowly,  
May His word be understood.

Pray for my success dear sisters,  
For to help I'll surely try,  
When we gather in our meeting,  
One more prayer and then good by.

Mrs. ELLEN J. SAWYER, Vanderbilt, R. R. 1, Mich.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Can you believe the room in your happy circle for another Oregonian? I have read COMFORT at times ever since I could read, but never fully realized its value till I became a wife and mother.

I am twenty-seven years old, five feet eight inches tall and weigh two hundred and thirty-nine pounds. I wonder if I am not the largest one among you all?

I am the tenth one in a family of eleven children; but I don't count to be stout and any, and I can't see but what I am just as intelligent as any of my older sisters and my sister younger is almost as large as I am. Still I feel sorry for anyone who has such a large family, but I can't help but believe they are far happier than those who have no children at all. I have one girl, age three years, and I know it's very lonely when my big sister takes her off home for a visit.

I live in Walla Walla Co., Oregon, on the Imnaha river, not a very beautiful place but we can raise most everything we try to. In September the peaches were fine and I have canned fruit till I am tired of the looks of it.

I am in love with Mrs. E. F. Lowe, and believe like her, that women, if given a chance would vote whiskey off the face of the earth. I don't think the members of the "Chilton Club" would bother themselves to help do such things, but those who stand for right would. I don't think women are smarter than men, but as a rule they use what brains they have got to better advantage. It's not party with them, but principle; at least I have that much faith in my own sex. I am a socialist myself, but we Oregon women are not allowed a vote yet, though I for one believe we will be ever long. That is the only hope for the laboring class of people. Labor unions are all right as far as they go but they don't go far enough. If laborers would only join together and vote for their own interest once, how different things could be arranged.

Uncle Charlie says so many good things! I wish I could have clasped his honest hand on his birthday and wished him many happy returns. His birthday is not far from mine.

Love and best wishes to you all.

Mrs. AMY BARNES SIMMONS, Imnaha, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I see so many of the sisters giving their experience with Indian Runner ducks, and I would like to tell you of an experience with this excellent breed of ducks. I always raise them myself, and have good luck, too,

excepting two summers ago, when I lost the whole of one fine flock and will tell you how.

They grew so nice, twenty-two of them, until they were about two weeks old. Then they began to die suddenly, just tumbled over and expired without a moment's notice, and what do you suppose we at last found out? The little things were running where there was lots of white clover in bloom and would eat the honey bees from the blossoms. The bees stung the ducks in the throat, the throat swelled and closed, and of course choked them to death instantly. So now sisters if you raise ducks of any sort, don't let them eat bees.

I must say our COMFORT gets better and better. This November number is fine. I've taken COMFORT for years and think more of it as a good moral paper than any other I ever read.

Now sisters, the fifth of next February I will be thirty-five years old. I would greatly appreciate a post-card and letter shower from all of you.

If those who have croupy children will buy ten cents' worth of pulverized blood root and take a pinch of the root and a pinch of pulverized alum and mix with one teaspoon of syrup of any kind, and give to your child, it will cause it to vomit freely, thus ejecting all phlegm. If first dose doesn't help, repeat until the child vomits freely.

Your loving sister,

Mrs. F. W. MILLER, Willow Brook Farm, Montg'y Co., Clayton, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I was looking over COMFORT I read several of the letters. I am fourteen years old, five feet four inches tall, dark brown hair, brown eyes.

I can make bread, cake and potato yeast. I can darn stockings, crochet, embroider, cross-stitch and hem-stitch.

I love to go to school. The study I like best is reading. We have sewing in school. The boys have manual training.

As we are all God's children there is nothing we can want. If it is good God will give it to us.

I had a birthday party on October 13th, my fourteenth birthday. There were seven at my party. For presents I had a book, entitled, Jewel, by Clara Louise Burnham, a thimble, emery, beads, pin cushion, rose jar, three sets of hair ribbons, handkerchief, two cups and saucers, and quite a number of cards.

I would be pleased with some silk and calico pieces, and patterns for crochet.

I wish you all a Happy New Year.

Miss ALICE ROBINSON, 112 Main St. Annex, New Haven Conn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have long thought that I would write to our paper but could never get to the point until now. I am much interested in the talks from mothers about rearing children, as I have one little boy, Wendell, one year old. He is a dear little fellow just learning to walk and talk.

Sisters, I have recently read an article on infantile paralysis by a noted physician in which he says the disease is caused by a germ getting into the nose, and that children whose noses are not clean are most liable to get the disease.

He also says that plain menthol will kill the germ and what mother would not wash her little one's nose once or twice weekly with this to prevent this dreadful disease?

I am very sorry for all of the cripples and shut-ins and I would like to help everyone of them. I sometimes send cards to cheer them.

I live in the Ozarks, where we have plenty of fresh air and pure water. In Arkansas, just over the Missouri line. My husband is a school teacher. I am twenty-three, have been married two and one half years to one of the best of Johns, have my sweet baby boy, and a happy home. We came here last April from Parke Co., Indiana.

Would be glad to receive cards from any of the sisters.

Best wishes to all.

Mrs. J. H. JOLLIEF, Seligman, E. R. 1, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have read dear old COMFORT ever since it was published and I ask for room in your warm, comfortable corner on this damp, chilly day to say a few words in regard to the remarks by our dear editor about keeping the boys and girls at home, as I am a mother of ten children and all living and healthy, for which I thank our dear Lord that such a blessing has been bestowed upon me.

I have had some experience in keeping all together, for you all know what it takes to keep such a large family, especially when eight of them are girls.

My first trouble began when my two oldest finished country school and thought that the next step was to enter business college so they could make a living for themselves. Well, of course, I did not foresee any thing in so doing as we were only of moderate means and thought every little would help. So we rented rooms in town and entered them in college, and the girls came out no better off or farther ahead than when they began; if anything, they were worse off, for much of their time was put into preparing for an exam to enter the college, and finally were not satisfied at home in the country but have ventured a little farther to another city, but thanks to our dear Father, they have employment and have their health and are good girls.

But they have to work very hard for an honest living and can only come home twice a year which is a comfort but not being at home and keep your children at home as long as you can for you know that whenever a bird leaves its nest, it will little by little get farther away.

And now I will say a few words about the boys. Give them a chance and keep them at home as long as possible. As I have only two, the oldest fifteen and the other five. Now my oldest boy is an exception (if I must say so). He is contented to stay at home, attending our church and Sunday school and going to town occasionally. He enjoys his pleasures best with some of us. He makes a hand with his father in the field and has for the last two years. When he was twelve his father had a quarter of an acre of ground for corn and helped him tend it, and in the fall he took some corn to the state fair (as we live within five miles) and won the sixth prize of two dollars, and sold the rest for five dollars, putting this in the bank until this last spring, and then bought him a little Jersey calf and gave one dollar to the church of which he is a member. Last year his father gave him two acres for corn and next year he will give him a half acre more so he can raise his own feed for his stock and something besides.

We should teach our children the value of money and they will appreciate it all the more by working for it. Give them all the pleasures possible to our circumstances and make them happy for the time being while they are young, for they will see enough sorrow in life's battles. And I think the same about our girls. Let them help their mother raise chickens or other fowl, and learn them to milk so that father and brothers will not have to work out in the hot sun all day and come in at night and milk a lot of cows, and when the cold winter days come father and brothers can take their place, for one good turn deserves another.

And now dear parents let us keep our children at home, away from the cities where there are so many evils, and where air castles are built to tempt our dear country boys and girls.

A friend to COMFORT forever.

Mrs. W. J. WILLIAMS, Sedalia, R. R. 4, Box 61, Mo.

Mrs. Williams. Your actual experience with what you have done in a practical way to make the farm life attractive is worth a good deal, and experiences of a like nature by any of the sisters would be welcomed by hundreds who read our corner. The Yankee craving for possession comes to most of our boys and girls at a very early age, and if unsatisfied at home they naturally turn to what appears to be a broader field.

As your letter shows, it takes a very little to content the young, and under proper guidance this little is made to grow as fast as the desire for gain develops in the child. Let us have more letters on this subject.—Ed.

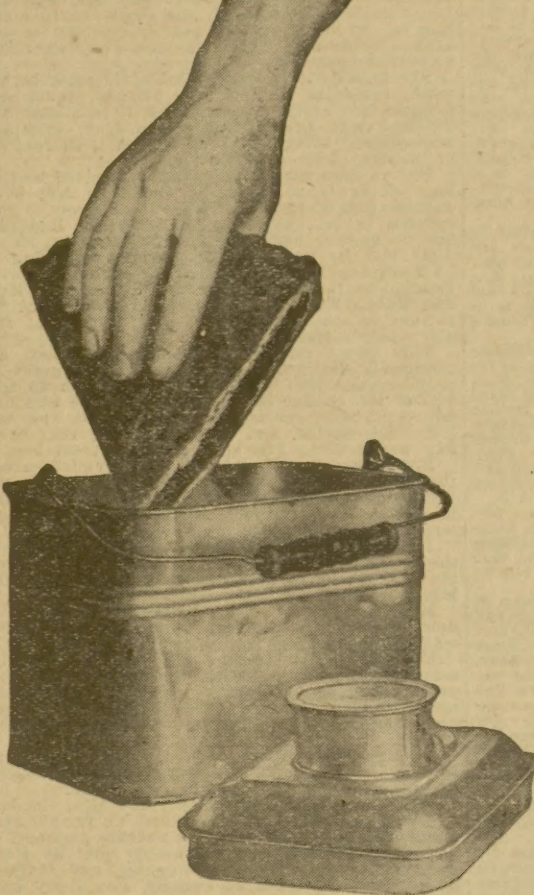
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It has been some years now since I wrote to our corner.

Washington-Lincoln and Valentine COMFORT for February

Best of short stories and special features of uncommon interest in big February COMFORT. Read notice of its contents on page 3 and tell your friends about it. All will want it. Get their subscriptions; it is easy now with so many attractions for February, followed in March by our great Household Number. Get up a club, earn a valuable premium and win a cash prize; begin now. But look at the number over your name on the wrapper and make sure that your own subscription does not run out; renew today if the number is 280 or less.

## "A FULL DINNER PAIL"



## It's a meal in itself!

Rich, juicy beef; sound, ripe New York State apples; finest selected raisins and currants; all put together with a dash of sweet cider and flavored with a wonderful spice blend. There you have a real pie—a pie that's possible only with

## NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

## "LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

Just the satisfying, staying, filling dessert the working man requires. Just the appetizing, savory, wholesome dessert that finds greatest favor in every American home. A 10-cent package of None Such Mince Meat makes 2 big pies. At the grocer's.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK  
Member of Association for Promotion of Purity in Food



While I am a shut-in, sitting down, I do nearly all kinds of household work that other women do. I have a chair to get about in and so can do lots of work which one would not think anybody in my condition would try to do. But one never knows all they can do until they have to. I live with relatives who are not able to help me any more than my board and that is a great help. I try to earn my clothing by weaving hair and making switches and braids for ladies who send me their hair.

We live in the southeast part of Kansas. The country is very pretty and climate is fine; never very cold in winter and hardly ever have snow enough for sleighing.

I have not walked a step since I was two and a half years old and on January 27th I will be sixty. I have never had a party of any kind and won't you dear sisters give me one on my birthday, as life is very lonely for me?

God bless all the sisters and our good Mrs. Wilkinson and all of COMFORT's band.

LOTTIE BANGHAM, Baxter Springs, Box 7, Kans.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

May I be permitted to join your happy band? I enjoy COMFORT and especially the sisters' letters.

I enjoy my life in the country very much, preferring it to the city where I lived one year.

I have been married four years to a dear, good husband. I am four feet eleven inches, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, and twenty-one years of age. We have no children and would be glad to adopt an orphan, either girl or boy between two or three years of age. I think it our duty to help these little homeless ones.

Sisters, I get lots of help from your good recipes.

Yours COMFORT sister,

Mrs. GRACE JOHNS, Kenton, R. R. 1, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT but a few months and like it very much.

I am a farmer's wife and am about as contented as any need be I think. We have five small children and as all are between the ages of eight years and nine months, I have my hands nearly full, but have time to help my husband also if he needs my help.

I feed the chickens, pig, calves, and help milk, as by so doing it saves hiring a man all the time, as we work a place on shares there isn't always much to hire with, and I think it is a wife's place to help if she can, that is, if her husband will do the same by her. My husband wipes the dishes or does anything he can when around the house.

I like to read the many cheery letters from others, and as the sisters know of so many good remedies, I will ask that someone who is sure, will send in a remedy for pin worms, as four of my children have them and I don't seem to have any success in treating them.

Does anyone know where they start from in the first place? I have asked doctors, but they seem to know as little about them as I do.

Now if some kind sister will tell me what to do I will be very grateful to her.

I am a very "homey" body and had rather be at home milking the babies than going about and here I usually am. Sometimes I am a little lonesome, but not often, and when I am I get COMFORT and read a few letters and then I am ready to battle again. I am not much of a writer (as sometimes I have to write with baby in my arms and all the rest asking questions), but I can say, long live dear Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT sisters.

Mrs. JAY ROCKWELL, Binghamton, R. R. 4, N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I believe you will pardon me for making a pen visit so soon, but if you could see the deluge of letters, cards and printed matter my October letter elicited you would not wonder, for so many desire more information regarding "Dixie Land" that I appeal to our dear corner to help me out of my dilemma as to answer all satisfactorily would require much time, though I am trying to reply to all sending stamps.

I will write just as comprehensively as possible and give only facts as I know them.

Our climate is all one ought to wish, but it is a mistaken idea that we never have any cold, for in my own remembrance we have been visited by two devastating blizzards which extended to the middle of Florida, killing everything susceptible to extreme cold; figs, oranges and all semi-tropical fruits, even many sturdy oaks were killed. But bear in mind, the North was at the same time in the grasp of freezes much greater than ours, and it may not occur again here during the present generation. We have not had any snow, and only a slight crust of ice a few times in several winters. The wise ones are always glad of several freezes as they claim it portends a bountiful harvest the succeeding year.

If a man does not do well in the South, the fault is with him, not the country or climate. Just think of being able to raise three crops of corn and Irish potatoes in the year! Lots of people gather three and four crops from the same land, which is of course, intensive farming. The garden truck which ordinarily can stand the weather of winter is cabbage, collards, carrots, mustard, lettuce, kale, beets, parsnips, radishes, onions and where Irish potatoes are planted in August, lazy-bed-way, they remain sound in the ground all winter. There are thousands of acres undeveloped and as much more open land that can be bought from three dollars per acre up, according to location and improvements, and lots of properties are sold far below their value, where owners are anxious to raise money.

Church and school privileges are unsurpassed anywhere. Southern people are proverbially big-hearted and hospitable, but believe me, we too, have shylocks and those who care for only "me and my wife, my son John and his wife; just us four and no more." I believe however, that most of our people are kind and friendly.

There are few days that a person can't work out of doors, and we have good pasturage the whole year, thousands of tons of good native grass hay go to ruin every year. My field is full of fine hay grass and can't even get it cut on shares or anyway.

We have every variety of country and soil. In this

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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# RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Sadie Walcott, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty, the promise to care for Walter, and his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill and dies. Edmund finds his father's private papers and, one hearing the words "Last Will," he lets slip through a crack in a quaint desk. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of bookkeeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year. Walter goes to the city and applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings, only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him in the preparation of plans for an elegant residence and requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. As he leaves he encounters Edmund Carpenter, who is to accompany Ruby Gordon to a party.

Mr. Gordon and his wife give a reception to a noted poet, Mr. Whitfield. Owen Ruggles, an unbidden guest, comes three hundred miles to see the man that's walked into his heart. Ruby Gordon hears Edmund Carpenter expostulating with Owen Ruggles for his presence there and learns that Walter Richardson was a protégé of Edmund's father and of Edmund's refusal to help him to education.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon plan a grand housewarming and send for Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. Walter is invited. Ruby promises the first quadrille to him. Christmas comes, and Ruby's gift, an enlarged likeness of Annie Ruggles, touches the father and mother and Owen Ruggles promises Ruby if she ever needs a friend he is the man to stand by her. Robert Gordon loses, not only his own, but Ruby's money. Ruby secures a position as a teacher. The house is sold and the purchaser's name withheld. Edmund Carpenter makes a proposal of marriage. Ruby refuses him.

Robert Gordon is taken suddenly ill and dies in a few days. Mrs. Gordon is left comparatively rich. Edmund Carpenter in his prosperity takes out insurance policies for fifty thousand dollars. She is resolved that Ruby shall marry Edmund Carpenter, and he renews his offer of marriage.

Mrs. Gordon secures board for herself and Ruby in an attractive home four miles out of the city, and Ruby, unsuspecting the deep intrigue going on with her, Walter calls to see Ruby, and Mrs. Gordon informs him she is not at home. He seeks the housekeeper, for it is at his old home Ruby is boarding, and she finds Ruby. Walter tells of Edmund Carpenter's and her sister's deception. Walter, leaving Ruby goes upstairs, and confronts her sister-in-law with her duplicity and Mrs. Gordon realizes she is outwitted. Edmund Carpenter calls the next morning. He determines to ruin Walter's and Ruby's happiness forever. Walter calls. A heavy shower comes up and Ruby excuses Walter to stay over night, and asks Mrs. Coxon for a room. Edmund overhears Mrs. Coxon and realizes her willingness to help Walter. The next morning Walter rises early to take the train for Chester. As he arrives there he sees a fine-looking woman getting off the Southern Express—she appears to be looking for someone. The woman meets with a serious accident, and Walter gets a carriage, assisting the man with the baggage, noting the man's features marked Mrs. M. E. Howland. He goes with the driver, and helps her to the house, and she requests to know to whom she is indebted. When she hears the name her face becomes ghastly white and she exerts a promise he will see her again. Madame Howland, as she is known, has been twice married, and years ago loses an idolized son. Walter calls every morning and at the end of a week he is invited to enter—madam desires to see him. He reminds her of someone she used to know. A servant enters. She gives a frightened look at Walter. An officer is there to arrest him. He demands the charge and Mrs. Howland gives an explanation. Mrs. Robert Gordon, living in Edmund Carpenter's house in Philadelphia, lost money and valuable jewels one week ago. This young man passed the night there, leaving early in the morning. If he proves his innocence he will be released. Walter admits being there, having gone to see Ruby Gordon to whom he is betrothed. Mrs. Howland becomes responsible for his betrayal. Mrs. Conant arrives and believes the young man innocent. Mrs. Gordon requests Ruby to read the evening paper. There she learns of Walter's arrest. She believes him innocent as she is, and going to see him assures him of her belief in his innocence. She writes Mr. Ruggles and he comes to Ruby's rescue and she takes him into her confidence. Mr. Ruggles confronts Edmund Carpenter and accuses him of being in the library to read the evening paper. After Mr. Ruggles goes home Ruby goes to a seat around a large oak. Mrs. Gordon and Edmund Carpenter take seats on the opposite side and Ruby learns enough from his own lips to convict him—his placing the diamonds in Walter's coat. He fails to conceal the money and he gives it back to Mrs. Gordon, which she regrets—she having given the number of the bill to a detective. He suggests she send it to him and he will send a check. The next morning Ruby is on the alert. Dressing hastily she goes to the city, calls at Mr. Conant's office and learns that he has gone to Chester to consult with Mr. Richardson.

The evening closes gloomily. Mrs. Coxon builds a fire in the library. Mrs. Gordon and Ruby go there. The bell rings and Edmund Carpenter enters. He would enjoy a game of chess with Mrs. Gordon, and they retire to the parlor, leaving Ruby alone. She sees a mouse; it seeks refuge behind an old-fashioned desk. Removing it from the wall she cracks a panel, dislodging a paper; it is the Last Will and Testament of Ralph Carpenter. Ruby secures it. Going to the parlor she tells Edmund she has broken his desk and he asks indifferently how it happens. When he learns she breaks a panel he looks into the hole and acquiesces if she found anything. Edmund spends the entire night in the library, and is satisfied that Ruby Gordon has it in her possession. Estelle receives a telegram, her sister is sick, perhaps dying. Mrs. Gordon hastens to Harrisburg, and Ruby decides to go to Redville. Mr. Ruggles calls, they are to start on the four train. He will send a check. Edmund Carpenter demands a few minutes' conversation and asks for the missing will. Only under certain conditions will she give it to him. He will not permit her to remove her trunks. She will allow them to be packed in the presence of himself and a servant. Edmund Carpenter leaves the house. The rain falls in torrents. A carriage dashes up the driveway. The coachman, his face entirely concealed by his havelock, says he is to come for her and the gentleman on his way back. Stopping at a plain house in a quiet street, she learns the gentleman has been taken suddenly ill. Will she step up for a moment and see the fellow the girl up three flights. Going into a pretty parlor the door is quickly closed, the lock sprung and Ruby Gordon knows she is a prisoner. The next instant the key turns and Edmund Carpenter walks into the room. Ruby demands an explanation. She will be a compulsory guest until she gives the document requested and promises never to mention she finds it.

Madame Howland desires to know Walter's former history and he tells of his father's early life, his marriage to the wife he loved, the refusal of the family to accept his mother, his father's accident, and the bitter struggle his mother makes to support his father and keep Walter in school, his father's death, his leaving school and begging for money to keep his mother from starving, his asking Mr. Carpenter for money, and going to the wretched home where his mother was, the woman from whom he was separated and still loves. Madame Howland asks if his heart ever yearns for his own kindred. He can never thrust himself upon those who ignored and despised his mother because she was poor. Walter is startled by the effect of his words and the woman implores him not to be too hard and finally confesses she is his father's mother, and she tells the sad story to Walter and begs his love, and he is known as the child of a son of a former marriage from whom Madame Howland was separated by the war.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### RUBY'S DISAPPEARANCE DISCOVERED.

MADAME HOWLAND insisted that Walter should "come home" at once—there must be no more living in an ordinary boarding-house—and, of course, the change could not be otherwise than a pleasant one for him, as well as for the grandmother.

These words, "come home," spoken in his grandmother's tremulous tones, were almost the sweetest that had greeted his ears

since the going out of his fair young mother's life had left him homeless and an orphan, while the fond woman spared no pains to make life attractive and delightful to him.

She was recovering to slowly from her injuries and she informed Walter that he would have to be hands for her until she was able to use her own.

It was both touching and amusing to see how she loved to have him wait upon her, and the many little devices which she employed to make him do so and keep him near her, while he was always ready and eager to bestow every care and attention upon her.

She manifested a great deal of interest in his work, carefully looking over all his plans, and driving out every pleasant day to see how his building was progressing, while their evenings were passed in talking over the past, in reading or playing chess or backgammon.

But as time passed, and Walter received no tidings of or from Ruby, he began to feel both anxious and disturbed. Twice every week he had written to her, believing her to be at Redville, but no answer had come to his letters.

At last he wrote to Mr. Conant inquiring if he knew anything regarding Miss Gordon's movements, and that gentleman replied that both Mrs. and Miss Gordon had gone to Harrisburg, called thither by the sudden and fatal illness of the elder lady's sister.

This news relieved his mind somewhat, although it did not satisfy him. He thought it very strange that Ruby had not written to tell him of the change in her plans and give him her address. Still, she might have done so, and her letter miscarried, and he kept hoping that each day would bring him some message from her.

But none came, and his anxiety increased, though he tried to reassure himself with the reflection that he would soon see her, for she would be obliged to be present at his trial, which was now drawing very near.

The day at last arrived, and, as Walter entered the courtroom in company with Mr. Conant and his counsel, he glanced anxiously around for his loved one.

Mrs. Gordon was sitting by herself near a window, and dressed in deep mourning; but Ruby was not visible.

Edmund Carpenter was seated at a table in earnest conversation with the counsel for the prosecution. He had looked up, and nodded pleasantly to Mrs. Gordon as she entered the room, and then resumed what he was saying to the lawyer.

Presently the door opened again, and Mr. Ruggles entered, and Walter's face grew ghastly white as he saw that he also was alone.

"Mr. Conant, will you kindly ask Mrs. Gordon where Miss Gordon is?" he asked his friend, and unable to endure the suspense another moment.

The gentleman arose to comply just as Mrs. Gordon herself espied Mr. Ruggles, and started up to greet him, asking eagerly why Ruby had not come with him.

The man turned and looked at her in amazement.

"Well, marm, that strikes me as a rather queer question," he answered, giving her a searching look. "How could she come with me when she has been with you in Harrisburg all these weeks?"

"Seen with me?" repeated Mrs. Gordon, with a dazed look. "What do you mean?"

Mr. Ruggles' face lost much of its natural ruddy glow at this inquiry, for he saw that her astonishment was genuine.

"I—I hope, marm, that it's all right, but I haven't seen Ruby since about two hours after you left Forestvale to go to your sister. Then she wanted to go to Redville, and urged me to take her home with me that afternoon, in spite of the rain, but she sent me word later that she'd decided it was best to join you in Harrisburg; so, of course, I had to go back without her, which, I'm free to say, was a great disappointment to both mother and me."

Mrs. Gordon involuntarily turned her white, startled face toward Edmund Carpenter, instinctively feeling that he might be able to explain this mystery.

She had supposed Ruby safe at Redville during all this time, although she had wondered at not hearing from her. She had written once, but the letter had never been sent, having been overlooked in the worry and excitement of her sister's illness, and she had found plenty in that home of sorrow to fill both heart and hands, to the exclusion of all else; for the invalid had been a fearful sufferer, lingering upon the borders of the grave for weeks, and only been released by death a few days before the trial. Mrs. Gordon had confidently expected to meet Ruby upon her return to Philadelphia, and it had been a particularly pleasant prospect, for remorse had been busy in her heart, condemning her for the part which she had taken against her.

Edmund Carpenter saw her turn toward him after Mr. Ruggles had concluded, and he knew well enough what was in her mind; but he appeared to be perfectly at ease and wore an unconcerned air which baffled her completely.

"And I have not seen Ruby since I bade her good by in Mr. Carpenter's house on the morning when I was so suddenly summoned to my sister," she said, in a trembling tone, as she turned again to Mr. Ruggles.

"Then Heaven help us all!—something dreadful must have happened to her," returned Mr. Ruggles, greatly agitated.

Just then Edmund Carpenter arose, and approaching them, shook hands with his uncle and Mrs. Gordon in a cordial manner; then asked, in a natural, off-hand way:

"Where is Miss Ruby?—she ought to be here today. Was she not able to come with you?"

Mrs. Gordon's heart sank, for she argued at once that he could know nothing regarding her young sister's strange disappearance.

His question had entirely deceived her; but Mr. Ruggles regarded the young man keenly, while Mr. Conant, who had stood silently by during the above conversation, was very sure that the wily plotter knew much more than any one else of this mysterious matter.

He appeared greatly surprised, however, when the facts were stated to him, and related in turn that he had parted from Ruby soon after Mr. Ruggles had left, as he had urgent business in town, and that he had been somewhat surprised to learn from his coachman, upon his return, that she had changed her mind at the last moment and gone to Harrisburg.

"Who took the message to Mr. Ruggles?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"Thomas."

"What was her reason for changing her mind?"

"That it seemed too bad to desert you when you were in trouble and she thought she might be of some help and comfort if she would go to you."

This was like Ruby and sounded reasonable, and yet Mrs. Gordon was not satisfied. She knew how determined Edmund had been to win Ruby, while, remembering his strange manner and his eager questions regarding the broken desk, it suddenly flashed upon her that that might have had something to do with this inexplicable affair.

"And you have not seen her since?" she asked, regarding him earnestly.

"No, I have not seen her since that day," the man answered, and truthfully, for Ruby's precautions against intruders had been successful, and the moment she heard his step outside her door she had taken refuge in her chamber and locked herself in.

Walter had drawn near during the conversation; he was so anxious he could not wait patiently, and his face was absolutely colorless as he listened, while in his heart he was confident that Edmund Carpenter had been guilty of foul play in Ruby's disappearance.

"I believe you know the truth," he cried, turn-

ing upon him with blazing eyes; "but if any evil has befallen Miss Gordon you shall answer for it."

"To whom?" sneered the young man, with a malicious smile. "I do not doubt you would be glad to constitute yourself Miss Gordon's champion in the future, as you have tried to do in the past; but there is a possibility, you know, that you may not have the opportunity."

Walter quivered his every nerve at this cruel thrust, but he felt that it would be unwise to retort, and turning abruptly away, he said, in a low, despairing tone, to Mr. Conant:

"What shall we do? This suspense is maddening, and I fully believe that this rascal is at the bottom of it all."

Mr. Conant linked his arm within the young man's, and led him away to a seat. He knew it would not do to have any confusion in the courtroom, for a case was being tried that had court-room put over from the day before, and already the group that had gathered around Mrs. Gordon had attracted attention.

"I am pretty sure of that myself," said Mr. Conant, but it will not do to make a scene here. We will, however, see what can be done as soon as this affair is settled."

Mr. Conant's face was very grave as he concluded. He did not appear very hopeful regarding his young friend's case. If it were a plot to ruin him, as both Walter and his counsel seemed to think he feared that proof sufficient to convict him might be brought against him; he did not believe that a man like Edmund Carpenter would go to work blindly, and he thought he must have felt pretty sure of his position in order to have caused his arrest.

As the hours went by, and they still had to wait for the other case, Mrs. Gordon's anxiety increased, and more than once she begged Mr. Ruggles to go out and do something to find her, but he could not be persuaded to leave the courtroom, troubled as his own heart was on account of the young girl, until he knew how Walter's trial was to be conducted.

But it was so late in the afternoon before his case was called, that it was thought best to put it over until the next day, and thus the anxious witnesses were released until the following day.

Then Mr. Ruggles, Mr. Conant, and Walter met to discuss ways and means to find Ruby, and, after a brief consultation, separated, each to pursue the course laid out for him.

Mrs. Gordon passed a most wretched night. She was thoroughly frightened about her young sister, and began to realize something of the enormity of her own conduct toward her, in having lent herself to a plot to ruin her happiness and a young man's honor.

Ruby's goodness, her unvarying sweetness and gentleness came before her in contrast to her own harshness, her selfishness and intrigue, and she bitterly repented of the wrong she had done her.

She resolved that she would make an end of her own duplicity at once, and confess the plot that had been laid to ruin Walter.

She had seen Madame Howland that day, and learned of the change in his prospects; she had seen how the noble woman loved him and depended upon him; how kind and devoted he was to her, and she was determined that the young man's fair fame should not be sullied—the truth should be told and he should be honorably acquitted; she would do that much to atone for the past, whether Ruby was ever restored to her or not.

During the weeks that had elapsed since Ruby's abduction Edmund Carpenter had been very busy.

He had been getting his affairs into a condition to enable him to flee from the country at a moment's warning.

He had put all his real estate into the hands of a broker, and it had been sold at a price that exceeded his expectations. He had given notice at the various banks where he had money deposited that he should wish to draw upon them at a certain date, and he had also disposed of all shares and stocks which he had owned. Thus his property had all, or nearly all, been turned into money; he had even negotiated for a passage abroad, and had resolved to sail the week following Walter's trial.

He had not a doubt but that he would ruin his enemy; he meant to wait to witness his downfall; then he would release Ruby, or cause her to be released, upon the day that he sailed, and she might do her very worst with the will that she had found; but Walter Richardson would never get one penny of his father's money; while he would spend some years in traveling and pleasure, and finally settle comfortably in some foreign land when he tired of sight-seeing.

It had all been very nicely planned, and, thus far, very satisfactorily executed; and the young man was in a most excellent mood with himself as he saw his victim so apparently helpless before him, although he had been somewhat disappointed at the delay in the trial, and he was confident that the morrow would bring the shameful downfall he had so long anticipated.

He had not been out of the courtroom an hour, however, before he became aware that he was being shadowed by a detective, and knew that Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Conant had begun their work of trying to ascertain Ruby's whereabouts.

But this only amused him; it simply added romance to the affair.

It was not necessary for him to go near the young girl; she would be well cared for if he did not enter the house where she was confined for a week or even a month; and, knowing this, he took a sort of fiendish delight in doubling and turning upon his pursuer, and led that much-tried official a dance which he never forgot, and all to no purpose.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### A STARTLING MESSAGE.

Ruby, all this time, was leading a sad, weary life, shut up in that strange house in the heart of the city.

Every day she sat by her window eagerly watching for someone whom she knew and dared call to her aid. Several times she had thumped upon the panes to attract attention, but she was so high up that no one appeared to hear her; or, if they did, knowing something of the character of the occupants of that house, paid no heed.

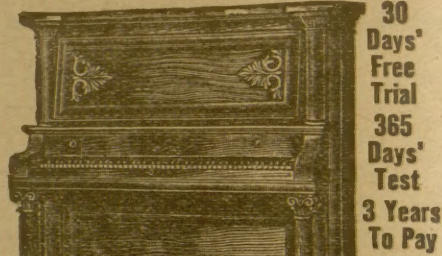
But this constant watching and the strain upon her nerves were upon her. She grew thin, and pale and heavy-eyed; an anxious, care-worn expression took the place of the former bright and sparkling light that always had beamed upon her face.

She had nothing to complain of as to treatment, beyond being denied her liberty, for she received every needful attention. Her food was nicely cooked and daintily served, the servant was kind and respectful; she had plenty of books and papers to read, while she would never have known that there was a patient in the house, it was so quiet and well ordered.

Twice during her imprisonment Edmund Carpenter had attempted to have an interview with her; but she seemed to know instinctively the would flee into her chamber, lock the door, and when she stood outside her door, when she made one word would she reply to his threats, commands, or entreaties to come out and tell him what she had done with his father's will.

She had been shrewd enough to attach the key to a cord, and this she had fastened around her neck; and thus the servant had never been able to secure it, as she had been ordered to; Carpenter had finally given up trying to subdue her, and only kept her there until he could settle his affairs and get out of the country.

But, as the time for Walter's trial drew near,



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Ruby grew very nervous and rebellious. She was certain of his conviction unless she could get out to tell her story and save him—her sister's diamonds would be found upon his person, and that would be conclusive proof of his guilt. She simply felt that she could not stay there, she must get out or she would certainly become insane herself, and fit only to remain there all her life.

She tried bribing the girl who waited upon her, but she might as well have talked to the walls, for she was as immovable as they.

Once, in her desperation, she sprang behind her, as she came into the room, plinked her arm, and tried to take the key from her. But the girl, with one movement, swung herself free, and, catching Ruby up in her arms set her upon a chair, saying contemptuously, yet not unkindly:

"You poor little pigmy! you've got will and spirit enough for three such bodies, but it is of no use—you can't get out of here until orders come from headquarters."

And so all that Ruby could do was to go back to her window and watch.

At last the dreaded day came, and, hour after hour, the poor girl sat there and prayed that some way might be opened for her to give her testimony in court and save her lover.

Suddenly a bright idea came into her mind and she wondered why she had not thought of it before.

She got her writing pad, pen and ink, and wrote rapidly for ten or fifteen minutes.

Then going to her trunk, she took out a small metallic paper weight, about the size of a silver dollar. She wrapped the paper, upon which she had written, closely about it, and wound a coarse thread securely around it, then she took off her engagement-ring—that glittering diamond which Walter had so recently placed upon her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all! Health, happiness and prosperity! I preach you so many New Year sermons, that you must be almost as tired in reading them, as I am of writing them. It must be fresh in the memory of most of you what I said last year. If it is not it ought to be. I told you all to be good boys and girls, good men and women, and to make the best of every minute of the year, for life is as brief as a summer's day. On the first of the year one seems to stand on a pinnacle from which one can survey the old year and peep expectantly into the new. It is a good time to take stock of the past and ruminate on the future. In looking back over the past twelve months, I find that things have a much more hopeful outlook in many respects than they had a year ago. I am not talking of the business outlook, but of things of far more importance than money grubbing. The fact that treaties of arbitration are being negotiated between this country and England and France, is a most comforting and satisfying sign of human betterment and world improvement. In a year or two these treaties will include every power in Europe, and possibly Asia and the entire world. So the world is advancing and growing better. Oh, we have a mighty work to do before we get our chaotic civilization civilized!

It is not cheerful thought is it, that out of the six millions of people who will read this, from five to ten in every hundred will be buried in a pauper's grave? Again, it is not a cheerful thought is it to know that this year a quarter of a million children will be murdered and sent to their graves by adulterated foods, cheap candy, and other chemically treated food products, which come in contact with the delicate linings of the child's stomach? It is not comforting to know is it, that tens of thousands of our girls will be caught in the devil's maelstrom and swept by the white slave traffic to hell and destruction? It is not a comforting thing to know is it, that tens of thousands of men, and alas, also women, will fall into the clutches of the drink devil and go plunging headlong into lightning gait? It is not pleasant to know is it, that millions of good American citizens will have to get along this year on incomes insufficient to support themselves comfortably, and on these incomes they will have to rear children, who will fall ready victims to disease, or gravitate to crime as a duck takes to water?

But enough of this. It is not a cheerful talk for a New Year's day, but it is all done with a purpose. I want you to know what you are up against, what it is you have to fight, and how necessary it is that you be prepared to develop the best that is in you, so that you may not only escape the snares and pitfalls of life and the evils that surround you on every side, but that you may take an oath in the silence of your chambers before your Maker, that you will, as a man, a citizen and a Christian, fight like a crusader of old during this year of our Lord 1912, every form of social evil, every form of political wrong, or better still, struggle to right those economic wrongs that are at the bottom of all the ills of modern society.

Some of you will say: "Oh, Uncle Charlie, I guess the United States is all right! Things are not half as bad as you make them out to be." Ah, my friends, is that so? The great trouble with the world today is that one half does not know how the other half lives, and does not care. The people who are comfortably off and have good homes are indifferent to the suffering and misery of others. The peddler puts all the good fruit on the top of his basket, and the basket makes a fine appearance,—but remove the good fruit and beneath you will find the rest of his wares tainted and rotten. Society puts all its good fruit on the top of the human basket, and declines to look underneath. I insist upon looking beneath the surface. I want the world to know the world as it is, then the world can take steps to right the world's wrongs, and in ten years we can progress more than under present conditions in a century.

Now listen to this. It will give you an idea why my New Year's talk is pitched in a minor key. This is a clipping from a New York paper: "Washington, August 15. About five hundred unclaimed bodies of men, women and children, are buried annually by the District of Columbia. No funeral service is ever held. The Rev. Arthur J. Jones, Rector of Christ Church, advocates the selection of twelve ministers who in turn would perform funeral rites." When I read that I turned my eyes heavenward and said: "Oh, God can this be? This under the shadow of the dome of our majestic capital, this in the seat of government of the richest and greatest country on earth. This within a stone's throw of the grave of the Immortal Father of our country! Five hundred unclaimed dead in one year, that means five thousand in ten years mind you, for practically one city. Think of the life struggles of these hundreds of unknown, unclaimed dead. Somebody loved them, somebody cared for them. Tears have been shed, hearts have bled, prayers have been offered for them. Think of the agony of those who gave them birth. The mothers who loved them, think how they would have suffered if they had known that the bodies of those, their dear ones, would some day be thrown into the morgues of a great city, and be thrown into the earth, unwept, unhonored and unsung, without funeral rites. This too, in a wealthy, Christian city, the pride of our land, with its scores of churches and numberless followers of the lowly Christ, who in His Heaven must weep, as He sees so many of His lambs perish friendless and alone. Ah, if you could look into the lives and know the struggles of many of these poor souls. Among them were noble men and women, of that I have no doubt, who had outlived their usefulness, or who were physically unfitted to fight life's battles and went under in the

struggle, and who were ground into dust by the pitiless mill stones of the social chaos in which we exist, and have our being.

Now there is food for sober thought on this New Year's day. Take it to heart, and live your life so that if possible you will not be numbered among the unclaimed dead when the hour glass of your life shall finally roll down. If the conditions which make this ghastly roll call of the friendless dead, are unavoidable and inevitable, then there is a mighty work for us to do in this year of 1912. Gird on your armor, each one of you, and go forth to the fight. God is calling for volunteers. The harvest is plentiful, but the reapers are few. Be a reaper, and a soldier in the cause of humanity, justice, honor, truth and righteousness.

Full particulars as to how to obtain wheel chairs will be found in another section of this magazine. These chairs are given for two hundred subscriptions. You will have to make an effort to earn them yourself, or wait for years until our readers earn them for you. It is a case of work or wait. The rest is up to you.

Here is another New Year's resolution: "I resolve to secure a copy of Uncle Charlie's Song Book, which contains twenty-eight of the dreamiest, loveliest, funniest and best songs ever written." Five dollars' worth of music for voice and piano, and all absolutely free for a few minutes' easy work. Get up a club of two fifteen months' subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and this magnificent song folio is yours. A club of six secures both these gorgeous books. Full particulars of each will be found at or near the end of this department. Work for them today. They are COMFORT's star premiums, and count towards our grand cash prize competition.

Now for the letters!

MAYFIELD, Box 13, KENTUCKY

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: Mayfield is a thriving little city, located in the extreme eastern section of Kentucky, twenty-five miles from the Mississippi river. Its population is estimated at ten thousand. Two thousand of which belong to the African race. The principal occupation of most of the people, outside of the city is dealing in tobacco. Mayfield is said to be within the radius of the sixth largest tobacco market in the world. The farmers raise the tobacco, cut it when matured, houses it in large tobacco barns built purposely for that purpose and smoke it until seasoned. Then they bring it to Mayfield, or some other market and sell it to the rehandler merchants. Then it goes through all processes until it reaches the selling-to-user stage. I am quite sure if the women who use snuff could see the process through which the tobacco goes, before it is snuff, there would not be near so much of it used as there is at present.

Uncle, I admire the way in which you correct our misspelled words, and incorrect language, don't you cousins?

There is nothing so essential in a girl or boy's education, as good language. It cannot be acquired on the impulse of the moment, but in order that it should be acquired it should be inculcated in the mind of the child when he is very young. Good language is an index of character. It shows your rearing, and whether or not your parents failed in their duties.

In every class of life, the possessor of good language will distinguish himself, where those who do not possess it will fail. "Be true to your nature and follow its teachings," Emerson tells us, but you cannot follow the kind impulses that are born in the heart unless you are possessed of that civility to one another which is denoted by good language. Let parents teach it to their children before they are old enough to go to school, so when they stand on the threshold of manhood and womanhood it will be a part of their many virtues.

I am the only child in our family, am seventeen years old, and will be a junior in high school next term. With best wishes to COMFORT, Uncle Charlie and all the chickens, I remain your interested niece and cousin.

MILDRED PATTE.

Only too delighted to have you pay a visit to my chicken coop, Mildred. We are all greatly interested in your description of the raising and marketing of tobacco. The northern cousins especially will devour every word you have written on this subject, as the only tobacco they see raised is what Pop raises into the corner of his mouth once in a while, when he regales himself with a plug. There is one statement you have made, Mildred, that has excited me more than a little, and I am sure it will have all our readers by the ears for it surely is a startling statement. You say: "The farmers raise tobacco, cut it when matured, house it in large tobacco barns built purposely for that purpose, and smoke it until seasoned." From your statement I gather that the farmer has to smoke his entire tobacco crop. You don't tell us whether or not he is allowed to hire anyone else to help him smoke the crop, or whether he must do it all himself. Most men enjoy hitting the pipe, but how one man can smoke a whole barnful of tobacco beats me. I should think the man who started out to do a job of that kind, would want an awfully big pipe, and by the time he got through he would look like fourteen kinds of a smoke-dried mummy. Now, what I want to know, Mildred, is this: How can a man take his tobacco to market and sell it if he smokes it first? The ultimate consumer surely gets a pretty tough deal in this world, but it seems to me that the ultimate consumer of tobacco would raise fourteen kinds of a rough house if he found the tobacco he intended to smoke himself, had been already smoked for him by one of your Mayfield farmers. I wish you would explain to us how a farmer can sell tobacco he has already smoked. It is all a great mystery to me. You also say that you are quite sure if women who use snuff could see the process through which tobacco goes before it is snuff, there would not be so much of it used as there is at present. As the Mayfield farmers seem to smoke tobacco before it is sent to market, maybe they also take the snuff before it is sent to market to tickle the noses of the ladies. What with smoked over tobacco, and snuffed over snuff, the American smoker and snuffer it seems to me are up against a tough

proposition. Billy the Goat's grandmother chews tobacco, and Billy hopes fervently for grand-ma's sake that it is not the custom in Kentucky to have chewing tobacco well-chewed before it is placed on the market. You are quite right, Mildred, good language is a very necessary part of a human being's equipment. Good language, however, is not always an index of character, but quite the reverse. I will always find the humor and the criminal possessors of smooth, oily tongues. Look at our politicians, the men you elect to represent you in your State legislatures, and in Congress. These men all have the gift of the gab. They can make you believe black is white, and that chalk is cheese. They can in fact hypnotize you with their oily tongues into believing anything. It is very necessary that children should be taught to use their mother tongue well and correctly. Most children speak abominably, especially in this country, where so many of the children have foreign born parents, who have but a bowing acquaintance with our language. When I was a boy, if I used any language that was not correct and proper, I was immediately corrected, and if I still persisted in my errors of speech, I got well-spanked. The majority of children have little chance to acquire correct speech. In school the teachers seldom correct them, and out of school no one corrects them, and they hear nothing but a jargon of slang and slush. I know lots of rough, uncouth, uneducated men, who know little of their mother tongue, and yet whose homely speech is kind and sincere and straight from the heart and indicates true nobility of character and greatness of soul. It is not so much what we say in this world, as the way we say it that creates an impression. Good language will not be the universal rule until all boys and girls are properly educated. Every generation is better educated than the one that preceded it. Few of those who go to school, graduate from high school. Some day every boy and girl in the land will be a high school graduate, and a generation or two later on we shall have nothing but highly educated people in this big republic. It is only because millions of our people are densely ignorant, and being ignorant, therefore utterly indifferent to the wrongs that are daily perpetrated upon them by those who misgovern them that we as a nation make such a sorry and contemptible attempt at self government. When all men and women are highly educated, as they soon will be, the spell binding parasitical politician, the grafter and the corruptionist, the plutocrat with his tainted millions, the tramp with his tomato can, red nose and alfalfa whiskers, the white slave of the brothel, the besouled drunkard, the aged and infirm citizens ending their days in the poorhouse, and the other relics of our savage civilization will all be things of the past. Education means knowledge, and knowledge is the golden key that will unlock the chain which through all the ages has bound the majority of mankind to pauperism, disease, crime, drunkenness, shame and misery. All rests upon the right kind of education. Get knowledge, boys and girls, for through it alone can you and the nation rise to a better, higher, nobler, happier life. But education must have in it a large element of the moral and spiritual as well as the intellectual. Education which is merely intellectual makes the racial the more dangerous. The education that points out the difference between right and wrong and drives home the obligation to do right under all circumstances and conditions is the only safe and really valuable kind. To be an educational force of this kind is COMFORT's great aim and mission.

UNCLE CHARLIE, Augusta, Maine:

DEAR SIR,—I have been wanting to thank you for your kindness in giving me a notice in COMFORT last fall, ever since it appeared, but I had to postpone it until now.

I got nearly forty offers of a home and arrived here among the largest and best of them. It is entirely due to your kindness that I am out of that horrible place at last, and I thank you with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my mind and with all my strength.

No words could ever express my gratitude to you, my friend, when the rest of the human species failed me. With sincere regards, I am, Yours truly,

CHINA, IND.

BETTY CLAY.

The above letter, which is exquisitely written, has made me very, very happy. Miss Clay was in an asylum for the insane for years. She wrote to me, and asked me if I would rescue her from the prison walls which threatened to be her grave. Apparently everyone had deserted her. Her letter bore every evidence of sanity. Most letters written by people of unbalanced minds, show a little kink here and there that betrays mental aberration. I felt confident that Miss Clay was a good deal saner than many people who are at liberty. Just think of the good souls there are in this country, when no less than forty people offered a home to a woman of whom they knew practically nothing. That is what publicity will do. There are lots of good souls in this world, if we can only get in touch with them, lots of human angels waiting for a chance to be angelic when the opportunity presents itself. I hope Miss Clay will have many years of liberty and happiness to compensate her for all she must have suffered in the unhappy past.

MUSCATINE, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Muscatine is called the Pearl City because it has so many button factories. The employees of the button factories started a union and were on a strike three months this spring, and they made a great success of it. They have almost two thousand people in the union. Maybe you ain't interested in unions. I am fifteen years old and have light hair, blue eyes, and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I live in town with my aunt, who is an old maid. My aunt is a awful strict. She doesn't want me to have any gentleman friends. I go to school and study real hard and after school a gentleman friend meets me, and I walk home with him. He is just grand to me and I think he loves me. I've been going with him for two years, and think he is the man for me. (Began at thirteen eh? Great snakes!—Uncle Charlie.) Most Uncle Charlie, I am in great trouble, what would you advise me to do?

The other night I went out with my friend and of course as usual I didn't want my aunt to know, so I climbed out of the window and met my friend, and when I came home, about half past ten, Aunt was at the gate to meet me, and she gave me a hard scolding and I cried because my ideal was there to hear it, and I don't know what he will think about me, but he knows that my aunt is an old crank and don't want anybody to have any beans. She thinks we all ought to be old hens like her. I am afraid now my aunt will tell my mother. Mother doesn't know anything about my having a beau, and the folks will make me come home, and I just hate it on the farm. A girl can't have any fun at all out there. There ain't any fellows where they live. I just know it would break my heart to go to the country and leave my friend. My friend asked me to marry him and not go to the country, and get away from my old maid aunt.

What would you advise me to do? I am very anxious to know what your advice will be. I don't know what to do and will wait patiently for your advice.

Your niece,

HONEYUCKLE.

I am glad to know that the button workers of Muscatine formed a union and won their strike. Every successful strike means an increase of wages and better working and living conditions for the toilers. I am more interested in the success of unionism and the progress of the workers than in any other subject. The happiness

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and prosperity of the masses of the people is of more concern to me, than the fads, follies and monkey shins of the wealthy. Now, Honey-suckle, you want my advice, and you are going to get it, and it may not be advice that you will relish. You call your aunt an old hen. You intend that for an insult. As a matter of fact it is a compliment, for an old hen is just the one that can look after a foolish, half fledged young chick, such as you are. You are away from your folks, and your aunt is responsible for you, and if anything happened to you your parents would be down on your aunt like a ton of bricks. Your aunt has lived in this world a good many more years than you have, and has got more sense in her big toe probably than you have in the whole of your body. I am so glad you called her an old hen, as that shows what a lot of respect you have for age and experience and for your mother or father's own sister, whichever she may be. The old hen keeps her chicks close beside her. She has to protect them from danger. She knows that a hawk may swoop down and run off with one of the young chicks at any moment, and when she sees a hawk coming she covers the chicks under her wings, and is ready to protect them at the sacrifice of her own life. The chicks have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

sense enough to run to the old hen when she calls to them. That shows a heap sight more sense than you have displayed. Your aunt knows that there are a lot of two-legged male hawks prowling around every city, looking for foolish little female brollers of your type. Girls can generally be divided into two classes. There are the level-headed, sensible girls, and then there are boy-crazy, harum-scarum pleasure-loving, discipline-resisting, bull-headed, determined-to-have-their-own-way, go-to-the-devil girls. Inexperienced youth thinks only of the pleasures of the moment. You have as much foresight as a blind bat, and cannot see beyond the length of your nose. Your aunt can see away ahead into your future. In the blindness of your youth, you cannot see the pitfalls, snares and traps that are in your path-way. Your aunt however can see them all. You think your aunt is your enemy and wants to deprive you of the liberty that you crave. Your aunt is not your enemy but your best friend. She has sized you up and knows what a boy-crazy, or rather man-crazy kid you are, for apparently boys don't interest you. There is only one way to handle a girl of your temperament, character and determination. One has got to put a bit in your mouth, and hold a tight rein over you and show you the whip every little while. If you were a level-headed, sensible girl, I have not the least doubt your aunt would give you a great deal more liberty than she does now. Headstrong people simply have to be kept under restraint. You can't talk sense or reason into their empty foolish heads. You cannot let a high-spirited, half-broken horse have its head, without inviting disaster, and what applies to the horse applies to a certain class of young boys and girls. If your aunt was to let you have the run of the streets it would not be long before you would break the heart of your parents, and you would be in your little room on the old farm crying, "Oh, why did they let me do it! They knew I was only a foolish child, and now I am disgraced and my whole life blasted!" You see you blame your aunt for protecting you, and you would be the first one to blame her for not protecting you if anything happened to you, and something always happens to foolish children who jump out of windows, and run around the streets at night with gentlemen friends. Please remember that the majority of young men who are running around after dark in our big cities, are not looking for wives, they are only looking for victims, for the majority of these gentlemen friends, are only wolves in sheep's clothing, seeking whom they may devour. Very few of them have any honorable intentions, and only that society has passed stringent laws to protect foolish chicks of your tender years, more of you headstrong ninnies, would be sent kiting down the downward path to ruin, than are already headed in that direction. Though your spelling is weak in spots your handwriting is exceedingly fine, and I have no doubt if the check-rein is kept on you, until you are old enough to get a little real sense into your head, you will have a bright future. The things that you crave now, the society of men, will all come to you in good time. You are at the doll stage now not the man stage. Remember that you are a child and should be content with childish pleasures. What you are trying to do is to rob yourself of your girlhood and young womanhood, and load yourself down with a whole lot of frightful responsibilities, that will ruin your health, rob you of all happiness and make you an old woman when you still ought to have the bloom of youth on your cheeks, and not a care in your mind. I have before me a letter from a girl of sixteen, the mother of three children, two of whom are twins. Her letter would break anyone's heart. She has a good husband, but she is in delicate health, and her housework and the care of her children take up all of her time. She says pitifully: "I cannot go anywhere or see anything, for I cannot leave the babies, and I cannot afford to hire anyone to take care of them. If I visit a neighbor and take them with me, I get no pleasure for they take up all my attention. Though I am only sixteen, at times I feel as though I was sixty. Other girls at my age that I know have no cares or worries, and are reveling in the joys of youth. I can see nothing before me but hard work which will probably grow harder as the years go on. Oh, I wish every girl would take warning by me. I was determined to have my own way, and now I have got to suffer for it." Now Honeysuckle, play with your dolls, apologize to your aunt for your foolishness. Tell her you realize that she knows what is best for you. Give her your word that you will not meet those gentlemen friends any more, and will keep all strange city boys at a distance until you are old enough to know a boy from a monkey, and a real, honorable man from a smooth-tongued vampire. You children want to rush things. Before you have entered the spring of your life, you are screaming for the summer, fall and winter. You want to be women before you have learned to be children. You want to marry your life and endanger your happiness before you have ever begun to grow and develop. That is because you are young and foolish, and don't know what is best for you. It is the duty of parents to safeguard the interests and welfare of their children. Talk frankly with them, reason with them, give them every reasonable pleasure, but keep your eye on them, and never relax your vigilance for one moment. Take no chances. You are the ones that are legally and morally bound to protect your daughters, for remember the majority of young girls cannot protect themselves. Parents do your duty for if anything happens to one of your girls, it is you and not she that is to blame. Take my remarks to heart both girls and parents, and many a life will be saved from ruin, many a happy home from being blasted, and many a white slave den robbed of a luckless victim.

BUFFALO, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have blue eyes, light brown hair and a fair complexion and am eighteen years young. I wear my dresses up to my shoe tops. Now don't hold your breath—my feet are so small it takes a six and a half size shoe to cover them. So why shouldn't I be proud of them and show them? Well, I will tell you something about this part of the state. We came here ten years ago last April. The country then was not settled—no schools, no churches and no neighbors, only about every ten or fifteen miles apart. The prairie was all a great mass of Texas steers. We had to fence our houses—dugouts at that—to keep the cattle off. Deer and antelope were very plentiful at that time in some parts. While the coyotes were innumerable. There is quite an improvement since then. This is now a Probation state and has been for about three years. Every quarter section has nice houses, barns and so forth, so we have neighbors on every corner now. Buffalo is the county seat of Harper Co. It is only three years old and has four contractors and builders, four doctors, one feed mill, one broom factory, seven law offices, one butcher's shop, four painters, two cement block plants, five churches, three newspaper offices. Now isn't Buffalo a whooper? And still growing. If any of the cousins want a good health giving climate, come here. Oh, yes, we have been having some of the biggest rains of late and all the creeks and rivers are up. Last July two of our neighbors' children got drowned. Now Uncle I will close by asking you to make me a visit, but for goodness sake stick Billy the Goat in a sack and shake him up good before you read this, for he will sure think he has a money of glass bottles for supper when you feed this to him.

Yours when you ask Pa.

POLLY JANE.

Polly, Buffalo must be quite some place from your description of it. You say you take a six and a half size in shoes. It must be very uncomfortable for you to live on the prairie now that it is liling up. I should imagine every time you turn around you must knock a house over. You say "Oklahoma is a probation state." I suppose this is some improvement on prohibition. Let us

ferverently hope so. I lived in a prohibition state for a little while, and you can bet my neighbors were great temperance folks all right. Every time the river got full they used to arrest it and put it in jail. They even arrested a truck because it had a "load". Buffalo has quite a lot of stores. I am glad to see that "General Merchandise" has got a store in your town. The general seems to be in business all over the country. I wish I had half of his wad. You say you have one "tailor" shop. What is a "tailor" shop? Billy says that is where the buffaloes of Buffalo go to get their pants made. I have heard of a tailor shop, but never of a tailor shop, and I guess Buffalo has got the only shop of that kind in the country. You also say you have one "restaurant". I suppose that is some place where the ants go and rest. I know ants are busy insects, but I did not know that they had acquired store property, and were selling goods. It is possible however, that you mean restaurant? Billy the Goat wants to know if the lively ranch is where they sell liver, and if so will you please send him a piece about a mile thick, as the cold weather is very tough on his appetite. I see you have four contractors. I had an uncle once who was a contractor. He was contracting all the time. One day he got a cold, and contracted so much that finally there was nothing of him left. That was the end of him. It is all right to be a contractor, but you should never contract too much. Keep your normal size if you can. So you have only one butcher's shop. Lucky butcher. No meat to compete with him. Everything in the meat line must be coming his way. I suppose the only competition he has is from the feed mill. I am delighted to notice one thing, you have not got an undertaker in your city. That seems an extraordinary thing considering the fact that you have four doctors in Buffalo. You seem to have more law offices than almost anything else in town. You must be a quarrelsome lot in Buffalo to keep seven lawyers busy. I think you could be far happier if you had seven butcher shops and one law office. Three newspapers and only one butcher—evidently the citizens of Buffalo think more of feeding their minds than they do of their bodies. Billy the Goat has come forward with an ingenious solution of the one butcher puzzle. Billy says that as all the people in Buffalo are probably buffaloes, they live on prairie grass and don't need meat. I am glad your climate gives health. If you will ask your climate to send me a little robust health on a postal card, I shall be exceedingly obliged. It would be very acceptable just now. I am taking it for granted, Polly, that Jane is your surname, as there are quite a few Janes and I make it a rule never (unless some very exceptional circumstances warrant it) to print an anonymous letter where complete name and address is not given. People who are afraid to send their names in print should not be foolish enough to write for publication. If you have omitted giving your full name, Polly, you had better go to the Buffalo postmaster, and tell him to hand you over all the mail he gets addressed to Polly Jane, for I am sure hundreds of the cousins will write you and they will get after me with a club if their letters come back.

GLENWOOD, MINN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Will you let a Minnesota girl into your happy circle?

I live in the central part of the state. Our nearest town being Glenwood. I live in the country and am proud of the fact. I don't know which I would like best, the city or farm, but I am content on the farm.

I am sixteen years old, am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty pounds, have black hair, brown eyes, tanned complexion and a pug nose. Oh, Uncle! I am no beauty. And your knee will ache if you hold me very long.

I have three brothers and three sisters. Two sisters married and one brother married. One in Alberta can and one at home. My other sister is a darling old maid. I am the baby.

Oh, say, I have your books, and think they are just fine. When I first got your poem book I wished I had a half dozen for they were all grapping for it.

Uncle, please don't scold me, but how long should we wait for our buttons?

Hoping to hear from any of the cousins, I remain your niece and cousin,

ALICE A. FREDERICK.

Alice, charmed to hear from you. I am glad you are content to stay on the farm, stay there just as long as you can. Some of you think the farm is lonesome. I am living in a two family house in the biggest city in America, and have the upper apartment. I don't know my next door neighbors, and though there are a hundred families in the block I don't know a single one of them. I of course, know my landlord, who lives under me, because it's his painful duty every month to come up and chloroform me so he can get his rent. Previous to coming here I lived in an apartment house for six years, and by great good luck got to know one family. This will give you a slight idea of what a lonely place the city is, and I'm a sociable cuss, and willing to give everyone a good time who butts in, if I'm physically able. Another thing Alice, please remember that a man can't get work in the city if he is over forty years of age, and a woman after she is thirty or over, unless she is willing to do housework, and swear on a stack of Bibles that she is not more than twenty-one, has about as much chance of getting employment, as I have of flying across the Atlantic in an ash barrel. Science and invention and other forces that are now at work will rob the country side of its loneliness and give the farmer all the advantages of city life, without its drawbacks. At the time I am writing, the one great topic of newspaper discussion is, that though a man of forty may retain his job if he is lucky, if he loses it he cannot get another, so while you are singing the Star Spangled Banner, my dear friends, at least you who want to come to the city to work and live, please remember when you are forty years of age and in the prime of life, if you lose your job, you can wrap the American flag around you and blow out your brains or go to the poorhouse. That's absolutely all the city has to offer you—about twenty-two years of heart-breaking toil, and then the suicide route or the poorhouse. A glorious outlook for the average American citizen isn't it? But the average American citizen does not mind, he is so accustomed to getting it in the neck that if he didn't pinch himself once in a while he would not know he was alive. Our money kings have got the average American citizen so nicely chloroformed that it would take an earthquake to wake him up. Never mind, there's a good time coming. A million women are going to vote for President this year, and ten years later every woman in the country will have a vote, and then we'll be able to work as long as we want to, and live as long as we want to. All we will have to do if there's any trouble will be to send one suffragette with a hat pin after John D., and another suffragette with a hat pin after Andy Carnegie, and we'll be able to buy steel at three cents a ton, and oil a million gallons for one cent. There are going to be great changes and changes for the better in this gold-cursed land of ours in the next few years. Never mind your pug nose, Alice. I adore pug noses, especially those that tilt heavenward and brush the cobwebs off the stars. I have a nose that looks as if it had been in a dog fight and got the worst of it, but it was the only one they had in the nose store when I bought it, or I would have got something better. You say my knee will ache if I hold you very long. As you are only five feet two inches short, I couldn't hold you very long unless you grew a few inches. Speaking of your brothers you say: "One in Alberta can, and one at home." I suppose one in Alberta can, and one at home can't. Billy the Goat says you mean Alberta, Canada, but as you wrote can with a small c, well I didn't know exactly just what it did mean. When that precious sister of yours knows you have called her an old maid, I think

you will find it expedient to eat your meals off the mantelpiece for the next six weeks. You wish to know how long we should wait for our buttons. Most people are born with a complete set of buttons, others are born a few buttons shy, others are born without any buttons at all. I have been waiting all my life to get my full complement of buttons and am still a few dozen shy. Billy the Goat says you mean League buttons. You should get your League button within a month of sending in your application during the winter season, and a day or two longer, possibly in the summer.

GHOLSON, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am sixteen years of age, am five feet two inches in height, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have dark brown hair and eyes.

My mother has taken dear old Comfort for many years and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the letters from Uncle Charlie and the cousins.

My mother and father both are living. I have two brothers living and two dead. I also have a dear little sister dead.

I haven't been to school much, I never cared very much about going.

I am the only girl in the family. They say they get me too much, but I don't think so. My oldest brother is twenty-two years of age; he is a member of the U. S. Enfranchise troops. They will leave tonight for Vicksburg will be gone for ten days.

My little brother Jackson is twelve years old. He is a great help to papa on the farm. I help them chop cotton and like it fine. I also help them pick cotton, too. I can pick as much as a hundred pounds in one day. I think that is a heap for a little girl like me!

Oh, Uncle you just ought to have been here to help me eat watermelon.

Papa and mamma let us have an ice-cream supper here last Wednesday night. We all had a nice time.

Uncle, just listen, my idol was here. You just ought to see him. He is a little round face, blue-eyed boy of twenty-two and he has jet black hair. You bet he is handsome. I remain,

Your new niece and cousin, JESSIE M. COTTON.

Jessie if you are the only girl in the family, it is natural that you should be petted, and if you are a nice girl you cannot be petted too much. I am quite interested in that oldest brother of yours. You say he is a member of the U. S. "Enfranchise" troops. Will you kindly explain to us what the U. S. enfranchise troops are? It sounds to me like a military organization. I know quite a little about Uncle Sam's military establishment, but I never heard of him having any "enfranchise" troops. Maybe it is some new military arm that the U. S. has started, to surprise the Japs with, if they ever get sassy. I'll bet you if a bunch of Japs ever do butt into the U. S. enfranchise troops, they will all be fit subjects for the undertaker in the morning. Billy the Goat has looked up his military manual, which is used in the goat army, and he says he thinks you mean U. S. infantry troops, or better still just the U. S. infantry, and I have no doubt, Jessie, that is what you do mean. Of course we shall never really know, unless you send us a photograph of the U. S. enfranchise troops on parade, then we can get a line on them and see exactly what they are. So you have got a twenty-two-year-old idol here you? I hope you will keep that idol at a distance for the next three or four years at least. For a girl to have an idol at sixteen is not quite so bad as a child to have an idol at fourteen. I hope you will not marry, my dear, until you are twenty, and I hope your parents and your idol have enough good sense and genuine affection for you and enough interest in your health and happiness to keep you from undertaking the burdens of matrimony for at least another three or four years. Speaking of your idol you say: "You bet he is handsome!" I have no doubt you intend that for a compliment, Jessie, but it seems to me this remark is most uncomplimentary. On referring to the dictionary I find it says that a hansom is a two-wheeled cab. You don't mean to say that your idol is a two-wheeled cab do you? That is hardly possible, as you mention he is a boy of twenty-two and has black eyes, and though I have ridden in many hansom I never saw one with black eyes. You had far better have a two-wheeled cab as an idol at your age than a boy with black eyes. It has suddenly occurred to me that you mean handsome instead of hansom, that you refer to good looks, and not to two-wheeled vehicles. Good looks, however, are only too often Cupid's vehicle for robbing us of our hearts. Jessie, your name—Cotton, is very appropriate considering locality in which you live. I presume when your future husband appropriates you, it will not be a stretch of the imagination for us to state that in your case, he has picked cotton. Billy the Goat says he doesn't think you will cotton to a joke like that.

Box 567, SANTA PAULA, CAL.

My DEAR UNCLE AND ALL THE COUSINS: I am a Kansas Sunflower transplanted in Californian soil. It is very pleasant living here, and were I to tell you all about our little valley town, it would fill books. It is in the fruit-growing belt, and such fruit as apricots, lemons, figs, oranges, grapes, plums, olives, berries and lots of other stuff grow here. But any way our fruit crop is something extraordinary.

We have no saloons in our little town, but instead churches take their place. We have several churches, dry goods stores, grocery stores, hotels and other buildings. We have two grammar schools and one high school. Our high school has lovely grounds. In fact it is almost like a park and the boys' athletic grounds are near. The school is situated upon a hill side, and the athletic ground is at the foot of the hill. I have never lived in a large city, nor do I care to, and have never attended a school where more than three hundred pupils attended, and I do not think the city pupils learn any more than we do. There is only one thing we lack in our school and that is domestic science.

This is my senior year. It seems no time since I was a green little freshman, next a smart sophomore, then a jolly junior, and now I am a dignified (?) senior. One class will be the largest that has ever graduated from Santa Paula High.

I am studying to be a school teacher. I am already a teacher in the Baptist Sunday school. My class is the primary, and I enjoy teaching them very much. I always think when I start to do anything: would I want one of my pupils to do this? and by always asking myself this question, it makes me a better Christian.

I help the poor shut-ins all I can. My happiest moments are when I carry flowers and a hymn-book under my arm, and go to see poor invalids. There are no needy people in this town, but several who can't go out. It always pleases them when we carry flowers to them and sing a few hymns. I can't sing very well, but it is enough to brighten the day for our friends. I will give you a hint as to my looks, and then I must close. I will be nineteen next September, am five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and twelve pounds. I have dark brown hair and eyes, and have dark complexion.

I can do housework and can paint with water colors. I read a great deal, and Poe, Dickens, Lowell, Tennyson, Thackeray and Longfellow are my favorites as authors.

I would enjoy exchanging postals with the cousins, and now with best wishes, I remain your niece,

FLORENCE WILSON PHELPS.

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soil, without the roots of your life plant getting injured. You draw a charming picture of your California home, and now that the icebergs are hanging on my chin, I envy you that home more than you can tell. It must be lovely to live in a fruit country, and a fruit belt must be a nice thing to wear around your waist, and a very appetizing addition to one's wardrobe I should imagine. Speaking of apricots, Billy the Goat has a conundrum. He says, if you could sleep on a spring bed for ten years how many years could you sleep on an apricot? Isn't that fierce? I am exceedingly glad to know that the churches are more numerous in your town than the saloons. That is what we want, more live churches and fewer saloons. Among the fruit you raise there is a variety that is entirely new to me, possibly it is peculiar to your fruit belt. I refer to "oranges." I have heard of orange outang, but never of oranges. Maybe an orange is a baby orange outang. Is it possible, Florence that you are raising monkeys on your fruit trees? Your fruit crop must be extraordinary if you raise monkeys. Most monkeys are adepts at raising themselves. I am inclined to believe however, that you mean oranges instead of oranges. Let's all fervently hope so. There is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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# RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

inger—and marked or cut a goodly-sized circle upon one of the window panes, and then seated herself once more to watch the passers-by in the street below.

She knew that if she should see anyone whom she felt that she could trust, she could, with one slight blow of her hand, send that piece of glass spinning from its place, and another instant would serve to send her weighted message after it.

The hours sped on; still she had seen no one whom she recognized, and she dared not throw her message lest it should fall into careless hands, or into the possession of someone belonging to the house and thus fail of its object.

The suspense was torturing—the strain upon her nerves fearful, and she became almost hysterical. Her breast rose and fell with suppressed sobs, her head grew hot and throbbing, as she imagined that cruel trial progressing, and the evidence telling against her lover. She could almost see Edmund Carpenter sitting there and listening, his cruel face glowing with triumph over the downfall of his enemy, and now she could almost seem to hear the fearful sentence passed upon Walter that would condemn him to spend long years behind prison bars.

With a moan of anguish she pressed her hot flushed face close against the window, and strained her eyes for the sight of some familiar form below.

Suddenly she started to her feet, a wild, glad cry bursting from her fevered lips.

The next moment, with one blow of her small hand, the circular piece of glass was shattered from its place and went flying upon the pavement below.

A young girl was passing through a quiet street, from one busy thoroughfare to another, in the city, one afternoon, when, at a sudden cry, she stopped short and looked about her in a startled way.

"Annie! Annie!" called a wild, shrill voice from somewhere above her, she could not tell just where.

"Annie! oh, Annie!" came again in agonized tones.

She looked up and down the street—up at the windows on each side of her, but the sun was shining so fiercely that she was blinded and could distinguish nothing.

Then the same voice cried:

"Here! here! Catch what I throw you, and don't lose it for the world."

The next moment a queer looking package, wrapped in letter paper and tied about with thread, dropped almost at her feet.

She picked it up, and then shading her eyes with her hand looked again to see whence it had come.

She could distinguish the hole in the window now, away up four stories above her; but there was no one there, for with those last words and the effort which she had been obliged to make to throw her precious message to her friend, Ruby's strength had failed her, and she had sunk weak and fainting upon the floor.

The young girl to whom she had thrown the communication, which was to accomplish so much, was Annie Partridge, one of Ruby's stanch, true friends; and just as she had secured the strange object that had been hurled at her, and was wondering whence it had come and what it contained, a rough, but kind-looking old man came hurriedly up to her.

"Where did that come from, young woman?" he asked, in an agitated tone, and looking wildly about him.

"I heard that voice calling to you, and I should have known it if I'd heard it at t'other side of the world."

Little Miss Partridge regarded him with astonishment, then a smile broke over her face.

"Why," she said, "this is Mr. Ruggles, isn't it? Don't you remember dancing with me at Mr. Gordon's grand reception last winter?"

"Yes, yes; but I can't stop to think of that just yet—it's a matter of life and death that I'm bent on now, and I guess I've got on the right track at last," Mr. Ruggles returned, excitedly.

"I was taking a short cut down through this street, and feeling just about as down-hearted as my worst enemy would care to have me feel, when I heard someone way up yonder call out 'Annie,' and I felt every nerve in my old body begin to beat a regular devil's tattoo, for it put a trump in my hand that's going to win. Then, when I saw that thing come flying at you, I said to myself, 'Gwen Ruggles, you're better than a whole battalion of detectives after all, and I reckon we'll outwit the biggest rascal in Philadelphia yet.'"

Miss Annie looked bewildered and half-inclined to be frightened at this wild harangue, and Mr. Ruggles, observing it, calmed himself and moderated his ardor somewhat.

"Won't you just undo that little package and see what is in it?" he asked, eying the tiny parcel with a jealous look. "I'm inclined to think it's something very important. We'll walk on so as not to attract anybody's notice; but first let me spot the number of that house, so that I'll know it again when I want to find it."

He took a good look at it, observed the hole in the window far above him, and then turned and walked down the street beside his young companion.

Miss Partridge unwound the thread from her small parcel, and then, unfolding the paper, instantly recognized Ruby Gordon's handwriting.

"How strange!" she exclaimed, as she began to realize that the voice she had heard must have belonged to her friend, and that she must be in that room, so far above her, where she had noticed the broken light of glass.

As her glance skimmed over the paper her eyes began to dilate and her cheek to blanch at what she learned:

"Go to Mr. Conant, the architect, at No. 42 Street," she read, "and tell him that Ruby Gordon is confined against her will in the house from which this is thrown. Tell him to come to my release immediately, for I have important statements to make which will clear Walter Richardson from the crime with which he is charged, besides startling information regarding other matters. Do not lose a moment in doing as I request, for delay may result in a cruel wrong and in the triumph of an evil man's designs."

"RUBY GORDON."

Owen Ruggles could hardly restrain his impatience while Annie Partridge was reading the above, for he saw by her blank and wondering face that something was seriously wrong with the writer of the note.

"Read it aloud, miss, read it aloud," he said, in a voice that was thick with excitement.

The startled girl complied with his request, and then said:

"That must have been Ruby herself who was calling to me. What can it all mean? I thought she was spending the summer at a place just a little out of the city."

"Of course it was Miss Ruby. Didn't I tell you I should have known that voice if I'd heard it t'other side of the world?" said Mr. Ruggles, with pale lips, and stopping short in the street to wipe the perspiration from his face, while he glanced back toward the house in which Ruby was imprisoned, as if he had some notion of going back to storm it immediately and release the fair prisoner.

But he had wisdom enough to resist the impulse, knowing that he had no authority to enter the place, and would doubtless be refused admittance if he tried to do so, and thus would perhaps do the young girl's cause more harm than good by any precipitate movement.

"You just give me that paper, miss if you please," he continued, "and I'll do what I can. I'll take it directly to Mr. Conant, and we'll have her out of that nest before the sun goes down, only I shall have to ask you to keep

this discovery to yourself for five or six hours, for if her jailers get wind that we've found her out, it will just upset everything."

"But I—I can't understand," the young girl began, looking more and more perplexed and troubled.

"Of course you can't. It's too rascally a piece of business for an innocent girl like you to see through. But you must hold on a bit until I've done my duty to Miss Ruby, then I'll come and make it all plain to you. Your name is Miss Partridge. I remember you, and I'll make it my business to see that you don't forget this afternoon's adventure. And now I guess we'd better part company, for my old temper is rising every minute as I think of the thundering trick that rascal has played upon us all, and I must get to work."

"Who?"—"what?"—queried Miss Annie, more mystified than before, and regarding her excited companion as if she was not quite sure that he knew what he was talking about.

"Never mind just now, miss. Owen Ruggles is a man of his word, and he won't leave you in doubt any longer than he can help. I'll come tomorrow and explain all about it. Now good by; I've got to work off some of this steam, or it'll be the worse for somebody."

They had reached a corner, and upon receiving Ruby's note, which Miss Annie was only too glad to give him, Mr. Ruggles rushed away to find Mr. Conant and Walter, tell his good news, and then arrange for the rescue of the maiden, whom he had learned to regard with fatherly tenderness.

## CHAPTER XLV. THE ACQUITTAL.

At ten o'clock the next morning Walter's case was called. It was evident, the moment that the witnesses for the defense entered the room, that they were all in a very different frame of mind from what they had been on the previous day.

The harassed, anxious look had all faded from Walter's face, and he wore an air of quiet confidence and self-possession, which made Edmund Carpenter cast puzzled and malignant glances at him, and caused him to wonder what had come over the accused.

Mr. Conant and Mr. Ruggles were both unusually placid; there was none of that repressed anxiety in their manner that there had been yesterday; they sat a little apart from the others, and wore a self-assured look that was very perplexing.

Mrs. Gordon, who came in rather late and took a seat by herself after barely recognizing the other occupants of the room, alone seemed to have lost something of her customary dignity and tranquillity of manner. She looked pale and sad, and there were traces of agitation and tears upon her countenance.

This made Edmund Carpenter a trifle uneasy. Had this woman turned coward and made up her mind to confess the truth, and thus give his enemy an opportunity to triumph over him?

He bitterly repented ever having allowed himself to reveal what he had disclosed to her; he ought to have kept his own counsel, and he need have no fear of anyone then.

Still he could not believe that she would ever bring herself to brave the scandal which would ensue upon a confession of the truth. He was sure that she possessed neither the courage nor the principle to do it unless driven to it; and who was there to drive her? Had she not told him that nothing should ever drag it from her?

And yet he felt strangely disquieted; something had evidently transpired to relieve the minds of the other side, and to make Mrs. Gordon desirous of avoiding her own counsel and him; and he had seen dark eyes roved from one face to another with restless though eager, searching glances.

But with all his fear he was wholly unprepared for the thunderbolt when it fell.

Mrs. Gordon was the first witness called.

"Mrs. Gordon," said the prosecuting attorney, "will you state the facts, as you know them, of the robbery which was committed in Mr. Carpenter's house on the night of the twenty-fifth of June?"

Mrs. Gordon turned at once to the judge, upon this, and said, in a clear and distinct voice:

"It will not be necessary for me to do so, your honor, as my property was restored to me last evening, and it has been ascertained that Mr. Richardson was in no way connected with the affair."

This statement created quite a stir in the room.

Edmund Carpenter grew deadly white, and his eyes blazed with a dangerous light.

The prosecuting attorney turned upon her with astonishment and indignation, and for a moment appeared wholly unable to utter a word. At last he said, sternly:

"If such is the case, I beg to inquire why I was not informed of the fact?"

"Because, your honor," replied Mrs. Gordon, still addressing the judge, "for certain reasons, which I am not at liberty to explain, I pledged myself not to mention the matter until I could make the statement here."

At this Edmund Carpenter whispered something in the ear of the prosecuting attorney, and the latter remarked with some excitement:

"This case seems to have been rather summarily taken out of our hands, your honor, but I shall, nevertheless, demand that the stolen property be produced to prove the assertion to which we have just listened."

Mrs. Gordon immediately took a small case from her pocket and handed it to him.

He opened it, and upon their velvet bed there flashed a pair of magnificent solitaire diamond earrings.

The man looked blank.

"Have you the money also?" he demanded.

"I have, but not in the form in which it was taken from me," Mrs. Gordon answered, with a swift glance at Edmund Carpenter. "The full amount, however, has been restored to me."

"By whom?"

"I am not at liberty to say. I am only allowed to state this much in order to establish Mr. Richardson's innocence, and secure his honorable acquittal."

"Do you swear Mr. Richardson knew nothing whatever of the robbery at the time of it, and that he is not concerned in any way with the restoration of your property?" asked the judge.

"Yes, I can swear that he has never even seen the diamonds, unless he may have seen them upon my person months ago, until they were produced here today," Mrs. Gordon firmly asserted.

"And the money?" persisted his honor, in order to be sure there should be no prevarication.

"The money I know he could never have seen or touched, since the bill is still in the hands of another person."

"Of the real thief?"

"Yes, sir, of the real thief."

And Edmund Carpenter quaked as he listened to this assertion.

"You solemnly declare, on oath, that these statements are true?" said the judge, impressively.

"I do."

Mrs. Gordon's manner was above suspicion, and his honor appeared satisfied; but the attorney for the prosecution insisted upon a fuller explanation.

It was extremely mortifying to have the chief witness against the prisoner turn upon him in this inexplicable way, to have the case quashed in so unceremonious and ignoble a manner, and a warm discussion followed upon the matter.

But Edmund Carpenter was keen enough to understand that those diamonds, which he had believed so cunningly concealed that no one could find them without some previous knowledge of them, had been discovered; that Mrs. Gordon's

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complicity had in some way leaked out, and that the whole plot against Walter was on the verge of being revealed.

It was a bitter pill for him to swallow, when he thought he was just on the point of winning the victory over his enemy; when he had hoped to hear an irrevocable sentence pronounced before that day should close; but he was sure that Mrs. Gordon was taking this way, by the advice and consent of Walter's friends and counsel, to shield herself, and him as well, from exposure, and he was in no way anxious that she should be pressed to make further confession.

So he strove to conciliate the prosecuting attorney, and at length prevailed upon him to abandon his determination to have a full explanation, and the court finally ruled that, if Mrs. Gordon had seen fit to pledge herself to secrecy and drop all further prosecution, in order to secure the return of her property, she should be allowed to keep her word inviolate.

And so the mysterious case was closed, and Walter was honorably acquitted.

Mr. Carpenter placed himself in Mrs. Gordon's path as she was about following Mr. Conant from the room.

"I must say this is a very singular termination to this affair," he sneered. "You were not over anxious for that young up-start's acquittal the last time I saw you. It would be something of a satisfaction to me to know what made you hop over the fence so suddenly."

"I think you will not be left long in the dark, even if you do not know already," Mrs. Gordon coldly replied, and then passed from the room.

Edmund Carpenter went back to the still enraged lawyer, with whom he held a somewhat protracted consultation, and finally he, too, prepared to leave the courthouse.

As he stepped out into the corridor and was drawing on his gloves, an officer approached him, and, touching him upon the shoulder, said:

"Will you please come this way, sir? There is a gentleman waiting to see you."

"Who is he?" demanded Mr. Carpenter, giving the man a searching look.

"I can't tell you, sir; but he's a sort of up-country-looking chap, and told me to inform you he had something to say to you as soon as you were at liberty."

"Humph!—Ruggles," growled Edmund Carpenter, with a frown. "I wonder what this meddler is up to now. It will do no harm to find out at all events. All right," he added to the man. "Lead on."

He followed the officer down the corridor, and was ushered into a small room or office at the end of it.

The door was immediately closed after him, and he found himself in the presence of a group that both surprised and startled him.

There were six people there—Walter and Madame Howland, Mr. Ruggles, Mr. Conant, Mrs. Gordon, and—Ruby!

An oath leaped to Edmund Carpenter's lips as his glance fell upon the young girl who had so lately been his captive, and he knew instinctively that there was trouble ahead for him.

But more than one surprise awaited him.

"Mr. Carpenter," said Mr. Conant, rising and approaching him, "I have been authorized to tell you that all your treachery and scheming, and wickedness regarding the case that has just closed has been discovered, and I must say that it has never before been my lot to know of any plot so heartless and dishonorable in connection with one who called himself a gentleman. The whole matter would have been made public to-day but for the desire, on the part of Mr. Richardson and his friends, to preserve the name of the lady whom you forced to become your accomplice."

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to explain yourself more fully, sir," sneered Mr. Carpenter, with mock politeness, but with his blazing eyes fixed upon Mrs. Gordon.

"I intended to do so," calmly responded Mr. Conant; "but I think you will understand the whole matter when I tell you that a conversation which you had with a certain person beneath a tree in your own grounds, one evening not long since, led to the revelation of your wretched plot."

"Ha! then you have turned traitress after

all!" cried Edmund Carpenter, turning fiercely upon Mrs. Gordon, who sat beside Ruby, with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Estelle has told nothing more than she told today in the courtroom," Ruby said, rising and laying her hand upon her sister's shoulder. "She has been asked no questions—it was not necessary. But I overheard the conversation between you. I was sitting on the other side of that great tree, and I heard you tell how you entered her room and took her diamonds and money; you crept up the lattice outside the balcony, you passed in through the French window, opened her bureau drawer, and secured them. And then, from what followed, I learned that you had sewed the diamonds somewhere into clothing which Mr. Richardson wore that evening he spent at Forestvale. You said you had 'made such a neat job of your work that he might wear them around for months and never discover them.' I found them myself, last evening, in the presence of several witnesses, and Mr. Richardson himself does not know even yet where they were concealed. We have not allowed my sister to tell anything, for we know how you forced the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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## Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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### Why Chicks Die in the Shell

**N**OW is the time of year to improve your stock for the future. Constitutional strength and vigor can't be put into a chick after it is hatched. That is a point you must remember as one of the most important in poultry culture. Parent birds must be fully developed, active and soundly healthy; otherwise their offspring cannot inherit such qualities. What is more, a hen must be supplied with food containing the elements from which bone and muscle are made, or her eggs cannot contain them. A strong germ may develop into a weak chick for want of the right kind of sustenance during the period of incubation. So now is the time to lay the foundation of improvement.

Select only the largest, brightest hens for the breeding pens. Reject any which have shown signs of illness at any time or their lives. When eggs are the main point, only the best layers should be selected. Be just as particular about the male birds. From seven to twelve birds are enough for one flock. If you have the coops, or a long house divided into compartments with accompanying yards, and can't divide your birds into small flocks, adopt the alternating plan, which I have recommended several times before, but for the benefit of new readers, will once again explain. Keep several male birds in a house and yard separated from the hens, and let only one run with the hens at a time, alternating them every day or every week, according to the number of hens. For example, if I were compelled to keep fifty hens in one flock, I would keep seven male birds, and let each one in turn run one day with the flock, rather than allow three or four birds to remain with the flock all the time.

Now, in having drawn your attention to the items which must be observed in the management of the breeding stock to insure constitutional vigor in the embryo chick, we will pass on to the several causes which may cause even strong chicks to die in the shell. First, we will take the case of eggs set under hens. It often happens that a hen will sit well until the last twenty-four hours, then get nervous and fidgety. Sometimes Biddy gets hungry or thirsty, and leaves the nest. This is often the case when hens are allowed to sit in the chicken-house or steal their nests around the farm buildings. But if no one happens to notice them when they come off to feed, they may go back to their nests with only a half-filled crop on the nineteenth or twentieth day, which will force them to leave the nest again before the hatch is completed. As the warm weather advances in the spring, vermin may worry a hen into leaving her nest. Rats often scarce a hen off from her nest when she is sitting outside, or another hen may fight her while trying to claim the nest to lay in. In fact, there are, of course, numerous accidental causes for the hens getting off the nest in the last forty-eight hours, when they should sit undisturbed.

Perhaps the most frequent cause of chicks dying in the shell when eggs are set under hens, is the owner's anxiety to help things along. During the last thirty-six hours, it is imperative that all the warmth and moisture generated by the developing chicks and the body of the hen, should be retained in the nest, and if someone is perpetually partly lifting the hen from the eggs to take away hatched chicks or see what is happening, much of the moisture is allowed to escape, and the last two or three eggs fail to hatch, though they often contain fully-developed chicks. An extremely dry season generally brings lots of complaints about chicks dying in the shell. The best way to combat adverse conditions is to remove broody hens from the chicken-house, and set them in clean nests in a house or shed which can be closed so that a quantity of whole corn and clean water can be left in readiness for Biddy to feed herself with whenever she comes off the nest. It is well also to put a shallow box of fine coal ashes in the house where hens are sitting, so that they can dust themselves every time they leave the nest. If it is a dry season, sprinkle water on the floor of the house every two or three days. When it comes to hatching time, listen, and if you hear any peeping in the morning, restrain your curiosity until late in the evening, then carefully slip your hand under the hen and remove as many dry chicks and broken eggshells as you can find easily and in a short space of time. It won't hurt to leave one or two chicks under a hen, but don't make the mistake of going to the other extreme of leaving nests entirely alone, because, if you do, you are very apt to find chicks crushed and dead.

The next day, leave things to nature until late in the afternoon; then remove the hen to a brood coop, and give her the chicks which are hatched, for if there are any still in the shell, they will be too weak to amount to anything if hatched later.

When the incubator has been used, the cause for chicks dying in the shell is usually want of proper ventilation, or the heat running down, or the door being opened during the last forty-eight hours. Ventilation can be best gauged by the appearance of the air-cell when the egg is held before the tester. The so-called air-cell is the space at the large end of the egg. In a newly-laid egg it is very small. After the egg has been in the incubator for seven days, there is quite a visible space, and as evaporation progresses, it increases until the nineteenth day, when it should occupy one fifth of the entire shell. If there is not sufficient ventilation in the incubator, evaporation will be retarded, and there will not be sufficient room in the shell for the chick to twist its head round and break its way out; and it will die, though fully developed. If the development of the air-cell is too slow, the ventilator in the incubator should be opened a little wider, and the eggs aired a little longer each day when you take out the traps to air the eggs. If the development of the air-cell is too rapid, reverse the conditions, and put a sponge of hot water in the machine on the nineteenth day. After turning the eggs on the nineteenth day, don't open the machine again until the hatch is over, and be very careful that the heat does not run down during that time. It may go up to 104 degrees, or even to 105½, without doing any harm, but it must not sink below 103.

### Correspondence

W. B.—What is good for chickens that open their mouths and gasp for breath?

A.—It is quite impossible for me to give satisfactory advice when correspondents give me no clue to the cause. Please try to remember that I am not a wizard or a mind-reader, and really must have some description of cases before I can tell what they are. Any of the different diseases springing from cold, severe liver trouble, worms or poison, will all cause the birds to gasp, so you see how impossible it is for me to say just what is the matter. However, as it is the beginning of the winter, it is almost safe to say that it is cold or cold of some sort. Examine the birds, and I think you will find that the two small holes at the base of the bill are filled up with

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a sticky discharge. Get some permanganate of potassium, dissolve a teaspoonful in a quart of water, and bathe the bird's face, eyes and nostrils with the mixture. Moisten a wing feather with the solution and swab out the throat. If there is any disagreeable odor when you open the bird's beak, it has roup, and should at once be removed to a quarantine coop.



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as it is a contagious disease, and may run through the entire flock. If there is no odor, it must be only a common cold, and there is no fear of contagion.

G. G.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT and am coming to you for some information concerning the picking of geese. I got a few last spring, and find them very easily raised. But I do not know when to pick them. Also, how should they be fed in winter, when they are shut up? Will be grateful for a little help along this line.

A.—The custom of plucking live geese has gone almost entirely out of fashion; however, it is not a difficult job, if you wish to undertake it. It must only be performed, however, when the feathers are what is termed "ripe." To discover this condition, catch a bird and try pulling two or three feathers out of the breast. If they are ripe, they will come out very readily, and there will be a perceptible moisture inside the quill. On the other hand, if they are not in condition to remove, it will be difficult to pull them out, and on examining the quill, you will find that it is filled with a liquid which looks like blood mixed with mucus. Plucking must be done only in warm weather, and after the laying season is over. In the winter feed lots of vegetables; cabbage, chopped lettuce, steamed clover hay or sprouted oats. Twice a day give them a mash of ground corn, ground oats, wheat bran and animal meat.

E. Z.—Would it do to keep Homer pigeons? How big should a coop be for two pairs? Would five feet be high enough?

A.—It is better to give pigeons what is termed a "fly," which means a yard enclosed all round and over the top. A coop three feet square and high would do for two pairs. Try and arrange the yard so that it entirely covers the roof of the coop, as the birds like to lie on the roof and sun themselves.

M. E. S.—Will you tell me through COMFORT columns if it is possible to mix thoroughbred chickens by letting a Leghorn rooster run with Leghorn hens, and also with Orpington hens. Of course, I know that Orpington eggs are mixed. But by letting the rooster run with the two breeds of hens, is it possible for the Leghorn hens' eggs to be mixed? The rooster having also run with the Orpingtons. I have been told it will cause colored feathers and other defects. I want to let my Leghorn roosters run with the two breeds of hens next spring, and just save the Leghorn eggs for incubation, as I can easily tell their eggs. I would feel safe in relying entirely on your advice, as I always read your writings and feel sure they are written by one who knows.

A.—You could let all the birds run together without any fear of the Leghorn stock being affected.

L. J.—Please tell me the standard requirements for White Plymouth Rocks.

A.—Birds must have a medium-sized head, carried well up; single comb, medium in size, straight and upright, with five clear cuts, the center ones being the largest. Wattles and earlobes fine in texture, and bright red. Neck, medium length, well-arched, with hackles feathers that fall well over the shoulders. Back broad, rising slightly to neck and tail. Breast broad, deep, and well-rounded. Body should be of a blocky type, round at all points. Tail, medium length, fairly well-spread, carried moderately upright. Full sickle feathers to cover the stiff feathers. Shanks and feet yellow, eyes bay, plumage white, with no tinge of yellow.

D. A. Y.—Poultry Department of COMFORT. Can you tell me what ails my spring chickens? They puff up all over like a person with dropsy, only this is gas or wind. When the skin and tissues are punctured it goes down like a blister. They eat and drink all right, but finally die. I feed wheat, chops and table scraps and keep them shut up.

A.—Yes, the trouble is dropsy. Clean out the poultry house and yards. Put one teaspoonful of nuxvomica in two quarts of water. Take away all other drinking water. Break the blisters with a clean needle to remove pressure. Let at least one quarter of the daily rations be vegetable food of some sort—sprouted oats preferably. Don't use any of the eggs from hens which have been affected in this way, for setting.

COMFORT Reader.—I have twenty-seven young chickens and twenty old ones. They don't lay, and I don't know what the reason is. They have a nice big barn and run. I clean it out every day. They don't seem to be sick. In the morning I give them

a quart and a half of mixed poultry feed; dinner, cooked potato peelings with bran, and all the scraps I have. At supper, cracked corn, a quart and a half. Please let me know through COMFORT if I feed them too much or not enough. What is the trouble when they sit around with their throats bulged out?

A.—At this season of the year it would be better to give two quarts of poultry food in the morning, if by poultry food you mean a mixture of dry grains. It would also be better if you had meat scraps or dry bone to the noon feed. They need real vegetable food; potato peelings are too starchy and fattening to be a good vegetable food. Try cabbage or sprouted oats. Two quarts of wibble corn would not be too much for twenty-seven birds. In fact, on cold nights, three quarts would be better.

H. L. L.—I am a beginner and am anxious to make the most of my hens. I bought one dozen White Leghorns (said to be thoroughbred) hens, year and half old; one Plymouth Rock cockerel and four pullets. I have a good chicken house, ten by fourteen, and a run fourteen by fourteen. What shall I feed them, and when? Are the Plymouth Rocks good sitters? I am keeping an account of the chicks, and will give it to your paper if I have success.

A.—Morning feed: mash made of equal parts of ground corn, oats and wheat bran, with two parts commercial beef scraps well mixed and just moistened. Mash for hens should be made with so little water that when the lump is squeezed together in the hand and quickly released, it will fall into a crumbling mass in pieces no larger than peas. If you can get freshly-cut ground bone, use half the quantity given for beef scraps, and no water in the mash, as the moisture in the bone will be sufficient. At noon give sprouted oats and a pint of small grain scattered in the litter, so that the birds will have to scratch for it. At night, all the whole corn they will eat in fifteen minutes. Feed slowly, and when they have had almost enough, scatter another pint of small grain amongst the litter, so that they will have something to scratch for as soon as they get off the roost in the morning. Keep oyster shell, sharp grit, and fresh water before them all the time.

J. H. P.—I am a new beginner with chickens, and don't know much about them. My hens are first taken with bowel trouble, and sit around with their heads down, and their bills resting on the ground. I have been told it was limberneck. I wish you would please tell me if it is, and what causes it, and what will cure.

A.—From your description I should think the birds have limberneck, which is a disease caused by eating maggots from putrid meat on the carcass of some diseased animal. Give them a teaspoonful of sweet oil; keep on light diet, and try to discover and remove the source of the trouble.

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## Friends Never Parted

By Arthur Wallace

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**S**HATTUCK faced the old man angrily. "That makes the fourth time I have fallen over that blamed dog of yours! Now there's one thing for you to do—get rid of that dog in a couple of days or I will!"

The old man shrank a little in his chair as the towering form of the young farmer leaned toward him in wrath, but he said nothing. With a final threat the other went on into the house. As Shattuck went in, his wife came out hurriedly. "Gramp, you had better do as Will says; he doesn't like the dog, you'll get into trouble sure."

"Gramp," as he was familiarly known, looked up waveringly to the woman's face. "I know, Bess, but Jip an' me have been together for a long time—I—don't want to let him go."

"Well," she said, shortly, "then you will have to take what comes—that's all." And she went into the house.

The old man leaned over and smoothed the friendly nose thrust up for his caress. In his heart was a dull ache, and the burden of his years lay heavy upon him. He had long felt that Shattuck regarded him as a load to be carried, now that his active working days were over; and his irritation had been shown in many ways, particularly in his treatment of the old hound that had been a faithful friend for many years. The dog was slow in his movements, and spent his days like the old man dreaming on the front porch, shifting with the sun as it shifted from one end to the other. Shattuck had unfortunately stumbled over him in entering and matters had come to a crisis.

In a sort of dull misery "Gramp" sat and thought. Just what he was to do, he did not know. No one of their neighbors would take the old dog; he was past all use in the hunting season. He knew what Shattuck had really meant, kill him and be done with it. At the thought a little of the all but burnt out fire in the old man's heart flamed for a moment. But just as he was deep in a plan, Shattuck appeared.

"Supper's ready, be lively. Here you—" he kicked at the old hound who tumbled away with a frightened whimper—"get out."

The old man sat through the meal in silence. He could eat but little, thinking of his old friend somewhere out in the dusk, driven from his old place near the stove for the first time.

Afterward, out behind the barn, the two held a reunion, and the old man fed his friend with scraps he had managed to secure from the kitchen. Afterward they went for a walk together to the pasture, where snuggled close together near a big boulder, one of their old haunts of years, they stayed until the heavy night shadows fell.

Many schemes took slow form in the old man's mind. But always the brightest one seemed to fade after he had slowly thought the matter out. Once, when his limbs were strong and his heart light, it would have been a simple matter to wander away, but now the years had changed all that. With his stout cane, he could go a short distance, and with the passing years the distance had gradually been becoming shorter. He sought out a way by which he and the old hound should not be parted, and his search seemed in vain; but in spite of all, in his mind was forming a determination that grew and grew as the minutes passed. And finally he was decided.

When he roused himself, he was startled to find that it was quite dark, but following the white figure of his dog who kept just ahead of him, picking out the path, he limped at last into the yard.

"Gramp" knew by the lantern that Shattuck was busy in the barn, and he stole hastily into the back room where he put the old hound in his kennel, then went himself up-stairs to his small cramped bedroom.

With bitterness in his heart, he listened to Shattuck, busy in the barn where he was bedding and fixing for the night the black horse of which he thought so much. The old man heard him, at last, come to the house, and go to the front room.

Then came the stillness and peace of the summer evening. Through his open window he heard the myriad noises of the night—the ceaseless rasping of the insects, the call of the treetoads, a clank of halters from the barn, and far off the wavering cry of an owl. For a time he could hear the low conversation of Shattuck and his wife in the front room, then that ceased, and he knew they were asleep. But he did not sleep; every nerve in his body seemed to be awakened and ready. He lay only until he was sure everything was quiet and safe. Then slowly, cautiously, he slid from the high old-fashioned bed. He drew on his socks, picked up the old grip that he had carefully packed when he came up, and crept to the head of the stairs.

All was quiet. He began the descent. The stairs were full of creaks, but long years traveling up and down them had taught him the location of every little betrayer, and putting one thick-soled foot here, and there, he worked safely down to the bottom.

A low word in the back room, and the old hound came out softly to meet him, licking the old man's rough hand as he bent to unfasten the chain with which he still tied the old dog for no other reason than from force of habit.

Carefully, he led the dog out. "Gramp" brushed his warm forehead, and rested a moment, letting the breeze from the wide, sweet-scented meadows cool and steady his strained nerves.

He headed toward the barn, intending to take the short cut that led down to the main turnpike road. The old hound, feeling something in the air that probably brought memories of night hunts, started to frisk about in a rheumatic way, but a low warning from the old man hushed him to a quiet, obedient figure.

Behind the barn, the old man braced himself and shook his shoulders. He and his dog should be while life lasted—friends never parted.

As he moved away, a low sound from the direction of the barn made him turn and start, and the old hound became rigid and erect in the dark. "Gramp" saw a light flicker and go out in the stable. Shattuck was in bed; something was wrong—of that he was sure. Perhaps—that light—

The thought in his mind set his old heart to quick beating. With a signal to his dog, they began to creep back to the barn. A moment later the light burned softly again, and in its glare "Gramp" saw the face of a man come into view. Then "Gramp" was sure—someone, probably the horse thief that had been busy in the county below, was after Shattuck's favorite black horse.

On the two old friends stole; carefully, but surely, because of long familiarity with the place, they crept into the barn. The light burned, yellowly again, and "Gramp" was sure. A tall man was in the act of going up into the stall of the black mare. "Gramp" went a little nearer; then started forward, fearlessly.

The man had half turned as "Gramp" seized him. With an effort, aided by the man's amazement, the old man threw the robber, and for a moment the struggle was in his favor. The old hound's deep note of battle cut through the night silence, and he jumped clumsily around the struggling figures on the floor, seeking some opportunity to aid.

The man had managed to pull from some hidden place a wicked-looking knife. The old man saw it gleam, and knew his strength was gone. As he wrenched himself around, he bared for a moment the white neck of his opponent. With a gasp he called to the dog and the white fangs sank in the white neck, stifling the cry that sprang from the man.

The old man felt the other's grip loosen. As



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through a haze he suddenly saw Shattuck's startled face appear, then the face of Mrs. Shattuck. The sound of a brief struggle reached him; the low growling of Jip, and the whining voice of the man begging for mercy.

Then Shattuck bent over him, and the man's face was lined with questioning. "Gramp, what does this mean? Bess, has just found your old grip—what?"

"I was gone—with Jip," was the wavering answer. "Then I saw that fellow." He pointed to where the robber lay, bound fast. "I tried to stop him."

Shattuck's hand sought the wrinkled one. "Gramp, forgive me," he said, his face sober and his voice uneven with emotion. "I have treated you like—like—I'm sorry for every word; and you and Jip can stay here, and have the best, as long as you live; and I'll make up for the way I have used you or bust! Is it all right?"

He added anxiously.

Jip edged in near the old man who put his arm around him. "It's all right, John, we'll all be good friends again, eh? Jip?"

And Jip wagged agreement.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

quite enough monkey business going on in these United States, without Santa Paula indulging in it. I would like to see that athletic ground. I have heard of an athletic man, but never of athletic ground. I should think athletic ground must be very sporty kind of soil. I am sorry they don't teach domestic science in your school. Domestic science is the most important of all sciences. An understanding of this science means happy, healthy, contented men and women living in well-ordered, clean, wholesome, sanitary homes. Domestic science means less hard-worked wives, less grouchy husbands, less expense, more thrift, less dyspepsia, more good health, fewer divorces, more conjugal happiness. Three cheers for domestic science. Teach it in every school and forbid any minister or justice of the peace in the land to tie the marriage knot until the feminine half of the bargain presents her domestic science certificate. The husband ought also present a certificate as to good health and good character. There would be no unhealthy children in this world if I had my way. I would put the doctors out of business and have all the undertakers in bankruptcy. It is lovely of you, Florence, to be so good to the sick. You are a dear, sweet Christian girl. I am glad your religion consists of something more substantial than a glad rags' parade to church once every Sunday. You say you carry "hyme books" and sing a few "hymes" to the invalids. As I am interested both in books and music, I would like very much to know what a "hyme" is. Hyme as you have written it rhymes with dime and crime, otherwise I might almost think that you meant a hymn book, and that you sang hymns. Possibly you have invented something new in the music line, and have gathered all your selections into this book. If so and the price is not too high, I would like to purchase one of your hyme books. I might get Billy the Goat to sing me a few selections from it. Possibly if I did I might be able to get up and run and that's a consummation devoutly to be wished. Possibly with a few additional selections I might be able to jump out of the window one can never tell what effect a hyme will have until you try it. Let's hope Florence that you mean hymns, as they are soothing, inspiring and beautiful. Florence you will excuse me for drawing your attention to hymes, oranges, etc., but I think it is my duty to impress on young ladies who are about to graduate from high school, that they ought to be able to spell simple words. The cost of education in this country is enormous, and for every dollar spent for education we get about ten cents' worth of results. A high school graduate, twenty years of age, wrote me the other day from a swell town in Mass. She informed me that she had a "soar" throat, and a bad "corf." She also mentioned that she had been to a party, and had a "georgous" time. Not a georgous mind, but "georgous." Poor George! Take all my criticisms in good part, they are instructive and not destructive, and should be helpful to you and millions of others.

SEDALIA, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I always hail COMFORT's coming with great delight. The first thing I turn to the pages where the COMFORT's League of Cousins' columns are printed and enjoy myself reading the cousins' letters but most of all your witty answers.

Say Uncle Charlie did you ever attend a business college? I am going to one now, taking the combined course of bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting. I haven't seen any letters from any of the cousins who expressed their ideas on a business education, so I will endeavor to say a little in regard to that subject.

I think that a business education is the best thing that a young man or woman can have in starting out in life for themselves. It enables them to go out in the world and secure employment with large business firms, at a large salary where perhaps, if they never had this education they would be street cleaners, or employed in some other occupation for the paltry sum of a dollar per day. You know that Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the best legacy a father could bequeath his son would be a thorough business education.

Uncle Charlie, I wish you would come out here and I would show you over the college I am attending. It has five different departments. Bookkeeping, banking, typewriting, shorthand and telegraph. If you were here you could dictate to me and I would take it down in shorthand, but you will have to promise not to go fast.

I am six feet tall, have blue eyes and dark brown hair, and weigh one hundred and sixty-six pounds. I also would like to hear from the cousins and will promise to answer all who write.

Your nephew,

CLAUDE LACY.

You ask me if I ever attended a business college. Claude, No, I never did, and have no desire to. I am not particularly stuck on business as business is understood nowadays. I know it is considered a very great thing to be what is called a smart business man, but if anybody can show me anything elevating in modern business, which is simply money grabbing carried to a fine art, I will hand them out my entire wardrobe consisting of thirty cents. Business generally consists of trying to sell a thing worth three cents for a dollar. The ninety-seven cents that go as profit, if you can get it, represents only too often ninety-seven cents of manhood sacrificed, virtue and truth burned at the stake, and lies told to an extent that would cause old Nick to shriek with joy. There is honest business of course, but there is a good deal of

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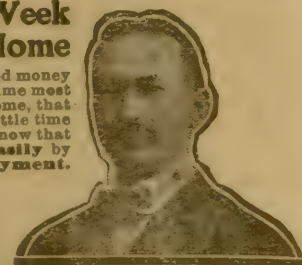
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dishonest business. I am not knocking all business men, or all business. I sneer at the peddler and the huckster who stop at your door, with their basket of wares. Well, business is just peddling and huckstering on a large scale.

Formerly when great fortunes were made in war, war was a business. Great fortunes today, however, are only made by business, and business has become warfare. Men fight with check books instead of swords, and there are more bodies stretched on the gory field of business than ever fell stark on the red fields of war. Business is all very well for the man who is making money, and grinding out profits from the sweat of other people's brows. For the man, however, who becomes merely a cog, a part of the great machine which turns out dividends and manufactures the idle rich, business is a hard, soul-crushing affair. In the olden days before the advent of machinery, every man's house was a workshop. He toiled when he liked and as long as he liked. His work was inspiring and interesting. He was a craftsman who made the complete article with his own skilled hands. The advent of the machine and the subdivision of labor, has robbed work of its interest, and man today is merely a part of a machine which grinds out profits for another, a machine which crushes out individuality and makes him a mere mechanical automaton, despising his work and longing only for the leaden hours to pass that will give him a brief glimpse of home, and a few hours' respite from joyless monotony, and a sufficing toil.

You will kindly note what big business is doing in our country today. All the powers of the law have to be exercised to keep big business from standing the people on their heads and shaking every loose dollar they have out of their pockets. That is the great trouble with a business career. It is so hard to keep business legitimate, and confine it within the bounds of honesty. Human nature is weak, and urged on by insatiable greed and lust for gain, men are ready to stoop to all sorts of dishonesty and methods absolutely criminal if they can but heap up profits, profits, ever profits. The business world does not stop to ponder over the fact that "It profiteth a man little if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

The motto of a vast section of the business world has become: "Get money, honestly if you can, but by all means get it." "Do others or they will do you." A little while ago, officials in New York examined the weights and scales of hundreds of stores on Manhattan Island, and found in nearly every case, the public was being robbed, at times scandalously robbed, and the worst robberies of course were in the squalid sections of the city, where poor wretches herd, who have to struggle desperately at the best of times to keep life in their ill-nourished bodies. There is nothing very lovely, inspiring or Christ like in making a living by robbing one's customers or a goodly portion of what they have paid for, and yet hundreds of storekeepers by giving short weight stoop to this dishonesty daily. The great principle of business, since business began, is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Books have been written on what Christ would do if He came to Chicago, etc. I would like to see a book written on what Christ would do if He ran a store, or conducted a big business. The only man I ever knew who ran a business the way I believe Christ would run it, was the late Golden Rule Jones of Toledo. He had the Christ idea. He divided his profits with his workers, and made them co-partners in his enterprises. He did unto them as he would have them do unto him. He would take no advantage of any man. Our newspapers in New York are filled with pages of advertising of the big department stores. It is amusing to read these "ads."

Once in a while there are genuine bargains, and the truth is told, but as a rule, big big cuts are made, prices are boosted up to allow for the cut. I would like to see how Christ would blue pencil those "ads," and what they would look like after He got through with them. You Claude, are inspired at the thought of hammering a typewriter and keeping books, in which you will carefully note the profits that are being made by a number of human beings for the benefit of your employer. If I were you and stood six feet in my shoes, and had your health and strength, no business college would ever catch me. A woman can do what you are doing, and do it far better, and you should let her do it, for office work is not a very manly occupation when all is said and done. In a business house you are more liable than not to remain a mere cog in a money-making machine. When you are old, you will probably be thrown out, like other worn-out cogs, and some younger person will take your place. Some day your father may look at your salary envelope and say: "That fellow is getting twelve, fifteen or twenty dollars a week as the case may be, I can get a woman to do his work for eight," and you will be fired. Just take my advice, take your health, your strength and your manhood to some section of our country where Uncle Sam has a place of ground you can cultivate. Be your own boss. Use your muscle and brain, and don't let the former run to seed over a typewriting machine. Raise fruit or stock or grain. Make grass grow where it never grew before. Make old earth give her riches to you, not to another man. Be a producer, not a wage slave. Live in the open air with God's blue skies above you, with health, freedom and independence as your portion. Don't waste your time and lose health and strength in a stuffy office. Combine with other farmers and get a reasonable price for your product, and never ask an unreasonable price. Co-operate if you can with your fellow farmers, and open a depot in the nearest city, so that your products can be sold direct to the consumer, and so avoid the extortion of the middle man who produces nothing, and who has his hand both in your pockets and the pockets of the workers in the city, robbing both. Pursue this life, and no boss can fire you when you are old, no hard times and panics can rob you of food, and no God hereafter will have to condemn you for having had to lie and cheat to make a living.

cow and mama has lots of young chickens and a good garden. We live won and won haffie miles from town and I would be glad to see my letter in COMFORT for mama has taken COMFORT in our home for eight years and she thinks it is a grate paper and could not get along without it in our home. Yours truly,

RAY D. MCCARTY.

Ray, I am very glad to hear from you. Your spelling is most artistic, and I feel sure our old friend, Josh Billings, would feel envious could he but peruse your valued epistle. You say you have "won and a haffie mile, to go to school." We will have to guess how great a distance that is. It looks to me as though you meant one and a half miles. Hundreds of my correspondents fall down when it comes to spelling haff. However most of them write it "haft," but Ray has tackled an e on for good measure, and that makes it more interesting still. Ray, you say "Papa and I have a grate time fishing." Now, how can you have a grate time fishing? The dictionary says a grate is a fireplace. Do you do your fishing in the grate and haul the fish down the chimney? Maybe those are herrings you put in the chimney to smoke, and when you want to eat one you fish for it, though that hardly seems a correct explanation, for I doubt if a dead herring would be hungry enough to make a violent effort to swallow your bait. I guess you mean "a grate time fishing," and that you haul your fish out of the water and not out of the chimney. You say, "Mama thinks that COMFORT is a grate paper." That is not very complimentary to COMFORT, Ray. COMFORT is too valuable a publication to start a fire with. There are thousands of sheets published in this country that are surely "grate" papers. They grate on your nerves and the only thing they are fit for is as a medium for kindling a fire. These papers are owned by big political bosses and corruption-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

## \$50 A Week—EASY

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## THE SKY BOY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Why, she'll be the most fashionable canoe in all the South Seas."

"That boat belongs to Jim Dunning," I said. "But you can't take her home," says the Captain. "What you want to do is to sell her for the best terms you can get and pay him back. I'll do the bargaining for you, and sell your copra in Samoa, where you'll soon be able to catch a ship going to Hawaii. Of course, you'll have to pay me freight on it. Here, Jones, go help the Sky Boy bring his boat ashore."

Jones was a fat sailor, with a round, red face, like the full moon. We went off with Keto and some other young fellows, and cut the rope of the kites, and hitched it to a tree on the shore; and I can tell you that to hold them was all we wanted to do. Then we brought the Alice Dunning in shore, and rolled the mowing-machine wheel on the sand, coiled up the barbed wire, fished the sail out of the water, stepped the mast and hoisted the sail.

"There," said Jones; "that's shipshape and Bristol fashion. Now we'll just take out some of these niggers and show them how to run her."

And we did, and we showed them how to use the pulleys and the dows and boat-hooks. A lot more men had come ashore, the Captain had some of them filling casks with fresh water, and others taking the copra out and loading it on the schooner.

"What do you give them for the copra?" I asked Captain Henderson.

"I?" said he; "I've nothing to do with it. This is your copra. They really haven't enough of it to pay a fair price for the boat, as prices go down here, but I surmise you're ready to sell cheap for spot cash. If you want to make some presents, I'll trust you for a few knives and axes and fathoms of cotton cloth."

And so he did, but that wasn't until next day. For it was nearly dark by this time, and we knocked off work. And soon it was time for me to go to bed. I slept in the little hut again, for the Captain said it was perfectly safe now. When we had all the copra in the town loaded next day, I gave the chief some presents, and an axe to Keto, who had always seemed kind to me, and some cloth to the woman who had cooked my fish. But you could see that what tickled them most was to have the kites. So I gave them to the chief, who had helped in the copra transaction.

"It's an odd chance we came after you so soon," said Captain Henderson, as we sailed away. "I don't suppose a trade schooner stops there once in six months. It's one of the American Islands—called so, I suppose because America has nothing to do with them. One of them, Palmyras Island, has just been annexed by Great Britain."

Well, there wasn't anything else that happened. We got to Samoa all right, to a town called Apia, where there's a fine harbor and plenty of ships coming and going. And I went out to Vallima, where Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson lived, and I climbed the mountain where he was buried. I went to call on Consul-General Churchill, too, and he and Mrs. Churchill were very kind to me. They can talk Samoan just as well as the natives, and they told me lots of stories about South Sea trading, because Mr. Churchill used to trade himself; and about Mr. Stevenson, and about the great storm in Apia a number of years ago, when the warships were dashed on shore by the hurricane and so many sailors were drowned. The Pacific behaves well most of the time, but it doesn't always.

Captain Henderson found a ship that was leaving in a few days for Honolulu, but before I started he gave me a piece of paper like this:

### STATEMENT.

Schooner "Fleetwing," J. Henderson, Master, In account with Jack Adams.	Cr.
To copra sold, \$1,197.00	By labor, lading and unloading copra.....\$65.00
	By freight, including general insurance....113.00
	By trade goods furnished....16.00
	By storage, port dues, etc....33.00
	By draft to balance.....970.00
\$1,197.00	\$1,197.00

I thought Captain Henderson ought to take a percentage of the copra profits, but he said, "No, he'd as lieve do a freight business as any other kind." Besides, he'd picked up a pretty good cargo of his own before finding me. "And it's no more than a fair price for the boat, either, Jack," he said. "I suppose it was worth about three hundred dollars second-hand in Santa Monica, but you can't expect a fellow to take it over three thousand miles to a market for less than nine hundred and seventy dollars, now, can you? The draft is on a bank in Honolulu, and I've written a letter to the banker about you, besides."

I was as sorry to bid good by to Captain Henderson and Mr. Churchill as I had been to leave Keto. That's the worst of making new friends. We had a smooth trip to Honolulu, and the Captain of the Barbara B. wouldn't take a cent for my passage, either.

In Honolulu I got my money all right and took second-class passage on a San Francisco steamer leaving in a week; for I wanted to take home as much money as I could. And when the banker read Captain Henderson's letter he said I must stay with him until my ship sailed, and he took me to see President Dole, who is a Yankee, and looks a good deal like my Uncle Jim.

Mr. Dole told me all about how the islands were turned into a Republic, and how a treaty was made to annex them to the United States, only the Senate has to ratify it before it goes into effect.

"Next time you go past on a kite trip, stop and call," said Mr. Dole, when I bade him good by.

And I shall stop, too, for Honolulu is one of the prettiest towns in the world, and the climate of the islands, and the fruit trees, and the bathing on the beach at Waikiki are all good.

Once I went out with the banker's two boys to see the great volcano that I'd sailed past on the kite. They say it's the biggest in the world. It is certainly big enough, with a great crater all around it that had made the mountain look all boiling and bubbling with fire, and the high wall of rock all around it that had made the mountain look flat-topped when I saw it from the ocean as I drifted by.

I bought some clothes in Honolulu; and I needed them pretty badly, too, after all I'd been through. And I got a small trunk and filled it with my things, and with shells and photographs of the islands and queer things Captain Henderson and the sailors had given me. And when I got on the steamer that was to take me home—it was the "Pacific"—the Captain had heard all about me, and he made me go in the first cabin, though I had only paid for second.

Because I made that fool trip on a kite, everybody would insist on treating me as if I was somebody remarkable, and not just "an aggravated case of plumb boy." But I remembered what Captain Henderson had said, and I knew

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that people have to have something to talk about when they are on shipboard.

When we got to San Francisco, the Captain of the "Pacific" shook hands with me and asked me to write to him, and the passengers all said good by, and the chief engineer put me and my trunk on a hack and told the driver to take me over the Oakland Ferry to the C. P. R. R. station; but before I started for Santa Monica I sent this telegram:

"Santa Monica, Cal.

"James Adams:

"Please tell mother I'm coming home.

"JACK."

I didn't dare send the dispatch to ma herself, for fear it would be too great a shock to her. You see, there wasn't any cable to Honolulu, and she would be quite certain I was dead a long time ago.

It was a pretty long journey. At Stockton they put me on a sleeping-car, but I didn't need to take a berth in it. A boy who has slept two weeks in a boat-bottom can do pretty well on a cushioned car seat. When we were picking our way past the edge of the Mohawk Desert, the sun rose, and I woke up in time to see the hills of the coast range as we wound in and out on our way down to the sea.

When we got to the station in Los Angeles it seemed as if the whole town must be there. The papers had printed something or other about me in San Francisco, and it was in the Los Angeles papers, too, and there was a big crowd waiting. Before the train fairly stopped I saw Artie perched on top of a pile of trunks, and waving his hat, and then there was Uncle Jim, and ma right beside him, standing very still and smiling, as if she could cry just as well as not.

And she did, too, when I got off the train. "My boy! My boy!" she cried, and she hugged me so hard I didn't know the other people were hurrahing. Then I turned and saw Uncle Jim.

"It's all right, Uncle Jim," said I. "I've got money enough to pay for Dunning's boat."

"Dunning's boat be banged!" said Uncle Jim; and then he introduced me to the Mayor, who was there, and to other folks I'd never heard of. It was as much as an hour before we could get started, and we drove home as large as life in a carriage Uncle Jim had chartered.

Well, I guess that's about all there is to tell. Jim Dunning was glad to take two hundred and seventy-five dollars for his boat; said he knew right where he could get another as good for that money, and it wasn't my fault I took her out anyhow. He said it was as good as picking up money to have her paid for after two months that way. And I reckoned up, and it was full two months I'd been gone. It seemed two years I'd been in so many places and such strange things had happened.

After paying for my steamboat and railway tickets and the clothes I'd bought and everything, I had eight hundred and fifty dollars left. I figured I'd have five hundred and seventy-five dollars to give ma after paying for the Alice Dunning, but Uncle Jim wouldn't listen to it; no, not for a minute. He paid Dunning the two hundred and seventy-five dollars himself, and had me put every cent of the eight hundred and fifty into the bank for myself. "It'll grow to quite a lot by the time I'm twenty-one."

Now, I guess nobody will doubt after this that kites can be made to travel. I know I could fix up a team of them that would pull a boat a good deal bigger than the Alice Dunning, only right and foremost, of course. The only trouble would be to get back again. If it was in the trade-wind region, or to get the right kind of wind anywhere else.

I'll have to leave the experimenting to someone else, I guess, for ma says I can fly all the

kites I want to. I must promise never to go up in one again.

And I have promised. I know when I've had enough, but I don't know and I never will, I guess, whether I came near to being a Cannibal King or a soup-bone.

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## Putting One Over on Dad

By A. W. Peach

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JOHN LANE had one leading characteristic which made up for his lack of beauty, and that was his big heart. So the slight, dark-eyed girl in the big city restaurant interested him the moment he looked at her.

When he had seated himself at the counter, she did not seem to see him, and John's quick glance told him that she was pretty well tired out. The day had been a hard one, he knew, for girls in such a place, and pity rose within him as she came to wait upon him.

"Pretty hot, today," he said in a friendly way. She glanced at him sharply with her dark, tired eyes, and John's big frame quivered—they were beautiful eyes. He knew that she was sizing him up.

That she thought him all right was soon evident, for she smiled gently at him as he answered, "Yes, it has been a long day, and I get so tired standing."

That opened the way for more conversation. John enjoyed it, and soon his droll remarks brought the fading gleam to her big eyes.

The end of it was an agreement on her part to let John drive her to her boarding place as soon as her time was up which would be in a little while.

So John was waiting for her when she came out. He was driving a big black pair of which he and his father were very proud. She mentioned her admiration as she climbed in beside him.

"They are dandies," John said, pleased. "You see Dad and I run a big farm outside of the city. I drove in today to see about a little business. Dad's a sort of cranky old chap though he's all O. K. I had to sneak the horses off from under his nose; but he's under the weather, now, so it was some easy."

John did not take her straight to the back street where she lived, but swung off through one of the city parks. As the big pair swept along through the dusk, he heard her sigh a little happy sigh. He glanced swiftly at her. "Joying it?"

"Well, I should say—don't take me home yet, please!"

"Not a bit of it till you say the word." He turned to the long riverside drive. Soon they were chatting like old friends. He learned that she had taken the work in the restaurant because it was the first that offered when her father died. It was work that she was not fitted for, so John agreed, and she ought to be doing something else.

He sat in silence after that for some time, busy thinking. Something in the voice, the presence of the slim girl at his side had touched him, and stirred within him a longing he had never before experienced. Suddenly he turned to her.

"I've got a proposition to make to you. Dad and I have been having a girl that he got from the city take care of us, and he is sure down on her—don't like her ways, you know, she's got too many frills and he's one of these old Puritans. Of course, I have known you only this little time, but I've got a feeling that you would make good with him. Sometimes, don't you know, you don't have to reason things out, something inside of you seems to tell you; and it's this way this time. You wouldn't have any heavy work to do; we keep a couple of girls besides, but it needs somebody to look out for the house things. Do you suppose you would want it?"

He waited anxiously. She thought a little while, leaning back in the big seat, looking small and slight, yet giving the impression of womanliness and ability. Then she said: "It is odd, isn't it? I feel that way, as if I had really known you for a long, long time; and I am sure that I can trust you, and I would like to be out there among the fields! I was born and brought up in the country."

"That so, well—that's good—you see when I tell Dad I have got you, I'll say you're from Glenwood, that will make the old fellow not so suspicious. The fact is he wouldn't have another city girl around for her weight in gold. Of course, it isn't exactly straight, and we'll have to let Dad know before we are through just how it is. I wouldn't feel right if I didn't."

"Nor I either," she agreed.

So it came about that "Dad" was introduced to Miss Ruth Graham who was to take charge of his household; and it soon became evident to John and the ever watchful old man that they had entrusted their welfare to capable, if small hands. The tangled ends of the housekeeping, the cooking, and the management of the kitchen help, were held firmly, and the troubled household became serene. Slowly the old man took his eagle eyes off the house affairs, and he began to regain an unusual serenity of temper which pleased John immensely.

"Why, Ruth, he's going to be a well man if you nurse him along this way, and here he hasn't been doing anything but swear at everything in sight for months," was the way he expressed it.

Ruth, on her part, grew strong and cheerful under the influence of the country life, the pure air, and the bracing winds. The rose crept into her cheeks, the slim lines of her figure rounded out.

One evening when John was walking down through the orchard, he mentioned it. As he did so, she slipped her arm tightly through his. "Do you know who I have to thank?" she asked, gently.

He laughed, but did not answer; and she went on, "One big, true-hearted fellow by the name of John Lane—good by, I must go back."

John watched her fleeting form until it disappeared then sat down to be alone with a dream. "Of these days," he muttered.

It was a short time after that that the old man was watching them as they stood together, and suddenly in his blunt way said:

"John, why don't you get busy? I would give all I own for a daughter like Ruth—"

John turned a little angrily on his father.

"Dad, what's the thing to be before her?"

Ruth started him. "There, John, I would give all I own for a father like you, Dad." She said it swiftly, a gleam in her eyes.

The old man swung sharply from his easy chair.

"John, you big dough-head, it's up to you, boy, it's up to you—what are you standing there for—wake up!"

Ruth had fled as she said the sentence. John stood stupidly wondering until his father's rasping voice made him realize, then he hurried out into the other room, slipped through that, and cornered Ruth as she tried to escape. He drew her tight within his arms, and looked down into her flushed face. "Ruth, did you mean that?"

"I certainly, did, dear," she whispered. "It has been growing, growing, these weeks."

A few minutes later—so it seemed to them—the thump of the old man's cane reached them.

"Come, John, no more; Dad wants us."

As they entered the room his father stared at them from under his thick, bushy brows.

"Well?" he questioned.

John did not answer with words, for Ruth reached up and kissed him.

The old man smiled contentedly.

John went on to clear up the last thing that was on his conscience. "Yes and Dad, we've kind of put one over on you, Ruth's an out-and-out city girl; I met her in a restaurant there, and—"

"And—what of it?" the old man snapped.

"I know it and knew it—wake up. It's all right. Now you both better fix up a good wedding trip—Be a present from me, see? All right."

Outside the room, Ruth turned to him. "Forgive me, dear, but I couldn't stay and work, feeling that he thought I was something I wasn't."

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All Men Out of Work—those who want better positions—stop right here—get free information on the Greatest Household Invention ever known—A SELF WRINGING MOP.

**An opportunity to make easy money at home or traveling.**

**LISTEN:** One man's orders \$2000 one month—profit \$1600; Mere boy in Pa. made \$800 in 2-3 hrs. A. E. Martin, Mich. says: "Called at 20 homes, made 10 sales." E. Mann, Wis. says: "Sold 131 in 2 days." E. Randall, Minn. "Convinced 11 families, took 11 orders." John D. McLeod sold 6 after supper in less than an hour. Don't need experience, sell it yourself. That's the way it goes. You can't fail. You are bound to win. You can sell 100 mops a week, working only half time.

Two turns of crank wrings out every drop of water. Simple, practical, reliable, durable, never wears out. Every home buys. No talking necessary. Show it, take the order. Get started now, don't wait. We will help you. We want Agents, Salesmen, Managers in every county to all districts, appoint, supply, control sub-agents. 150 percent profit. No investment required. Sample free, with first order. New catalog, instructions, sworn-to evidence, all free.

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These illustrations show the mop on the floor and also when it is wrung out. On the floor it spreads out and is held down firmly at all points. When lifted it straightens out automatically for wringing, and two turns of crank takes out every drop of water. Mopping is now a pleasure and the floor is cleaned 100 percent better in half the time.

so I told him long ago. I didn't think that it bothered you. He was all right about it, then. He said I was—delivering the goods—that's the way he put it. Do you suppose I always will?" she looked up shyly.

John drew a long breath. "Well, I'll wager my life on it—sweetheart!"

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

ists. They live by fooling the public and keeping it in the dark, as to the true condition of affairs. They attack every measure that makes for progress, and throw cold water on every reform movement that would help the people. They are special pleaders for corruptionists; they have no principles, no ideals. They are out for the dust, and they are willing to do almost any kind of dirty work to get the dust. If we had fearless, honest newspapers, championing the rights of the people, and battling for reform and human uplift, we would not be cursed with a gang of political parasites that infest nearly every city in the land, and make our efforts at self government contemptible. So Ray, you are all right about "grate" papers, there are plenty of them. Burn every one you get hold of, but remember COMFORT is not a "grate" but a "great" paper. Keep and stay every copy of it, and it will help you to grow into a useful citizen and a patriotic American.

Com. La.

### DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes a girl from the crawfish country. I am a country girl, born and raised on the farm, and want to live and die there. I am nineteen years young. Uncle that is not old is it? I have black hair, dark skin and dark blue eyes. Now you all know how the Louisiana girls look. Uncle don't think that we all look alike for we don't. There are some better looking and some not as good looking as others.

I am only five feet and seven inches long, and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I am not too large to sit on your knee am I? I can sit on a dime and read in "God we trust." It looks like it is going to turn cold enough to freeze pigs' tails off. We never have much cold weather down here in the Sunny South. The flowers bloom all the time, and we raise most every kind of thing here. We raise corn, cotton, rice, cane, potatoes, oats, and some fruit. We raise enough to keep fat on. We are a family of three brothers and seven sisters, and have not had a doctor in our house in six years. I have one brother and one sister married. Well, I have told you all but what I can do. I can do anything there is to do in the field and can cook, milk, sew. I can bake a cake that would make you knock your dady down. So Uncle, if you hear of some young man looking for a cook tell him to come this way.

Well, if I am welcome I will come again. Hoping Billy don't gobble this up, I'll now skiddoo.

Your loving niece,

DOLLIE JOHNSON.

Your penmanship is excellent, Dollie. Glad you have decided to stay on the farm, and not to hike to the city, and live in a hall bedroom and starve. I don't suppose all you girls look alike any more than men look alike. For instance I look straight ahead, while Billy the Goat who is cross-eyed looks two ways for Sunday, so we can't all look alike, as long as some people are cross-eyed. No one is too large to sit on my knee, as my knees reach across the U. S. and can hold all Uncle Sam's big family. You say you can sit on a dime and read "In God we trust." I suppose you read that on another dime, eh? I had a sweetheart once, and when she sat down on a dime I could read "In God we trust" on the dime she sat on, and that is going some. You see her name was Miss Glass, and it was a dead clutch to see through her. I am sorry your pigs are getting their tails frozen. All the pigs in Maine are wiser than the pigs in Louisiana. They swallow their tails during the winter to prevent them from being frozen. I congratulate you on being a member of such a healthy family. A family of ten that has not needed the services of a doctor for six years is a record. The record of most large families is that the doctor is seldom out of the house. Doctor and undertaker are generally very busy in large families, unless the parents are well to do. It is impossible to give to a dozen children the same attention that can be given to half that number or less. It is well understood now by scientific men, that the larger the family the heavier the death rate. Dollie you say you can do "anything there is to do in the field or in the house." Most of us can do that, my dear. You need not hand yourself any bouquets on that score. We are all busy doing a bunch of things when there is any work around, thinking how we can get out of doing it. A millionaire can hire his work done. Poor people have to do their own work or starve. If you do your work in your mind, and lose your mind you'll find the work is not done. You have got to do it with your hands as well as with your mind. The next time say I can do "anything" there is to do in the field or the house, then we will think you are a remarkably fine girl. You say you can bake a cake that would make me "knock my dady down." Now who the dandy is my dady? Never to my recollection have I had a dady. I asked the doctor if he ever thought I had a dady, and he said he never knew of anyone having an organ of that kind, and I cannot find such a word in the dictionary or encyclopedia. Dady rhymes with Brady, a very elegant French name. Billy the Goat thinks you mean Daddy. If your cakes are so bad that they force a man to commit assault and battery on his poor old father it is time you quit making them. If that is the effect your cooking has on people, Dollie, I shan't recommend you to any young man, and if you were the best cook in the world I would not recommend you anyway. The stomach plays a tremendously important part in our lives, but when a man is looking for a life companion I want to get his ideals above his grub tank. Every woman who contemplates matrimony ought to be able to cook, and if she does not know how when she is married, if she is a sensible, rational woman, she will try and learn. If she makes no attempt to learn to cook after she is married, she ought to be publicly spanked. Heaven knows it is hard enough to raise food, harder still to earn it after it is raised, and it is a crime for grub spoilers to make it uneatable when it is put on the table. When I recommend a young woman to a young man it will be because she is a sensible, lovable, kind-hearted, industrious, virtuous Christian girl. If she has those qualities, even if she can't cook she will soon learn. There are too many men looking for wageless cooks, men who carry their hearts or what represents their hearts in their stomachs, and who only live, like animals, to eat. The nation that desires to progress,

must progress on its brains, not on its belly, on its intellect and not on its appetite. Of course we can't have healthy brains or healthy bodies unless we have good cooks to provide fuel to make the body healthy. First, however, we want character, brains, intellect, true womanhood and true manhood. Given these glorious qualities, and we can all have them if we try for them, everything else as the Good Book says will be added unto us.

WASHTUCNA, WASH.

### DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I have tried several times to get a letter in print but have failed. I will tell you about our country. We have a new irrigation plant here. It is doing quite well. Wash-tucna is not very large, about three hundred inhabitants.

Uncle, are you a Democrat or Republic? In your last speech you sounded like a Democrat. Ain't you glad the women can vote? I am; they will get rid of the saloons and do all the good they can for the people. What do boys see in pool saloons and whiskey? Won't some of you boys tell me?

I am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and fourteen pounds, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, dark complexion and am fifteen years old.

Your niece and cousin,

AGNES HALLIDAY. (No. 30,694.)

Agnes, you say you have a new irrigation plant, and it is doing quite well. I am glad to hear your irrigation plant is blooming and in the best of health. I would like you to explain what an "irrigation" plant is and what time of the year you have to plant it to get the best results, and does it bear fruit, vegetables or flowers? I had heard of an irrigation plant but never of an irrigation plant. An irrigation plant waters the desert and makes it blossom like the rose. I hope your irrigation plant has the same effect. Most irrigation plants are beneficial to men, but there are thousands of irrigation plants that are an infernal nuisance and a curse. You will find them on the corner of nearly every block in our great cities. They are known as saloons. This is where men who think they are thirsty, go in to get irrigated. This is the kind of irrigation plant you want to keep away from, boys and girls. It is a poisonous plant that produces only trouble, sickness, disease and death. Agnes, you ask me whether I am a democrat or a republic. Now how the deuce do you think I could be a republic? I suppose if I were to swallow the United States I would be somewhat of a republic, and you bet your life if I could swallow it I would do it, and I would reconstruct it along civilized lines. Now if you had asked me if I was a monarchy I would have told you that I was. My head is the seat of government, and every part of my body receives its instructions from the brain. Before I can wiggle my big toe, my brain has to flash the message to my toes and tell them they have got to wiggle. My toe can't wiggle unless my brain permits it, so you see the brain which is the seat of the intellect, character, power, force, ability, talent and will, is the autocrat that rules the body. We are monarch or gods in the chrysalis and a man rules his body for good or ill absolutely. What you wanted to know, my dear, was whether I was a democrat or a republican. A good many people would like to know under what political banner I march, recline or sit, but they will never know. If I told you I was a democrat, all our republican readers would say: "Oh, he is a mutt." If I told you I was a republican, all the democrats would look upon me with supreme contempt. If I told you I was a socialist both democrats and republicans would hold up their hands in holy horror, because every republican and democrat has been taught by our subsidized press, that a socialist is the same as an anarchist, so they would all dub me an anarchist. It may interest you to know and millions don't know, that the anarchist hates the socialist as the devil hates holy water. The anarchist wants to abolish all government, and allow every man to do as he pleases. The socialist wants to perfect the government, and give every man a government job, and make Uncle Sam the only employer. You can thus see that those two political cults are wide as the poles apart. Agnes, you will never learn from me, and neither will any one of our readers, whether I am a democrat, republican or socialist. The democrat thinks the republican can do no good, and the republican thinks the democrat can do no good, and they both think the socialist can do no good, and the socialist thinks that neither of the old parties can do any good, so you can very well see why it is I cannot and will not answer such inquiries as this. I have often told you that I wish with all my heart that I could hypnotize the whole U. S. and put it to sleep long enough so that the name of democrat and republican could be forever forgotten, then when the nation awoke I would propound to every man and woman a set of political principles, and by the way they answered and approved of those principles I would be able to divide the nation into two camps. One would be a very big camp, one a very little one, because the principles I would propound would all be based on love, good fellowship, righteousness, goodness and every other human quality that was ennobling and uplifting. I believe that everyone living would subscribe to my principles if they were human, and if they were not human we would find some little island where dog could eat dog, and where the dogs of society could eat one another. What I put before you in COMFORT comes from the heart of a man who loves all humanity, a man who hates every form of wrong, injustice, sham, fraud, chicanery, corruption and every other evil the slimy trail of Satan has dragged across the path of man's progress. Anything I believe in, if you are human and love your fellow beings and love God you be constituted to believe in. Society as it is constituted today and our chaotic civilization, bring grief to my heart and sorrow to my soul. They are the best the world has seen, but they are still rotten bad, and will remain rotten bad, until we find another god than gold, another incentive to labor than personal aggrandizement. There will be no true civilization on this earth, until we learn to love each other. We have got to learn to love our neighbors as ourselves, and to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, and we can then get rid of those conditions that drag poor humanity down deep into the abyss of want, suffering and misery. Our government is merely a business man's government, not a human government. It would rather legislate for horses than for humans. There is more money in raising healthy hogs than healthy men and women, and unless there is money in a thing, you can't get a politician to interest himself

in it. There is scarcely a man in office, politician or statesman, who cares a rap about the awful poverty, suffering and misery that exists in our land today. Money is man's god today. Money is at the root of all things evil. Not the money itself, for money as man's servant is a beneficent agent and a medium for good, but as man's master it is his devil and destroyer. Count me then as a progressive humanitarian. If the democrats or republicans pass a good law, I shall applaud them. I want only to develop the good that is in all men, and all parties, so that it will be used for the benefit of every living creature. I shall not give a name to my politics or my principles, for if I did you would think only of the name and not of the principles, and the odds are, you would condemn me. You see people don't want to think, and will not think, unless forced to. The average human mind is an inert mass of slothful slush that does not want to be disturbed, but just wants to keep on running in a miry rut dreaming dreams of grabbing money or hunting a crust. Anyone can believe in and put in practice my principles, but don't ask me what I am, for you will never know, though you can guess all you like. Boys indulge in whiskey and frequent saloons, because other boys have done it, and they think it is the proper thing to do. Billiard playing in the home is capital fun, an excellent game. A billiard table in a barroom is simply one of the baits the saloon hangs out to drag young men to the devil. The saloon should be abolished, or better still, rob it of every feature that can hurt, harm or degrade. Turn it into a reading or rest room, with light refreshments, then the saloon will be a help, instead of a curse.

## Shut-in and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from doctor, postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

John A. Elfe, 224 1/2 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga. Poor John was run over by a street car some months ago. His left leg was cut off, and the fingers of both hands. He is out of the hospital but in very bad shape. He has been in poor health for years, but has tried to make a living mending furniture and selling pencils on the streets. Mentally he is above the average, and I think we all ought to do the very best we can for him. He is friendly, lonely and discouraged. I hope you will all take an interest in him. Mrs. Pearl Wallace of Vanceburg, Ky., is a widow with four young children. One of the children is suffering from infantile paralysis. Her husband fell on an axe and bled to death. She has been highly recommended to us, and anything that will help a worthy, impoverished family will be gratefully accepted. Mrs. Alice B. Fahl, Auburn, Pa. Has been confined to her bed for many years. She is helpless and a great sufferer, and is a woman of fine character. Any help sent her would be greatly appreciated. She is worthy of all you may feel disposed to do for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

**BEACON LAMP FREE**

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## In Wolf's Clothing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

hands and laughed half-derisively as the fly drove off.

"What a success!" said Mrs. Ryall, as she sank back in the fly and fanned herself with a cheap and gaudy fan. "Didn't I tell you, Reginald, how it would be? We've turned over a new leaf tonight; we've got into proper society. And you've only me to thank."

## CHAPTER XI.

About an hour after she had left the shed, Nora entered Porlash. She bought a pair of scissors and cut her hair short. Assuming as well as she could, the gait and manners of a boy, she lounged into a milk shop and asked for a glass of milk and a bun.

"You're out early, my lad," said the woman, "going aboard ship?"

"No," replied Nora, much encouraged by the "my lad"; "I am looking for some work on shore."

"What sort of work?" inquired the shopkeeper. "Anything," replied Nora. "Could I get anything in the town?"

"I don't think you could. There are not many situations going, and they are soon filled up. What have you been used to?"

"Farmwork."

The woman shook her head.

"There's nothing of that sort about here; you'd better go into the country, out Nelsworthy way."

She tried one or two of the other shops, but without success. Discouraged but not cast down, she left the town and went along the road in the direction of the moors, which rose against the sky-line like soft billows of green and gray. She sat down by the wayside to eat some bread and cheese, and while she sat she saw a pony carriage coming along from the town at an easy jog trot. A lady was driving, sitting bolt upright, with the reins in one hand and a book in the other. She could scarcely be said to be driving, for the horse went along unguided, evidently knowing its way. The lady was old, with a pleasant face and the expression of one who was completely absorbed, and oblivious of everything going on around her. She wore her clothes carefully, and on one hand a black glove and the other gray. A basket of marketing stood unsteadily at her feet, with the contents just on the verge of spilling.

As the horse came abreast of Nora he stumbled. The lady woke up, dropped her book, and clutched at the reins, and, in doing so, kicked out the basket. The whole thing came to a halt, and Nora sprang forward to the rescue. The lady looked at her absently as she replaced the contents in the basket, and put it in the carriage. "Dear me," said the lady quietly. "Where did you come from, boy?"

"I was sitting by the wayside," she said, she added "ma'am" as pertly as she could.

"What are you doing here? Where are you going?"

"I am looking for a situation."

"You won't find it by the roadside," remarked the lady. "Well, I am much obliged to you, where is my book?"

Nora picked it up and handed it to her.

"I suppose you can't find the place where I was reading? No, of course not—boys are so stupid. What sort of a place are you looking for?"

"Any place," replied Nora.

"Any place is no place. You ought to know your own mind. Are you going along this road?"

Nora nodded.

"Then you'd better get in and drive for me. Mind you don't startle Jacky. I suppose you can drive?"

Nora got in and took the reins. The road wound steeply to the moors, and the way grew more remote and solitary every mile that Jacky crawled. At last Jacky stopped, and his owner looked up from her book reluctantly, and said with an air of surprise:

"Well, boy, why don't you drive in?"

They wound through an old avenue, and came in sight of a comfortable-looking house, half farmhouse, half mansion. As Nora pulled up at the door an old man with very bandy legs, came round from the back to take the horse. As he took the reins from Nora he stared at her, but without much surprise. "I have found a boy for you, Jacob," the old lady said.

"What's his name?" asked Jacob, with an air of resignation.

"I have forgotten. What is your name, boy?"

Nora had not thought of this contingency. Suddenly she remembered a name she had seen in some book, and said, "Cyril Merton."

"It's a silly name, but I suppose you can't help it. Take him away, Jacob, and make him useful. Stop! you don't smoke, do you?"

"No," replied Nora, coloring.

"I am glad to hear that. Eh, Jacob?" said the old lady.

Jacob grunted, and led the carriage away to the stables, and Nora followed. Nora was set to unharness the horse, rub him down, and feed him, while Jacob looked on from a seat on an up-turned bucket. Presently he produced an old clay, and proceeded to smoke it.

"Why, you are smoking!" said Nora with some surprise. "I thought—"

"Don't you begin to think now!" admonished Jacob. "What Miss Deborah doesn't see she doesn't know—but let me catch you smoking and—"

After Nora had attended to the horse to the satisfaction of Jacob, she was shown how to lay the lunch. Afterwards she busied herself about the house and brought something like order into a disorderly kitchen. By evening she was woefully tired, and Jacob took her to a bedroom over the stable. Her brain was in a whirl; she was almost too tired to think; but as she stretched her weary limbs on the hard bed her mind traveled back to the Grange, her father and her stepmother, and, still more directly to Elliot Graham.

Next morning she woke early, and with a start: the sun was pouring into the room. She got up and went out. She found plenty of things to do—things she had been accustomed to do at home, for it was a sort of farm. As she was taking up some hot water to Miss Deborah, she stepped on the wide landing to admire some pictures. She stopped suddenly, before the portrait of a gentleman. It was an extremely handsome face, but the fact that startled Nora was that the face bore an extraordinary resemblance to Elliot Graham. The sight of the portrait brought Elliot before her so vividly that she lost herself, and was brought back to the present by Jacob calling up to ask if she meant to stay there all day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Current Events

**DON'T PLAY WITH MONEY.**—Sigurd Hartig, a San Francisco man, wanted to be smart, so he lit his cigarette with a \$1,000 bill. He intended to blow it out, but some friends got hold of it, and it was all burnt up except a small corner. Hartig is now trying to have the treasury department issue him a new bill; but if they do, we can say with truth, that Hartig will never again try to act smart with money and this should apply to

**COATS NO LONGER IN UNITED STATES ARMY.**—Coats no longer will form part of the uniform of U. S. soldiers in the field. The war department has decided on substituting for the coats, sweaters; as this is lighter and more comfortable.

**MAN WITH HALF A BRAIN.**—A soldier named Blomquist is now in a Stockholm sanitarium with only about half his brain. It was supposed he would die, but the surgeons fixed him up and now he is getting along very well, except that he has utterly forgotten some things. He can tell the letters of the alphabet but can't read the simplest words nor write. His speech and eyesight were badly affected at first, but he is gradually recovering his hold on them.

**A QUEER VOW.**—E. W. Cooper, a Socialist of Sams Valley, Oregon, on the birth of a daughter went before a notary public and swore to a solemn vow that if by the time the girl has become 21, Oregon has not adopted woman suffrage, the family will remove to some state "where people have brains and manly honor instead of selfish-willed ignorance." Will Oregon take the hint?

**SEEDLESS LEMONS.**—Twelve lemon trees in the growth of I. E. Bush of Rialto, Cal., are now producing lemons that have no sign of seeds. The trees were grown from bud wood furnished by the agricultural department some years ago. These are the first seedless lemon trees known to exist in all the world. It is believed that this discovery will revolutionize the lemon industry, just as the seedless orange has the orange industry.

**LATEST "BOOTLEGGING" SCHEME.**—The latest scheme of the "bootleggers" in the "dry" communities is to sell whiskey in flasks concealed in boxes made to look like a Bible. Another scheme of theirs is to take bottles of bonded whiskey of well-known brands melt a hole in the bottom with an electric appliance, draw out the whiskey, fill the bottle up with a decoction of alcohol, brown sugar, tobacco, pepper, arsenic, etc., and then sell it.

**MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING.**—A Chicago genius has found a way to make something out of nothing. He proposes to start a ranch with a million cats on it, feed the cats on the rats, sell

the skins of the cats, and then feed the skinned cats back to the rats, thus securing a sort of automatic "skin" game and making \$10,000 a day profit.

**LINED HER NEST WITH PAPER MONEY.**—Bills have been repeatedly missing from the cash drawer of a Chicago hotel, yet for a long time the thief remained undetected. Finally some torn bits of the money were found stuffed in a hole, and after investigation, it was discovered that a mouse had been lining her nest with them.

**FLOODS DO U. S. WORK.**—Uncle Sam is letting the floods do some of his work. As the result of a recent storm the Skagit river, near Bellingham, Wash., made a short cut, where the government was planning to spend \$1,000,000 for channel improvements and it would have taken a year to build it.

**MONUMENT TO LINCOLN.**—The commission on fine arts recently recommended that the \$2,000,000 memorial to Abraham Lincoln in Washington take the form of a monument in Potomac park on the same axis as the capital.

**POOR CHINA.**—In China for free speech one must pay costly. The Manchu authorities are killing all those who have expressed too advanced ideas, and are hanging the heads up in slings at the gate.

**ALMOST GOT THE PRESIDENT.**—A little more and Taft might have been added to the list of assassinated presidents. Shortly before his special train reached the steel bridge at Gaviota, Cal., a railroad watchman discovered 39 sticks of dynamite placed under the bridge. This was in the middle of the night, the watchman having surprised two men preparing a fuse, and had a running revolver fight with them. The bridge was built with non-union labor but why the dynamiters selected this time to blow it up must be inferred.

**"STRAWBERRY DAY."**—The town of Milton, Wash., has an unusual holiday known as "Strawberry Day." On this day, the business men serve strawberries free to all who visit the town to do shopping. A novel way to induce outsiders to patronize the merchants of a city; but it has been a success.

**LOST A \$300 DIAMOND.**—Have you lost a \$300 diamond lately? If so send for it to the dead-letter office at Washington. Such a stone was found loose in a mail-bag recently and it awaits a claimant.

**MADE A FORTUNE BEGGING.**—Mike Sullivan, a familiar beggar in the streets of San Francisco for 35 years has died—leaving a fortune of \$50,000 behind him. Strange as it may seem, rich beggars are not uncommon, that is to say, beggars who accumulate a fortune by begging. Be-

cause the people are so easy and generous to beggars, begging has become a trade or profession with many who are too lazy to work. Begging should be stopped by law, and until it is the people should refuse to give to beggars and send them to the organized charities for investigation and relief, if deserving.

**BATCH OF WOMEN LAWYERS.**—Another batch of women lawyers have been admitted to practice before the supreme court. The court rules require them to remove their hats when inside the bar, the same as men. Mrs. Belva Lockwood was the first woman to break the precedents and get admitted to the supreme court. She is still active and alive—having delivered a sermon in Washington, recently.

**LARGEST PAPER EVER PRINTED.**—To celebrate the completion of its new newspaper building, the Times of Davenport, Ia., issued a special edition of 212 pages, said to be the largest newspaper ever issued in the United States. The next largest was a special edition of the Dayton, Ohio, News, issued last year, and previous to that the record had been held by the New York Times with 204 pages.

**FALLS FIVE STORIES AND IS NOT INJURED.**—After falling from the fifth floor of the building on which he was working and landing on his head and hands, Lee Maxwell, a negro, got up and walked from the scene. His injuries were only a scratch here and there. That just shows the toughness of the negroes' heads at Tampa, Fla., and in the South.

**MILK AS A SUCCESSFUL FIRE EXTINGUISHER.**—It has been proven that milk will effectually extinguish the flames from gasoline, or any form of petroleum, since it forms an emulsion with the oil, whereas water only spreads it.

**UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE SAVING PENNIES.**—What users pay for stamped envelopes bought one at a time, above what they might get them for if bought in packages of twenty-five, amounts to between \$300,000 and \$400,000 a year. The government sells a package of twenty-five 2-cent stamped envelopes for fifty-four cents. If the postmaster sells one of these envelopes for three cents or two for five cents, a few extra pennies are realized on each package. This excess used to be retained by the postmaster, but an order of Postmaster-General Hitchcock required that a record of the extra pennies be made and the money turned in to the government. Some postmasters complained of the triviality of keeping a record of the few fractional parts of a cent a day, but it was pointed out at a convention, that the 60,000 post-offices yielded enough of these small amounts to reduce the postal deficit several hundred thousand dollars a year.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

## Mr. Edison Says:

"I Want to See a Phonograph in Every American Home"

For the phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He has worked for years to make this phonograph excell all others, and now you may obtain any of these wonderful new style outfits on an ultra-liberal offer. And you can be sure that every instrument is a wonderful production of the world's greatest inventor.



## Your Choice FREE

The Edison! The genuine Edison—Thomas A. Edison's superb new style instrument shipped free on this remarkable offer!

**The Edison Offer:** I will send you the new model Edison phonograph and your choice of all the Amberol records on an absolutely free loan—no obligations, no deposit, no guarantee nor C. O. D. to us whatsoever. I want you to have all the waltzes, two-steps, vaudeville, minstrels, grand operas, also the sacred music, etc., by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and your friends. Give plays and concerts right in your own parlor. Hear the songs, solos, duets and quartettes, the pealing organ, the brass bands, the choirs of the great European cathedrals, the symphony orchestras, the piano and violin virtuoso concerts—all these I want you to hear free as reproduced on the new Edison phonograph. Then—when you are through with the outfit—after all this entertainment—you may send it back to me—and I will pay the freight.

**My Reason** Why should I make such an ultra-liberal offer? Why should I go to all this expense and trouble just so you can have all these free concerts? Well, I'll tell you. I am tremendously proud of this magnificent new instrument. When you get it in your town I know everybody will say that nothing like it has ever been heard—so wonderful, so grand, so beautiful, such a kind of entertainers. So I am pretty sure that at least some one—if not you, then somebody else—will want to buy one of these new style Edisons (especially as they are being offered now at the most astounding rock bottom price and on easy terms as low as \$2.00 a month). Perhaps you yourself will be glad to keep the outfit, but even if nobody buys there is no obligation and I'll be just as glad anyway that I sent you the new style Edison on the free loan—for that is my way of advertising it.

## Now Get the Edison Catalog—and See! FREE COUPON

I will send you the handsome new Edison book and full particulars of the wonderful free loan offer absolutely free and prepaid. You should see our grand new Edison book. It will give you the list of the thousands of records and all the machines that you have to choose from. Write today—do not delay. Get the free book and learn all about this wonderful free trial offer.

## Edison Phonograph Distributors

Address: F. K. Babson, Vice-President & Gen'l Manager

EDISON BLOCK, DEPT. 3041, CHICAGO, ILL.

Western Office: 45 Post Street, San Francisco Canadian Office: 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

## Edison Phonograph Distributors F. K. BABSON

Vice-President & Gen'l Manager

Edison Block, Dept. 3041, CHICAGO, ILL.

Western Office: 45 Post Street, San Francisco Canadian Office: 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

Gentlemen:—Without any obligation on me, please send me your great Edison Catalogs, and also the full particulars of your wonderful Free Offer on my choice of a new style Edison Phonograph.

My Name is \_\_\_\_\_

My Address is \_\_\_\_\_

No obligations whatever in getting this free catalog. No letter necessary. The coupon is enough.

## This Great Book Free

If you would at once read full and complete story, "In Wolf's Clothing," we are prepared to supply it in book form in a splendid edition in colored paper binding. This offer enables you to read the entire story without waiting for the monthly installments to appear, besides furnishing another book for your library or reading table. Send only one new 16-months 25 cent subscription to COMFORT (your own won't count) and receive "In Wolf's Clothing," post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





## HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

Comfort's Pattern Announcement for the New Year

By Geneva Gladding

**B**EGINNING with the January issue, a uniform price of 10 cents for each pattern will be given to COMFORT pattern users, in accordance with COMFORT's established custom of giving its subscribers the best there is for the least money.

Every woman may become her own dressmaker through the use of our perfect-fitting seam-allowing patterns.

## A Practical Lesson in Dressmaking

The house dress should be simple above all, for the plainer the design the better it is suited to its purpose. Simplicity and good taste are apparent in No. 4650, a shirt-waist model with attached seven-gored skirt, and which we will take as a subject. There are two styles of sleeve from which to choose, the bishop with wristband and the plain leg o'mutton, and two collars either standing or turnover. The dress closes at left side of front and there is an inverted plait at the back of the skirt.

For collar and cut inside and outside sections for neck-band, belt and for cuffs of bishop sleeves. Make some marks on the material to indicate the perforations needed in sewing, using chalk or basting stitches.

Close the shoulder seams before making the tuck each side of waist and then form the tuck by bringing together the lines of small perforations so the tuck crease will be midway between them. Stitch at the perforations. Now baste the under-arm seams. Finish off the front edges of waist with under facings, cutting strips of the material for them one and one half inches wide. Seam a strip to each front edge and then turn it under and stitch like a hem. Gather the lower edge in front from the front edges back to the tucks. Now baste on the belt with the triple notches in front matching. Also baste the neck-band to neck edge, matching the double notches.

Try the waist on, pinning right front over left with center-fronts together. To make the body smaller, the under-arm seams may be taken up and if too long waisted the gathers must be

outer edges. Then turn collar right side out and stitch the upper edge to the neck-band with the single notches together. Hem the inside section of the neck-band in place and it will cover all the edges. If you are using the standing collar, first finish the neck-band with its inside section and then stitch collar sections together along top and ends. Turn collar to the outside and slip stitch the lower edges together. You may leave the collar entirely separate or tack the right side over neck-band, arranging it so the ends will meet at center-back.

Before basting the skirt seams, turn the front gore under at the left side, at the line of large perforations. Lap this edge over front part of the adjoining side gore so the single notches will match and the edges will be even. Pin it for the time being and then baste the seams. To make the inverted plait, crease each side of back at the large perforations near upper edge and bring each crease to the center-back seam, basting it there. The skirt will be easier to fit if it is adjusted to the belt, so baste the lower edge of belt to the top of skirt and try on. As far as possible, make the alterations at the middle side seams, but the plait may be taken up or let out if necessary.

Stitch seams and plait and then finish the closing edges at left side; stitch the hem on front gore and sew a facing piece under the side gore. Make buttonholes through the hem and along waist edge and sew on the buttons. Or, if you prefer, omit the buttonholes and buttons and tack the skirt edges together as far up as ordinary

## 3 Years to Pay for the sweet-toned MEISTER Piano \$175



30 Days'  
Free Trial  
in Your Own Home.

We Pay  
the Freight

If the piano proves  
to be all we claim for  
it and you decide to

buy it, these are the terms of sale:

**\$1 a Week or \$5 a Month**

No cash payment down. No interest  
on payments. No extras of any  
kind. Piano stool and scarf free.

Sold direct from the maker to you at a  
guaranteed saving of \$100. No dealer's profit  
for you to pay.

SEND NOW FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL FREE  
CATALOG which shows eight styles of  
Meister Pianos.

Our resources exceed \$4,000,000. We sell more pianos  
direct to the home than any other concern in the world.

**Rothschild & Company**  
Dept. 114-N, Chicago, Illinois

## One-Dollar-Typewriter



OFFER. The ideal Typewriter  
for large or small offices; visible  
writing, universal keyboard,  
two-color ribbon, back spacer,  
tabulator, full size, everything  
complete.

**MAKE BIG MONEY**  
representing the EMER-  
SON exclusively in your terri-  
tory, on our **TEN CENTS A  
DAY** easy selling plan. Sam-  
ple FREE on easy conditions.

For particulars, our One-Dollar, our ten cents a day,  
our Free, and other offers, address  
**THE EMERSON TYPEWRITER CO., Box 209, Woodstock, Ill.**

those preferring the normal waist-line will find  
their skirts equally stylish, and many of the pat-  
terns cut for high, are perforated for the normal  
waist-line.

Waist No. 5189 is one of the latest one-piece  
models and skirt No. 5028 has seven gores.

Side closing waist fronts are a well liked  
feature, and the Gibson model still remains a  
favorite, whatever other designs may come and  
go.

A pretty dressing sack is a joy forever to the  
woman who would be neatly dressed at a mo-  
ment's notice. No. 4682 is an ideal model and  
adaptable to many materials.

Outing flannel or flannellette make the best  
night drawers for children.

There are several types in vogue of the one-  
piece corset cover, but the simplest is like pat-  
tern No. 4091. It is designed so that the  
flouncing completes the entire upper edge, which  
lessens the amount of sewing considerably, as  
this part of a corset cover is frequently the most  
troublesome. If possible select embroidery that  
has embroidered eyelets, as this saves working  
them.

A long, loose Kimona is indispensable, and No.  
5274 with the fitted yoke makes it shapely and  
becoming.

The woman who does her own sewing will be  
delighted to have such a simple pattern for mak-  
ing her little boy's dresses as No. 4480. Galatea,  
linen, repp, chambray, calico, gingham, etc., are  
serviceable wash materials.

A nobby little suit appropriate for cashmere,  
serge, velveteen, mixed goods and heavy wash  
materials is No. 2232.

### COMFORT Pattern Descriptions

No. 5406—Ladies' Dress is cut in sizes 32 to  
42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires four and  
five eighths yards 44-inch material with one yard  
of 18-inch all-over. Price 10 cents.

No. 5189—Ladies' Waist is cut in sizes 32  
to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two  
and one eighth yards 36-inch material. Price,  
10 cents.

No. 5028—Ladies' Skirt is cut in sizes 22 to  
34 inches waist measure; size 24 requires three  
and seven eighths yards 50-inch material. Price,  
10 cents.

No. 5359—Ladies' Dress is cut in sizes 32 to  
42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and  
three eighths yards of 36-inch material with one  
half yard of 18-inch all-over.

No. 5247—Ladies' Skirt is cut in sizes 22 to  
32 inches waist measure; medium size requires  
two and seven eighths yards 44-inch material.  
Price, 10 cents.

No. 5174—Ladies' Waist is cut in sizes 32 to  
42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three  
and one eighth yards of 27-inch material. Price,  
10 cents.

No. 4650—Ladies' Dress is cut in sizes 32 to  
42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 10 1/4  
yards 24-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4682—Ladies' Sack is cut in sizes 32 to  
42 inches bust measure; medium size requires  
two and three quarters yards 36-inch material,  
with three yards of insertion and three and one  
quarter yards of edging. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4830—One-Piece Apron, cut in 32, 36, 40  
and 44 inches bust measure; medium size re-  
quires three yards 36-inch material. Price, 10  
cents.

No. 4091—One-Piece Corset Cover, cut in sizes  
32 to 48 inches bust measure; medium size re-  
quires one and three quarters yards 17-inch  
doubling. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4562—Drawers pattern, cut in sizes 22 to  
32 inches waist measure; medium size requires  
one and three quarters yards 36-inch material.  
Price, 10 cents.

No. 5274—Ladies' Empire Kimona, cut in sizes  
32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36  
requires seven yards of 36-inch material. Price,  
10 cents.

No. 4480—Boys' Russian Suit, cut in sizes one  
and two years; size one requires one and three  
eighths yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 2232—Boys' Russian Suit, cut in sizes  
two, three, four, five, six and seven years; medium  
size requires three yards 27-inch material. Price,  
10 cents.

No. 5582—Child's One-Piece Dress, cut in sizes  
two to eight years; medium size requires one and  
one half yard 44-inch material for dress, and  
one and one quarter yard 27-inch material for  
gumpe. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4625—Girls' Dress, cut in sizes six to 12  
years; medium size requires three and one quar-  
ter yards 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 2952—Child's Sacque Apron, cut in sizes  
two to 12 years; medium size requires three  
and one quarter yards of 27-inch material. Price,  
10 cents.

No. 3379—Night Drawers, for children cut in  
sizes one to nine years; size five years requires  
two and one eighth yards 36-inch material. Price,  
10 cents.



### Special Offers.

Solicit and send one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one pattern free. A club of two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each secures three patterns. These must be bona-fide subscriptions, not your own nor renewals. The cash price of each pattern is given with the description. Order by number and address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A wash fabric should be selected for a prac-  
tical house dress like this, gingham, percale,  
alico or linen lawn, and while plain materials  
are suitable, checks, dots, stripes or figures are  
pretty and cheerful looking.

For medium size 10 1/4 yards of 24-inch material  
will be sufficient. Decide which sleeve and collar  
you are going to use and lay aside the ones you  
do not want, then prepare to cut the material.

In placing the pieces follow the directions  
carefully. The side closing requires the side-  
front gore at left side to be wider than that at  
right, so a pattern piece must be given for each  
side and only one gore cut from it. Cut only  
one front gore also, but cut two back and two  
side-back gores. No allowance is made for a hem  
in the skirt, so if you wish one of two or three  
inches, see that the gores are placed so that you  
an allow for it in cutting.

Large perforations in waist front and belt  
adicate center-front and the left side need not  
extend beyond the center when finished, so cut  
off front of a seam's width beyond the perfora-  
tions and cut off the left and of belt the same dis-  
tance beyond belt perforations. Cut two sections

raised and the belt rebasted over them. Clip the  
armhole where it needs to be loosened and re-  
adjust the neck-band if wrinkles appear near it,  
with alterations made, the belt and neck-band  
can be stitched.

Baste the seams of the sleeve you have selected,  
terminating the dart seam of the leg o'mutton  
sleeve at the large perforation. Gather the top  
between the notches and try on. Alter if neces-  
sary and then stitch seams, but leave seam edges  
of bishop sleeve free for two inches above the  
lower edge to make an opening. Finish the open-  
ing with a narrow hem and gather the lower edge  
of this sleeve between the notches.

Sew the cuff to the bishop sleeve as notched  
and then baste the inside section in place and  
stitch all round. Finish the lower edge of  
leg o'mutton sleeve with a facing strip like that  
sewed under front edge. Place either style sleeve  
in armhole with the single perforation at shoulder  
seam and notches matching, and baste it. Try on  
to see if it hangs properly and then stitch the  
seam and bind or overcast it.

To make the turn-over collar, lay right sides  
of the two portions together and seam along the

placket length and fasten the rest of the way  
with hooks and eyes.

Rebaste the skirt to the lower edge of the  
belt and stitch it and then baste the inside  
belt piece in place, covering with it all the raw  
edges. Stitch the belt all round on the outside  
and if you like make a buttonhole in the pointed  
end. Have someone measure the lower edge  
for you and mark the finished length. Then, if  
you have enough material for a hem, baste it up.  
If not, trim the skirt off evenly a half inch below  
the finished mark and sew on a facing piece for a  
false hem. Turn the facing up and baste it.  
Try on to be sure the lower edge is even and  
stitch the hem or facing.

### Ideas that Help

Stylish dresses that are easy to make find  
favor with the home sewer. Nos. 5359, 5247 and  
5406 are attractive models, and for a very small  
sum a handsome dress could be made, for many  
inexpensive materials are obtainable that when  
made up are very beautiful.

The high waist-line is popular this season, but





## PARISIAN SAGE

### GOOD FOR THE HAIR

For falling hair, dandruff and itching scalp, this delightful, red hair dressing is unexcelled.

Promotes hair growth and imparts a fascinating lustre to dull, faded hair. Girl with Auburn hair on every bottle and carton.

Large bottle 60c at dealers in United States and Canada, or direct, charges prepaid. (Give express office.) Trial bottle by mail, 10c.

Giroux Mfg. Co., Dept. R, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Beautiful Rolled Gold Adjustable Bracelet



FREE

with a rolled gold hearts engraved with any initials or name. FREE for selling only 12 boxes of Parisian at 5c. each and sending the 60c. to us. Parisian Cures Eczema, Boils, Piles, Sores, etc. Order to-day. Write to: HICKMAN MFG. CO., 77 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

### BEAUTIFUL PICTURE FREE

To introduce our famous art pictures we will send absolutely free the celebrated picture "Yard of Roses," in ten beautiful colors, to anyone sending 4 cts. to pay postage. Offer good only 30 days. Address Art Picture Club, 131 West 8th St., Topeka, Kan.

### Live Agents Wanted

Hunters to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made \$35 in 47 hrs., another \$21 in 8 hrs., another \$22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 311 DAVIS BLDG., 1431 CARROLL AVE., CHICAGO



FREE We give this beautiful, finished signet bracelet, guaranteed 5 yrs., also signet ring for selling 20 pkgs. postcards at 10 cts. per pkg. Write for 20 pkgs. to-day. PALACE MFG. CO., Dept. 224, Chicago



LADIES, we want a Correspondent in every city, town and country place. Write for information and List of Presents. We only want a few names and addresses. That's all. THE PITTSBURGH ADDRESS BUREAU, 408 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**OLD COINS WANTED** \$7.75 Paid for rare date 1853 quarters, \$20 for half dollars; we pay a cash premium on hundreds of coins; keep all money dated before 1884, and send ten cents at once for our new illustrated coin value book; it may mean your fortune. ROCKWELL & CO., 3910 West 61st Street, CHICAGO

**SPECIAL OFFER** Send 12 CENTS for a Rolled Gold Shell Signet, warranted for years, with raised scrolls on sides. Any initial engraved FREE. Pass for a 45 ring and all the rage. DEFANCE CO., 48 W. W. Way, N. Y.

**5 Leap-Year Cards Free** It will cost you only a 5c stamp for postage for five sample high-grade leap-year cards. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. Porter, 107 Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL., Dept. 317

**25 VALENTINE CARDS 10c** in Colors. Some Gold Embossed. 3 pkgs. 25c. J. WENDELL, 218 S. Clinton, CHICAGO.

**104 CARDS 10c** Valentine Easter, Gold, Silver, View, Scenes, Art Colors, 10c Commercial Co. 808E Pontiac Bldg. Chicago

**GOLD Shell Spectacles \$1 a Pair** Send for catalog. Agents wanted. Coulter Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.

**26 LATEST VALENTINE POST CARDS 10c** Rich cloths, Cupids, Sweethearts, Lovers, etc. Some Gold Embossed. Also big catalog & special offer. Kenwood Premium Co. Dept. 50 Chicago

**10,000 PIECES OF SILK REMNANTS** To be sold at once. We have on hand a large quantity of beautiful Silk Remnants and Pieces which we will sell at a big sacrifice in order to dispose of quickly. The silks are just the thing for patching of all kinds, for crazy quilts, sofa cushions, pin pads, etc., etc. Large pieces, as all of the small, shiny pieces have been thrown out. All colors and shades and every piece guaranteed silk and will be sure to please.

**FOR 10 CENTS** stamps or silver, we will send you a big package of these silks. Pack-ages 3 times 10-cent silks, 25 cents. Send in your order at once. J. COOK & CO., SILK DEPT., CHICAGO, ILL.

**Country Wild Over Real Hair Grower** True Method Discovered at Last

\$100.00 Reward if They Fail—Read Guarantee

That the American people are very quick to recognize an article of real merit is proven by the rapidly increasing demand for Radizene a remarkable new treatment for the hair which has just recently been discovered. While this new treatment for baldness, dandruff, grey hair, falling hair, itching scalp, etc., is remarkably simple, it is a fact that nothing like it has ever been placed on the market before, although it can readily be seen by the treatment that this is the only safe, and sane common-sense treatment, and that the success must follow in an astonishingly short space of time.

The proprietors of this remarkable treatment realize the fact that the public has had as much unsatisfactory experience with worthless treatments that a preparation of real merit is likely to be classed as a simple "hair tonic," and after giving the Radizene treatment a severe test in some of the worst cases of baldness, dandruff, falling hair, greyness, itching scalp, they guarantee satisfactory results or money back.

Upon receiving the coupon below, the Radizene Laboratory will send their guarantee which tells all about the \$100.00 reward to all readers of COMFORT together with full, free information regarding the new treatment. Don't send any money, for particulars are free. Simply cut out and send in the coupon below, and you will receive by return mail full particulars regarding this remarkable discovery.

**Baldness, Gray Hair, Itching Scalp, Etc.**

**Free Radizene Coupon**

Cut this coupon out and mail to the Radizene Laboratory, Dept. 188, Scranton, Pa., for free information regarding Radizene, the new discovery for growing hair, eradicating dandruff, restoring gray or faded hair to its natural color, and correcting all scalp and hair troubles. Good to all COMFORT readers.

**Free Radizene Coupon**

Cut this coupon out and mail to the Radizene Laboratory, Dept. 188, Scranton, Pa., for free information regarding Radizene, the new discovery for growing hair, eradicating dandruff, restoring gray or faded hair to its natural color, and correcting all scalp and hair troubles. Good to all COMFORT readers.

## The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

### Why Not Have Pretty Ankles

It is quite important that the ankles and feet should be supple and neither too fat nor too thin. Don't you agree with me? Still ankles, for instance, are most undesirable from a beauty standpoint, as then one is compelled to hobble and this is the reverse of graceful. As to the too plump or too thin ankle, no one, in this day of short skirts and low shoes, can afford to tolerate them for a moment. This being the case, we must put our heads together and see if we cannot find some way of acquiring supple, rightly proportioned feet and ankles. It won't be easy, but then worth while things are never ours just for the asking. One has to work for them.

That is what I am going to ask you to do. Work hard at improving your lower extremities. Do you agree? I am going to take your silence for consent and go right ahead planning some ankle treatments that will bring rapid results.

Don't imagine for one single moment that I am going to advocate rubber reducing bandages, astringent lotions, flesh-producing creams and anything else that is frivolous. Indeed no! I intend to ask you to beautify your feet by physical culture methods. They cost nothing, are good for the general health and bring sure and quick results. What more could any woman ask?

Are you all listening? I hope so, because I am all ready for a long chat and would really like an attentive audience. Please drop your fancy work or stop your housework and listen to words of beauty wisdom. It will be time well spent, I do assure you.

First I am bent on telling you how to supple your ankles and feet so you will tread the earth like a particularly graceful fawn. Won't that be nice?

Upon arising in the morning and just before retiring at night, the wise girl takes a deep, full breath and rises with extreme slowness upon tiptoe. She holds this position for a moment, although she has much ado to keep from toppling over on the floor in a heap, and then gradually sinks back on her heels. For five long minutes, she balances herself, first on the toes of the left foot, then on the toes of the right foot.

Don't sniff in scorn at this exercise, thinking it too simple to interest you. Just try balancing yourself on the tips of your toes without holding to a single solitary thing, and you will find it requires a great deal of skill to keep from tumbling and wavering in a truly ludicrous fashion.

This exercise not only renders the ankles and feet wonderfully supple, thus insuring you a graceful carriage, but develops the muscles of the calves.

If you are pressed for time in the morning, and this is apt to be the case, you might go through this poised exercise while you are standing in front of your bureau, arranging your hair in bewitching curls and puffs.

What else have I to say on this all-important subject? Why, heaps and heaps of things. Let me entreat you to practice the exercise just following, as it will cure you of cold feet, than which nothing is more uncomfortable. This is just the time when you need such an exercise, so start right in and get acquainted with it.

**Stimulating Exercise for Chilly Feet**  
A table or bench is needed for this exercise, and as you might just as well be comfortable as not, I suggest covering this odd seat with a folded blanket or shawl. Now spring lightly aloft and sit on the table edge with feet hanging down but escaping the floor. When you are ready, move feet—which should be shorn of shoes and stockings—from left to right for several moments. When the muscles begin to tire, rest for a moment, then exercise feet again, but this time move them up and down with considerable rapidity. The result will be all you could ask, as the blood will rush to the feet and in the twinkling of an eye they will become delightfully warm and cozy.

This exercise should be practiced just before going to bed, as cold feet have spoiled many a night's rest.

Another exercise, which is especially good for feet that have contracted the habit of tingling and aching, is given below. The tired feeling in your feet, it may interest you to know, is generally caused by the accumulation there of venous blood and in order to obtain relief, it is evident that this congestion must be removed. The exercise spoken of will give you immediate relief, which is a piece of news that the housewife will hail with joy.

**Exercise for Aching Feet**  
Stand on one foot. Lift the other foot off the floor, bending the knee and supporting the weight of the limb as shown in illustration Fig. 1. Keep the back as straight as a young pine and move the foot from left to right. Maintain this position as long as you possibly can. When you are unable to keep knee aloft for a second longer, let foot drop to the ground, then repeat exercise with the other foot.

I won't ask you what you think of this exercise now, but will expect flattering reports after you have given it a fair trial.

I can honestly recommend it for overworked feet and think it will prove a boon to those families where the womanfolk—and men folk also—are on their feet most of the day.

Perhaps you are waiting anxiously for a special reducing or development exercise for feet that are too fat or too thin. Here is a bit of news that will surprise you, maids and matrons. Each and everyone of the exercises given in this article will bring your ankles and feet up—or down—to normal proportions. If you are too fat, they will eliminate surplus fatty tissue, I, too, thin, they will, by developing the muscles, cause the feet and ankles to lose their bony appearance.

I have not time to tell you the why and wherefore of this, so you will have to take my word for it that these exercises really do reduce or develop, according to circumstances of the case.

**Questions and Answers**  
Mrs. H. Ark., Bettine, Miss Willie, Janet and others.—I am sorry but I do not find time to answer letters personally. Oily hair is a great beauty defect and I don't wonder that you wish for something that will make your "crown of glory" fluffy and easy to arrange. If you will use the following shampoo

every two or three weeks, I think you will not be troubled with oily locks:

**Cream Shampoo**  
Shredded fine white soap, one quarter ounce; rose-water, one half ounce; solution of ammonia, one half ounce; alcohol or bay rum, one quarter ounce; rain-water, four ounces.

Heat the rain-water, then dissolve in it the shredded soap. When liquid is nearly cool, add the ammonia, rose-water and the alcohol, stirring constantly. A box of theatrical skin food or cream can be obtained at any good drug-store, but thinking you may wish to make up a supply with your own fair fingers, I am giving recipe for a good theatrical cream.

**Theater Cream**  
Melt about half an ounce of white wax in a saucepan, then add slowly half a pint of olive-oil, stirring all the while; next stir in about an ounce of rose-water. Remove saucepan from the stove but continue heating mixture until it is cold.

It is not necessary to go through the world with a "shiny face." Simply spray face several times daily with the lotion given below. It is tonic and astringent, so will just answer your purpose:

**Hungary Water**  
Oil of rosemary, one quarter ounce; oil of lavender (Mitcham), one dram; oil of petit-grain, fifteen drops; tincture of tolu, two drams; orange-flower water, one quarter pint; spirits of rectified wine, three quarters pint.

I appreciated your kind remarks more than I can say. Kathryn, Grille, A Reader, Old Subscriber, Kate and others.—You should keep your bust banded if you wish to decrease its volume. The best way to bandage the bosom is to pass a straight piece of cotton cloth—wide enough to cover the bust—under the arms and fasten with tiny safety pins down the front. Any slack that exists may be taken up on each side and pinned together in the form of a bias. As the bandages are apt to slip down if not secured by arm-pieces, the wise woman passes a strap over each shoulder and pins it front and back. The pressure must be firm and even over the whole surface, causing not the slightest feeling of discomfort.

A Comfort Reader, Anxious, In Hopes, Miss X. Y. Z. and others.—If the seeker after a downless skin will moisten hairy growth several times daily with Peroxide of Hydrogen, and will continue treatment for a number of months, the hair roots will eventually die. Peroxide of Hydrogen bleaches the hair to invisibility and causes the roots to decay. Do not dilute the Peroxide, as the kind commonly sold by druggists is not supposed to have sufficient strength to harm the skin.

Bertha, Sweet Sixteen, W. G. S. and others.—You will have a pretty white skin if you will make a friend of the bleach given below:

**Almond Meal Complexion Bleach**  
Buy a fifty cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Two of these applications every seven days for three weeks will bleach the skin beautifully and make it soft and satiny.

Dorothy R.—Since you lost formula for my Egyptian Face Lotion, I take pleasure in repeating it.

**Egyptian Face Lotion**  
Tincture of benzoin, one ounce; tincture of musk, two drams; tincture of ambergris, four drams; rectified spirits, five ounces; orange-flower water, one and three quarters pints.

It is comparatively easy to prepare this lotion. All that is necessary is to add the tinctures to the spirits and then stir in the perfume water. This lotion is not only cooling and refreshing to the skin but is extremely efficacious as a freckle and tan remover.

Miss Gladys, Too Too; Miss T. Papa's Girl, Young Wife and others.—I think the epsom salt and lemon reduction treatment would make a good bust reducer. If the epsom liquid is rubbed into the breasts gently, no harm will result. For additional information on bust reduction, I refer you to my reply to Kathryn. If you wish your face to appear narrower, I would suggest wearing your hair close at the sides of the head, pompadoured in front and the back hair arranged in a mass of fluffy rolls and puffs at the crown of the head. When brillantine is rubbed on

the hair, it has a tendency to straighten curly locks, incidentally it gives faded hair a very pretty gloss. One way to make brillantine is to mix well one dram of cologne essence, two drams of odorless Castor oil and one ounce of rectified spirit. The bottle containing this lotion must be well-shaken before the brillantine is applied to the hair.

L. B. C., San Francisco, Cal.—I have very little faith in the remedy mentioned. Any druggist will give you this formula, which, for certain reasons, it is not expedient should appear in these columns.

Miss Beulah.—If you wish to reduce your hips, I must ask you to practice the following exercise for ten minutes, twice a day. Throw arms above head, then take a long, full breath and bend the body until finger tips touch the ground. Do not bend the knees, else results will be noticeable by their absence. Your proportions are all right and I cannot see why you wish to reduce your hips, as they are not a bit too large.

News, Martha Jane, An Old Friend, Mrs. J. W. and others.—Since your skin is so unkind as to redden unbecomingly when you are out in the cold air, it wouldn't be a bad idea to massage it daily with a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

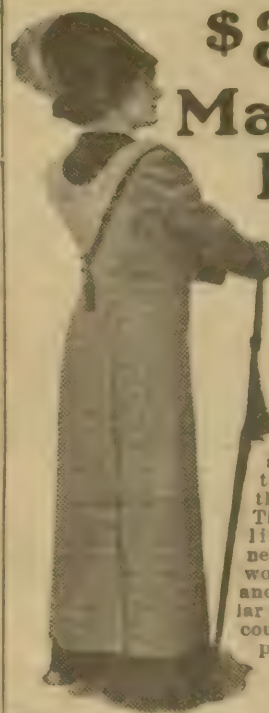
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chasing power is the serious problem in nearly every home, while fashion demands more expensive clothing all the time. There is just one solution for this problem—that is, for women to make their own clothes and thus save the larger part of the expense. The American System of Dressmaking will enable you to

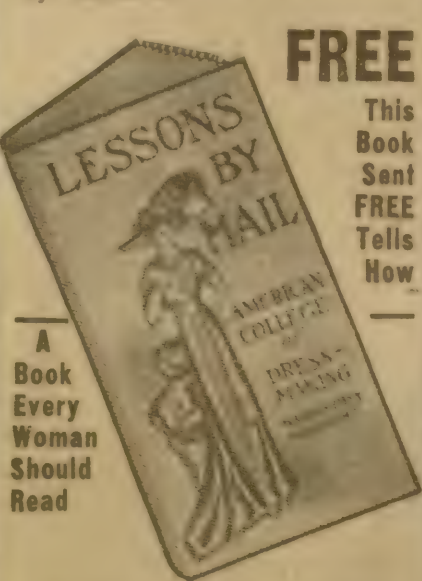
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# Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

## Cow Testing Associations

In Michigan, Wisconsin and a few other dairy states, farmers have organized "cow testing associations." Readers will be interested to know something of the plan and how it works.

The purpose of such an association is to eliminate the "boarder cow" and "robber cow." Farmers should get rid of her because she is a losing proposition. More than that her heifer calves added to their herd, are likely to resemble their mother and become new boarders. Farmers can only afford to breed from the best. There is still another reason. The weighing of feed sets us wondering if we are feeding the best feeds obtainable and especially so if we are buying part of them. A study of the feed, resulting from this work, often enables the farmer to save many times the cost of having his cows tested. The writer knows one farmer who was able to increase the yield of milk three cents per day in value while cutting down the cost of the feed two cents per day at the same time. He had a herd of twenty cows. A saving of five cents per day on a herd of twenty cows means a dollar a day!

But to get at the plan of a cow testing association. In the first place twenty or twenty-five dairy farmers (more than twenty-six) combine to form the association. It is strictly cooperative in this arrangement. Since the average dairy herd has from twenty to twenty-five cows, this group represents from three hundred to five hundred cows. Then they hire a bright young man who has studied feeding and milk-testing and he agrees to give each farmer a complete yearly record of each of his cows for a dollar a year.

The farmers board the tester and his horse if he has one. If not they furnish him conveyance to the next farm. This tester visits each farm once a month, weighs and tests the milk both night and morning and keeps a complete record of his work. He then moves on to the next farm. At the end of the month and the year, he furnishes each farmer with a complete record of each cow—what she produces during the period, what it costs to keep her and the profit or loss from her. In this way the farmer gets an experienced, trained and careful man to do this work for him at a very small cost.

## More About Boarder Cows

Do you keep boarder cows? "I don't know, I have never tried to find out. I don't know that I could if I would." Thus replies the farmer to the above question. It is the purpose of this article to outline a practical way by which the farmer, by the expenditure of a very little time, can ascertain with a certainty just what each one of his cows is producing, what it cost to feed her, and the net profit or loss from her keep.

## Weighing the Milk

In the first place the farmer must weigh the milk to find out how much the cow produces. To be absolutely accurate it should be weighed and recorded for each milking throughout the year. Many farmers consider this an impossible task. They are willing, however, to weigh both night and morning milk once or twice a month and assume that the daily production thus obtained represents the average for the month. This multiplied by the number of days in the month will give the total for that month. If the cow is increasing or decreasing in the amount of milk she gives it will be readily seen that the weight taken about the middle of the month will most nearly represent the average.

With the proper apparatus, described later, it will require about two minutes per cow to do this work each month. The actual work of weighing the milk will thus require about twenty minutes per month for a herd of ten cows. The figuring and the keeping of the necessary records may be done evenings.

If there are children in the family old enough, this part of the work may be turned over to them—in fact all of it for that matter. There is no better way to keep children on the farm than to interest them in the life and work of the farm. In the past we have paid too little attention to the intellectual side of farming and our children have come to regard it as mere drudgery. When they are led to see that this occupation calls for as great intelligence as any other, then their attitude towards farm life will be changed. The children should be encouraged to weigh the milk, figure out production and keep

## Testing the Milk

When each cow dries off, her total milk production for the year should be computed and set

down to her credit. But her butter production is measured in butter fat and this is ascertained by the use of the Babcock test.

The way to make this test will be explained in a later article. It is so simple that any bright boy or girl of twelve or fourteen years of age can do it.

Once or twice a month both night and morning milk should be carefully sampled and tested for butter fat. The average of these tests should be taken as the average for the month. The total weight of milk for the month should be multiplied by the average test to find out the butter fat for the month. The yields for all the months that the cow is in milk then added together and this will give the total production for the year.

## Calculating the Feed

The cost of the feed must also be ascertained. This is done by weighing it for a single day each month and calculating the total for the month and year in the same way that the milk yield is calculated. Feed is charged for at the local market prices and a reasonable charge is added for pasture.

## Figuring the Profits or Losses

When the total fat production for the year has been determined, this is multiplied by the average price of butter which will give the total returns which are now compared with the cost of feed. If the cow has cost as much or more than the value of her butter fat she is a boarder cow and should be quickly fattened and sent to the butcher's block.

In another article we have outlined the plan by which the farmers in Michigan, Wisconsin and other states are getting this work done at the cost of a dollar per cow per year, through the organization of cow testing associations.

Turn off your boarder cows.

## Improving Farm Crops

Please do not take it for granted that an established farm crop seed or plant can't be improved. Cut out that "can't" idea! The word "can't" should be stricken out of the vocabulary of every farmer; yes, of every man and woman in the land. The "can't" idea has made a failure of men and women and when one adds the word "won't" the explanation for tramps, loafers and laggards is had. Every crop we grow today proves that improvement is possible and it is constantly going on, in certain centers where such matters are appreciated and the necessary work accomplished. And it is as surely going on in the opposite direction, downwards toward degeneracy, in many another place, on many and many a farm where the "can't" or the "won't" farmer dwells. Just dismiss other arguments from the mind for a moment and let us assert that improvement of each and all of our farm crops seeds is yet possible and actually necessary and that hundreds of men are striving to bring this about. It is certain, too, that unless each farmer everywhere strives to improve his farm seeds by selection and timely change, in addition to adequately feeding the seed producing plants during growth, his crops will inevitably degenerate and finally they will prove profitless or mayhap return to the original type which was not a farm crop at all. The up-to-date farmer strives by every possible means to obtain, use and produce the highest possible quality of grain and this idea also underlies all of his work as a producer. Is that your plan? or are you contenting yourself in the use of the same old seeds, and sorts and qualities of farm crop products? If so kindly read the following true account of what man has managed to do with one little insignificant plant, by scientific culture and selection and breeding methods:

There grew on the sands of the seashore years and years ago a little straggling, single stemmed plant with string-like root, small green leaves and tiny yellow flowers. It was called the "Sea Colewort" (Brassica oleracea). Its existence was difficult, for it strove for life in an inclement place, wet by the brine-laden spray of the ocean, bent and shaken by every breeze and blast and poorly nourished by the shifting sands. But man found it and cared for it, petted it, gave it a warm, soft bed, fed it generously with the fat of the land and lo! how it rejoiced and waxed great, strong, healthy, hardy and useful in panel and pot. The kindness and nurturing care bestowed. The upper part of its root has been developed into the radish and the turnip; its stem and the base of the leaf stalks into the kohlrabi; its leaves and leaf stalks into the cabbage, the kale and Brussels sprout; both stem and leaves into rape, colza and colseeds, while its flower stalks have enlarged and become the succulent cauliflower and broccoli.

The surroundings given a plant, the fertility supplied, the degree of moisture and sunshine, the selection and care of the seed, largely determine what the plant shall develop; whether it shall improve or deteriorate. Depend upon it that all general circumstances make for improvement and untoward ones make for deterioration. The modern farmer strives his utmost to start with the best procurable seed, then surrounds it with the most favorable circumstances, conditions and influences. Finally he selects each year the best seed produced and when necessary, as indicated by symptoms of degeneracy, replenishes his seed stores from some "bracing" district than his own. Is this the case with your way of dealing with the matter?

## The Waste of Weeds

Weeds cause little trouble on new land. It is when the soil gets old and worn that their ravages begin to be painfully felt. But then the damage has been done. The seeds have gotten in when the soil was new and because of their vigor and persistence they have multiplied until they have finally become a serious menace to cultivated plants. Often the waste becomes so great that the field is finally abandoned to the weeds. This is especially true of the older fields in the older states. It is not confined by any means to these states, however. Practically every state in the Union has its weed problem, and the larger the acreage infected by noxious weeds the more serious does this problem become.

In Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and other north central states land sells for \$100 per acre and often much more than that. But let weeds get in, like Canada thistle, quack grass or ox-eye daisy and the value of this land is immediately cut in two. Fifty dollars an acre loss in value is a big waste due to weeds. In weed infected regions the labor required to cultivate a given piece of land is doubled. This adds another \$10 per acre, more or less, to the waste. But this is not all. The seeds are carried to

other fields and other farms and so the waste goes on.

The grain grown on these farms is unfit for seed and it must needs be very carefully and very thoroughly cleaned, or else seed grain must be purchased at the cost of additional time and money.

Weeds are unsightly and discouraging. It is difficult to get help on a weed infested farm; hence farm wages are raised thereby. A weedy farm is an unattractive place to live. The farmer's boys don't like to stay at home and they escape to the city at the earliest opportunity. Weeds cause a loss to the country of money, time and men, impossible to estimate, but much larger than we can readily imagine. What we need is a crusade against weeds. We have had a "day crusade" and everybody is now engaged in "swatting the fly." Who will start a campaign against weeds?

## Questions and Answers

Q.—I have a piece of rich black marsh soil that has been drained. It looks like good corn land but corn will not grow well on this field. It gets up two or three feet high and turns yellow. The ears are very small and not filled out. What is the matter?

A.—Drained marsh soils are usually sour and low in potash. A test would have to be made to determine if this is the matter with your field. It is quite probable that it is, however. Try wood ashes or a commercial potash fertilizer on a small plot and note the results. If the soil is sour, air slaked lime will sweeten it. Use at the rate of 1000 pounds per acre of either lime or wood ashes. Better try both on separate plots.

Q.—When is the best time to select seed corn?

A.—Seed corn should be selected in the field before husking time. Quite as much attention should be paid to the stalk as to the ear in selecting corn for seed. Where corn is harvested by machinery it is important to have all the ears at about the same distance from the ground; hence seed ears should be selected with this in mind. Again the best corn grows on stalks with heavy foliage. Remember this in selecting seed.

Q.—Which gives best results, fresh or well rotted manure?

A.—It is usually assumed that well rotted manure gives better results than manure fresh from the barn. The reason is this: In applying rotted manure you are putting several times as much on because it takes five or six loads of fresh manure to make one of rotted, and the fresh manure has to rot before it becomes available for plants. However, it is a very wasteful process to let the manure rot in the barnyard before hauling it out because so much of the soluble elements is washed out by the rains. Wherever possible manure should be hauled directly from the barn to the field.

Q.—Is clover hay as good feed as timothy hay?

A.—Yes, better, if properly cured. Timothy hay contains about 66 pounds of digestible protein per ton, and clover hay about 180 pounds. Protein is the most valuable food constituent. It is easily seen that one ton of good clover hay contains between three and four times as much protein as a ton of timothy. Wherever farmers have learned how to cure clover properly they always feed it in preference to timothy.

Q.—With corn at 60 cents per bushel can I afford to feed it to hogs and sell the hogs at \$6.00 per hundred pounds?

A.—Your question resolves itself into this one: Will ten pounds of corn make one pound of pork? That depends. With young pigs it only requires about four pounds of grain to give a pound of gain. With old hogs it may require as much as 12 or 15 pounds of grain to produce a pound of pork. Again, the longer your feed hogs, all animals for that matter, the more feed it requires to produce a pound of gain. The rule is: Feed young animals for the market and sell them as soon as they are fit and the market is right. It is usually much more economical to feed mixed feeds than to feed corn alone.

Q.—Will you kindly give us a good recipe for curing hams and bacon?

A.—Pack hams, shoulders and bacon strips in a barrel that has been previously scalded and cooled with bacon on top. Dissolve seven pounds salt, two pounds light brown sugar and two ounces saltpeter in three or four gallons of water for each hundred pounds of pork. Boil this liquor, let cool thoroughly and pour over meat in barrel. If not sufficient to cover add boiled and cooled water. At the end of three or



A GOOD SEED POTATO.

four weeks the bacon will be ready to drain and smoke with coals or hickory wood. The hams and shoulders will require from five to six weeks, depending on size. With large hams it is well to make a hole near the bone with a pointed stick an inch or so in diameter and fill this hole with a mixture of four parts of salt and one part of sugar to prevent spoiling near the bone.

Q.—What is meant by "dry farming"? H. L. R., Nebr.

A.—In certain portions of the country where the rainfall is light irrigation is not possible or practical. Here "dry farming" methods are employed. They consist of carefully storing all the rain that falls during a season in the soil and preventing evaporation so that the year's rainfall may be used to produce next year's crop. The "soil moisture" meter, in our last issue is the chief factor in "dry farming."

Q.—Are green crops that are plowed under called "soiling" crops?

A.—No, though yours is a very natural question. Where pasturage is insufficient for summer feeding purposes, green crops, like corn, clover, alfalfa, etc., are grown to be cut and fed to stock in the yard or barn during the summer time. This practice is called "soiling" and crops grown for this purpose are "soiling crops." Soiling enables farmers to feed more stock on less acres than where summer pasturage is used exclusively.

Q.—What is the best way to use Paris Green for killing potato bugs? I tried spraying but it killed the vines in spots.

A.—Yes, Paris Green will kill the vines if you get on too much. One half pound to the barrel (50 gallons) of water is ample and then you'll kill your vines if you don't keep your water stirred all the time. Paris Green will not dissolve in water and will settle out. When you get down to the bottom you'll get on too much. A better way is to mix one pound with thirty pounds of air slaked lime and dust it on. You'll get it on more evenly and the lime will show you where you have been.

## Answers to Correspondents

MECHANICAL ANALYSIS OF SOIL.—I am going to buy a farm and would like to know if there is any simple way in which I can get an idea of the composition of the soil without going to the expense of employing an expert chemist?

A.—The following plan has been proposed by Prof. F. M. Connelley for a useful rough analysis of soils: Dry a certain weight of soil and the loss—water; burn on clean iron, loss—vegetable (organic) matter; and fine gravel; put the residue into a glass vessel with pure water and shake up vigorously, or stir several times, allow sand to settle, pour off the water which holds the clay in suspension; after this last and evaporate the filtrate (sediment); the portion of sand found in the glass vessel, the clay on the filter paper, and the residue from evaporation of water, equals soluble salts.

GRADING UP ANIMALS.—In breeding up by using a pure bred bull year after year on the female offspring how many crosses have to be put on before the blood is practically pure bred?

A.—In grading the blood of a male animal as represented by 100 per cent of purity and the female started with an having 0 per cent. of such blood. The first calf then will possess 50 per cent. purity; the second 75 per cent.; third, 87.5 per cent.; fourth, 93.75 per cent.; fifth, 96.87 per cent. and sixth, 98.44 per cent. of purity. It will be seen from this that when six crosses of pure blood have been put on only 1.5 per cent. of the original blood of the dam

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remains. Five top crosses constitute practical purity of blood, for all purposes except eligibility to the head and stud books, most of which now require pure bred registered sire and dam to entitle the offspring to registry.

OLD HEDGES.—I have bought an old farm in this state and find some old hedges and stone walls that have bases from ten to sixteen feet wide. Will it be best to put them in order, for they won't stop stock, or get rid of them and put in wire fences?

A.—Root out the hedges; for they merely cumber the ground, harbor weeds and every insect and plant disease pest to which farm crops are "help" and lodge rabbits and other vermin. Besides this the hedge trimmings are a nuisance, the need of trimming a bore and loss of time and the soil fertility sapling, crop shadowing, and peril to tile drains from the new fences. Have the woven wire at least forty-eight inches in width and put a couple of strands of barbed wire above that. The modern farmer cannot afford to lose a foot of good land in unnecessary hedge or fence bases. Do not try to remedy these evils all in a day; but go at the job progressively using every hour that can be spared until the work is done.

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.—What is superphosphate of lime and can it be made from home supplies of bone and by a farmer?

A.—It is a fertilizer made by the action of sulphuric acid upon bone-earth. It is usually is best to buy such fertilizers in the market as farmers rarely care to manufacture the article. It may be made as follows: Take one ton of ground boiled bones, 850 pounds (50 gallons) of brown sulphuric acid, 50 gallons water to moisten the bones and 50 gallons of water to mix with the acid. Mix gradually in a wooden cistern (tank) and sprinkle on the acid; mix with ashes after a day or two to dry the mass. Superphosphate thus made from bones is called "dissolved bones"; the usually sold as superphosphate is more ordinarily made from mineral phosphate or "coprolite." Raw bone is not suitable for manufacture as the organic matter interferes with the action of the acid and the after usefulness of the fertilizer.

CEMENT FLOORS.—I ask you a question. In a stable would it be all right to have a cement floor? Do you think it is too hard for the horses to stand on it while they are in the barn?

A.—A cement or concrete floor is admirable in a horse stable if properly made and kept. First it is necessary to properly drain the stable site so that the floor will not be constantly wet from below and subject to freezing and heaving; next the surface of the floor should be made rough to afford horses a sure footing. A smooth finished floor is extremely slippery when wet and often the cause of accidents. The cement floor must be kept well bedded to keep it from bruising or galling the hocks, elbows and sides of the horse when he lies down. The gutter should not be made deep; nor the stall floor given any appreciable pitch backward. Depend upon litter to absorb fluids rather than upon drains to carrying them off. It is a good plan to have a movable rack of hard wood strips, set an inch or so apart, to lay upon the cement floor to afford better footing and keep the horse clean. The rack has to be removed now and then for a thorough cleansing. In the cow stable the cement stall floor always should be covered with boards at the back portion upon which the cows' udders will rest.

SANFOIN.—I saw a fodder called sanfoin mentioned in a farm paper. This is new to me and I would like to know what it is. On what soils will it grow best? What is the amount of seed to sow per acre?

A.—This is an English plant and not much used with us. The only variety cultivated is "Onobrychis sativa." "Giant sanfoin." Four bushels of the rough seed, pods, is sown per acre; or 20 pounds of the milled seed, drilled in or broadcasted. It is usually sown with barley on clean land and thrives best on calcareous (limy) soils. A bushel of seed weighs 23 pounds; it may yield 30 bushels of seed, or two tons of hay per acre. It is a perennial plant and when established produces crops of hay or fodder for many years. On clay soils it sometimes is mixed with clover and treated in precisely the same way.

A FRIEND TO THE DOSSY.

down to her credit. But her butter production is measured in butter fat and this is ascertained by the use of the Babcock test.



# Wanted, Six Million Volunteers to Fight for the People's Rights

**D**O YOU KNOW that millions of dollars are being taken from the American people each year by the express companies by their unreasonably high express rates? Do you know that every man, woman and child is a helpless victim of their oppression?

Even if you never patronize the express companies you have to pay, just the same, toward the enormous and excessive profits which they pile up into the millions each year.

It is a burdensome and oppressive tax on the industry and commerce of the nation which ultimately falls on the people.

If you know these things as they have been shown up in the papers, you will appreciate the immense importance of the present movement to establish the Parcels Post as an adequate measure of relief. But before I tell you about the Parcels Post let me explain a little more about the evil consequences of the extortionate express rates under which the country is groaning and suffering.

Perhaps you don't quite see how you are hurt by the high express rates if you never patronize the express companies; but you are injured in two ways, in one way positively, in the other way negatively, as I will show.

You buy a hat, a pair of gloves, a pair of shoes or most any other article at the store, and the chances are that the goods have come to the retail dealer by express. The storekeeper paid the express company, but, of course, he has to make the price of the goods high enough to cover cost and express charges and give himself a profit, too; so the customer pays the express.

But you may have to pay a number of express charges included in the price of a manufactured article, because express charges on stock and findings shipped to manufacturers enter into the cost of many kinds of goods.

The high express rates figure again in the price which the city folks have to pay for the butter, eggs and poultry shipped by the farmers.

One of the causes of the high cost of living is high express rates, and thus they are a positive injury to everybody.

The negative injury consists in the rates being so high and the service so limited as to be prohibitive or useless for the purposes of many lines of business which suffer for the want of a cheap and efficient general express service.

There are many country towns and villages that have no express facilities whatever, because the express companies consider them not worth bothering with.

## THE PARCELS POST

will make every post office a government express office, and every rural mail carrier a national express messenger, giving the best and cheapest local express service to the rural sections.

The present postage rate on all packages, except pictures, printed matter, seeds and plants, is one cent an ounce, sixteen cents a pound, and the weight of the package is limited to four pounds.

The rate is so high and the weight limit of the package so small that this branch of the postal service is of little value compared to what it should be.

## THE PARCELS POST BILL

which is now before Congress, proposes to make the postage rate on packages one cent for each two ounces, eight cents a pound, and to raise the weight limit of the package to eleven pounds.

This rate is to cover any distance in the United States, from one town to the next or from Maine to California, just a level rate of one cent for each two ounces regardless of distance.

This is just half the present rate, but more important still is the increase of the weight limit from four to eleven pounds. These two features combined with that of its reaching every post office and every rural delivery route raise the service to the dignity and importance of a government express, which in efficiency, convenience, and for the most part in rates, will beat the express companies to a frazzle, and still yield a fair profit for the government for doing the business.

But good as this is the best part of the Parcels Post is yet to be told.

## Country People Favored with Special Low Rates

For local service on the rural delivery routes the rates, according to our Parcels Post bill, will be as follows:

One pound package	-	-	-	1 cent
11 pound package	-	-	-	5 cents
25 pound package	-	-	-	10 cents

Just think what this would mean to the farmers on the R. F. D. routes; they could send their butter, eggs and poultry to market by the rural mail carrier that passes their doors every day, and it would only cost them five cents for an eleven pound package or ten cents for a twenty-five pound package.

The same rates apply in the other direction and would help the business of the local stores as well as the farmers. If the farmer wanted any goods of less weight than twenty-five pounds he could write to the store and have them sent to him by Parcels Post; and this would naturally result in developing an extensive mail-order business for the local stores.

Just think what a convenience; instead of driving miles to the store to buy a pound of tea

the farmer could order it by mail and have it delivered at his house by Parcels Post at a cost of one cent.

One dollar a trip is a low figure to cover the farmer's loss of time and wear and tear of his team and rig in going to market. The Parcels Post would save the farmers many trips to market, and it is estimated that the saving would average twenty-five trips a year to each of four million farmers, which, at a dollar a trip, amounts to one hundred million dollars that the Parcels Post may be relied on to save the farmers each year.

Insurance is another important feature of our proposed Parcels Post law which provides that the government shall make good to the sender for any article lost or destroyed in the mail.

Now that I have explained the principal features of the proposed Parcels Post, don't you think it would be one of the best institutions that this country could have?

The Parcels Post is no new invention; it is no experiment. It has been in successful operation in Europe for many years, and now nearly every civilized country, except the United States, has it as a part of its post-office establishment, and everywhere it has proved a great benefit to the people and a help to business.

It is a shame that we don't have the Parcels Post, and you wonder why we have not had it long ago, especially as it would

be by the people of England, France, Germany, Italy and other countries?

If you are convinced that it is a good thing, take hold and help us put it through by signing a petition to Congress to establish the Parcels Post, and get your neighbors to sign it, also.

At the foot of this page there is the heading for a petition; cut it out and paste it on a long sheet of writing paper so to have space for names on the paper below the printed heading; sign your own name and then pass it round among your neighbors for their signatures; take this copy of COMFORT along with you so you can explain to your friends what the Parcels Post is and show them its importance; you may be sure they will all be interested in this subject and want to read this article. After you have got all the names you can on your petition, write in the date and the name of your congressman at the top, and then mail it to him at the "House of Representatives," Washington, D. C.

As this is a matter in which all are interested, women as well as men are requested to sign and circulate these petitions.

There will be a strong opposition in the interest of the express companies and our only hope of success depends on the active support of the people through petitions to Congress.

## POSTAL PROGRESS LEAGUE

The Parcels Post bill which I have explained, and which our petition asks for, was introduced by Hon. William Sulzer, Member of Congress from New York, and was prepared by the Postal Progress League after years of careful study and investigation, so you may be sure that it is about right.

The Postal Progress League has done splendid work on this matter and in advocating other reforms and improvements in the postal service, and among them the extension of the Rural Free Delivery which now accommodates only about one third of the country people, but should be extended to reach all.

## THE NATIONAL GRANGE

The efforts of the Postal Progress League, which represents the business interests, are heartily endorsed and supported by the National Grange, representing the farmers, which last year adopted a resolution demanding the establishment of the Parcels Post.

These two organizations are working hard for the cause, but they can not hope to succeed unless their efforts are backed by a general uprising of the people which must be made manifest to Congress by an overwhelming deluge of petitions.

COMFORT readers ought to, and easily can, send six million names on these petitions to Congress within the next few weeks.

I hope every COMFORT reader will make good use of these petitions, and do it at once. If the people don't care enough about the Parcels Post to ask Congress for it they don't deserve it and can't expect to get it.

I also have these petitions printed on good writing paper with plenty of blank space below the heading for names of petitioners; they are much neater, requiring no cutting or pasting, and they save you the necessity of mutilating your COMFORT. Two or more will be sent on request if two cent stamp is enclosed to pay postage; address COMFORT Parcels Post Editor, Augusta, Maine.

## PETITION YOUR SENATORS ALSO

There is a further advantage in having two petitions to circulate. The U. S. Senate as well as the House of Representatives has to vote on the Parcels Post bill, and it is equally important to send petitions to the Senators as to the Representatives. The way to do this is to have one petition addressed to your Congressman and another addressed to one of your U. S. Senators, and circulate both at once and have each person sign both petitions at the same time. I will send as many printed petitions as are desired to all who enclose the necessary postage.

I shall be pleased to hear from our readers and receive personal assurance of their active support in this matter, and when you write I would like to have you also give a brief description of yourself, your family, your home and your business or occupation; such details give me a personal acquaintance with you, which I much desire.

I have some more interesting facts about the Parcels Post to tell you in February COMFORT.

The present session of Congress will have to deal with the Parcels Post question, and COMFORT will keep its readers informed of the progress that is made this winter and spring.

Thanking you all for your cordial support in the past and for your many kind letters expressing your good will, and wishing you a Happy New Year,

Sincerely your friend,  
W. H. GANNETT.

## The Parcels Post Would Save the People Over A Hundred Millions a Year

Do you know what the Parcels Post is?

It is a splendid public express and light freight service at very low rates which the government of every civilized, progressive nation, except the United States, gives its people.

The American people have been asking Congress for more than twenty years to establish it as a part of our mail service, the same as it is in other countries.

It would benefit the people more than any other one thing that Congress could do.

Why don't we have it?

Because the great, monopolistic express companies that have grown immensely rich and powerful by giving bad service and charging outrageously excessive rates fight it.

Because it would end the tyrannical power of the express companies to oppress the people.

A bill to establish the Parcels Post is now before Congress. It was introduced by Congressman Sulzer of New York, and is backed by the Postal Progress League, an organization of broad-minded, patriotic citizens.

The League has asked me to help and I have enlisted "for the war"; and it is going to be a big fight and a hard one, for the express interests have already begun their special efforts to kill this bill.

Never was there so favorable a prospect for getting the Parcels Post in spite of the express companies, and I believe that we shall get it at the present session of Congress if the people will rise up and do their part by signing and sending petitions to their congressmen.

That is why I call for six million volunteers to help us fight the big battle for the people's rights. Our Country needs your help.

I furnish the ammunition, but you have to fire the shots that will be heard in Washington and make Congress sit up and take notice.

I ask every COMFORT reader who agrees with my views as to the Parcels Post to cut out the petition printed below, sign it and mail it to his or her Congressman at once.

It is a patriotic duty as well as in the line of your own personal interest to do so.

W. H. GANNETT.

undoubtedly pay the government a good profit.

As former Postmaster General John Wannamaker said, "There are just four reasons why the American people can't have the Parcels Post, and they are the four big express companies."

Don't you think the American people ought to have the Parcels Post, and ought to have it now?

Can you see any reason why our government should not give its citizens as good Parcels Post privileges, as those enjoy-

Cut this out and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper

Date \_\_\_\_\_ 1912.

Hon. \_\_\_\_\_

U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

We believe that the national welfare requires the immediate enactment into law of the Postal Progress League Parcels Post Bill, H. R. 14, introduced by Hon. William Sulzer of New York, and providing for a general parcels service at 1 cent each two ounces, 8 cents a pound, and for a local service on the rural routes on parcels up to a pound, 1 cent; on larger parcels up to 11 pounds, 5 cents; on parcels over 11 pounds up to 25 pounds, 10 cents, with the insurance of all mail matter. We respectfully request that you will vote for this bill, and do your best to secure its immediate passage; its passage will be of immense benefit to us.

NAMES

RESIDENCES







## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

and especially with children, yet I try and may succeed.

Do you think Mrs. Wilkinson that one can be really a true Christian without belonging to a church? That is a problem that has often entered my mind, yet I have never been able to solve it.

I visit the sick a great deal and try to bring sunshine in the sick room, especially on a rainy day when the sick get so lonely.

Will some of the dear sisters and cousins write to this dear little girl who is sixteen and an invalid, confined to bed, present all the time. She will greatly appreciate letters to pass away the lonely days. Her name is Miss Lida Nabors, Uniontown, Pa.

There are a few historic spots here of some interest, among them Braddock's Grave, Fort Necessity, Dunbar's Camp, White Rocks, where Polly Williams was slain. I presume some have heard that song. Then there is the famous Dulany's Cave the end of which has never been found.

I am twenty-three years old, have been married six years and have a good husband and a dear little brown-eyed girl of five.

Will close with love to all Comfort workers, Mrs. CHAS. SMITHBURGER, Uniontown, Pa.

Mrs. Smithburger. To your question whether "one can be really a true Christian without belonging to a church," I will make answer, that it is my belief that they can, for I should be sad indeed, did I think that the great mass of people whose lives are a service of love, and examples of purity of thought, were to be barred from being called "Christian" because they have failed to affiliate with some particular denomination. Whether or not one is a member of a church is often the result of opportunity. Will it be said of the mother whose life is a manifestation of the highest type of womanhood, who is toiling and sacrificing for her family that they may come into a fuller life than she, is not a Christian because she failed to "belong to a church?"—Ed.

Dear Mrs. WILKINSON and COMFORT SISTERS: Although but a recent subscriber to COMFORT I immediately turn to the Sisters' Corner, for I am sure to find an abundance of useful hints and information. And it is in reply to a request from one of the sisters (Mrs. Amanda Kaufman), that those who try her recipe for making home-made cheese should report. I have tried it and can truly say that it is fine. We like it much better than the plain cottage cheese.

Have any of the sisters ever tried to pack butter for winter use in stone jars or small crocks and pour paraffine over the top? I think it a much better way than the old method of "salting down," as in this way one does not have to use more salt than when it is to be used immediately. Cut a piece of white cloth, the exact size of vessel inside, and put on top of butter before pouring over the hot paraffine so you can remove it much easier.

Wishing all COMFORT sisters health and prosperity, Mrs. F. DEBACKER, Baker, R. R. 2, Oregon.

Dear Mrs. WILKINSON and SISTERS: May I come in? I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and I like the paper very much, especially the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's work.

Alberta is a very good grazing country and also good for grain. Some years farmers around here get ninety-five bushels per acre, but we also get more rain than we need. The summers are warm, but the winters are very severe.

Can any of the sisters tell me what the matter is with my chickens? They get so they can't walk, but will eat and drink, and at last they die.

Wishing COMFORT good luck, and with best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, I am yours sincerely, Miss ADA STROMBERG, Yule Meadow, Ottawa.

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps.

"Girls must learn to be good cooks, good mothers and good housekeepers before they can be good husband-keepers."—Ed.

**SWEET BREAD ROLLS.**—Take enough dough for a small loaf of bread. Mix with this one half cup of lard, small teaspoon of soda, two tablespoons of sugar and one egg. Roll out and cut either square or round; spread half of each with butter and a sprinkle of the spice you like best (cinnamon is very fine), fold over, let rise and bake. Can be made without eggs with good results. FANNIE M. WOLF.

**YEAST CAKE.**—One and one half cup of sugar, two thirds cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoon of light yeast, two teaspoons of soda dissolved in one half cup of boiling water, two cups of raisins and flour to make stiff.

**BUTTER-SCOTCH PIE.**—Yolk of one egg, one cup of dark brown sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three tablespoons of flour, three tablespoons of water, butter size of a walnut and vanilla to flavor. Bake crust before filling. Make frosting with white of egg. Mrs. AETA FLOCH, Industry, Box 8, Ill.

**MINNEAPOLIS FILLING FOR LAYER CAKE.**—One cup of powdered sugar and four tablespoons of water boiled until it thickens. Add well-beaten white of one egg and one cup of chopped raisins. Use while warm. Miss BESSIE DODSON, Hennings, Ill.

**CREAM CAKE.**—Beat one egg and beat again with one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one cup of molasses, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cinnamon and a half teaspoon of cloves. Mrs. MAUD WHEATAKER, Sedgewick, Ark.

**MEXICAN DISH.**—Six green pepper pods, boiled tender and unshelled and put into a generous quantity of meat drippings and one pound of tomato. Cook until the water is all boiled out, then scramble with eight eggs. Salt to taste. Is fine with loaf bread. Mrs. P. A. REMARKS, Jena, Box 44, Ia.

**ESCALLOPED POTATOES.**—Slice potatoes and put a layer in baking dish, then a few bits of onion, salt and pepper, then a layer of cracker crumbs or bread, and so on until the dish is nearly full. Pour over this mixture enough milk to cover and place in oven. Put amount of butter on top and bake in oven. This is delicious. I often use cream instead of milk, or half of each, and then no butter is needed. Oysters can be used in the place of potatoes for a change now and then.

**POTATOES AND KRAUT.**—Fry potatoes as usual and when nicely browned add about half as much kraut as you have potatoes and cook a little longer; serve hot. Try this some day when you want a nice change.

**FRYED CABBAGE.**—Place one teaspoon of grease in frying pan and add cabbage cut up fine, salt, and pepper, but be very careful not to use much salt as it requires but little. Cook until done, being careful not to scorch. Mrs. FLORENCE HODDYSHIELD, Caldwell, R. R. 1, Idaho.

**BUTTER PICKLE.**—Three gallons of water, two quarts of salt, two cups of brown sugar and two tablespoons of salt peter boiled together three hours. When cool, strain into a large jar. Wrap butter in thin white cotton cloth in small balls or pound pieces and put butter into brine as it is made. Cover with plate or a jar cover just large enough to go inside and hold down under brine with clean rock. It is claimed that the butter will keep twelve months. Miss MARY MANOR, Abingdon Mills, Texas.

**FRUIT COOKIES.**—One cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, two cups of chopped raisins, three eggs, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one half cup of sour milk, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Mix soft and bake light brown. RUTH HENRI, E. Akron, R. R. 22, Ohio.

**FRIED PARSNIPS.**—Boil in salted water and peel. Cut lengthwise in slices a little less than half an inch thick, dredge in flour and fry in butter to a golden brown. Use only butter enough to keep pan moist and fry slowly.

**SWEET POTATOES** fried as parsnips are delicious. Another way to cook sweet potatoes is to boil and peel, and then put in fairly hot oven for about half or three quarters of an hour. They will become of a creamy consistency, and improve in flavor; also will have a delicious crust. Some cooks dip them in a sugar and water syrup before baking.

**BAKED SQUASH.**—Take whatever amount of squash necessary for dinner, and in one piece and without peeling, put into an oven about hot enough for baked potatoes and bake about one and one half hours. Very hard squash might require more time. If a whole squash is used, cut in halves, when done, scoop out of shell, put through potato masher, and add salt, pepper and butter. The advantage of baking is to retain the flavor lost in boiling or steaming, and to dry out the water. It is very sweet and delicious.—Ed.

**WHITE FRUIT CAKE.**—Two cups of granulated sugar creamed with one cup of butter, one cup of sweet

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milk, three and one half cups of sifted flour, three teaspoons of baking powder and the whites of seven eggs beaten very stiff. One pound each of seeded raisins, currants, figs, dates and blanched almonds and one quarter pound of citron put through the food chopper, sprinkle with flour and with the hands mix all together, for it becomes very stiff. Add a small wine glass of brandy. Bake very slowly about three hours. This is the finest fruit cake made. Frost with boiled icing.

**MISS MINNIE ENGELBRECHT, Cleves, Ohio.**

**VANILLA EXTRACT.**—Chip one half ounce of vanilla beans and cover with one half pint alcohol and water, equal parts of each being used. Before adding the water it must be boiled and cooled. Add a pinch of sugar. Cork tightly and shake occasionally. In a couple of weeks it's ready for use.

**CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of syrup, one half cup of grated or powdered chocolate, one eighth cup of water, and butter size of an egg. Put all together, stir constantly till it hardens instantly in water, pour into butter plate, and when nearly hard mark into squares.

Mrs. R. C. HOSKINSON, Klamath Falls, Oregon.

## Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

A tin plate placed in the bottom of kettle will prevent meat and vegetables from burning in case the kettle boils dry.

Clean men's overalls by using scrubbing brush and hot soap suds.

Wash glass ware in warm, soapy water, using soft brush and rinsing in clear water to which a little ammonia has been added. Polish with tissue paper or chamois.

Would like to hear from sisters, especially from California.

Mrs. M. D. NEFF, Cynthiana, Harrison Co., R. R. 1, Kentucky.

When baking fish, place in bottom of pan three strips of white cloth (cheese-cloth preferable), long enough to extend over sides of pan, letting one strip come

under center, and one under each end of fish. When fish is done, use strips to lift it out by and thus prevent breaking.—Ed.

When the amount of cold meat is scarce, add to edge of platter slices of nicely cooked bacon, and serve each person with both kinds. It is particularly good with cold roast beef or chicken.—Ed.

When there is sickness, it is a good idea to have small paper bags filled with coal so in case the fire needs coal while the patient is sleeping, the bags can be carefully laid in the stove without waking the patient. It is also a good idea when baby is sleeping.

Mrs. S. E. VAN COTT, 15 Prospect St., Jamaica, L. I.

## Remedies

**FOR THE BABY'S COLD.**—One teaspoon of lard and one half teaspoon of quinine mixed well together. Divide into four parts, using one part at a time, and rub on baby's chest and between its shoulders. Use twice a day. FLORENCE L. BUNTIN.

**COLDS, COUGH OR SORE THROAT.**—One pound of pure lard melted. Stir in one ounce of camphor gum and cool. Then add one ounce of ammonia and one ounce of turpentine and keep well-covered from air. Rub on chest, or wet a flannel often and wear it if a hard case.

Mrs. LOUIS T. CAPEN, Amherst, Mass.

**CONSTIPATION.**—One pound of prunes, one pound of figs peeled, two ounces each of caraway seed and senna leaves chopped all together. Add one coffee cup of warm molasses. Use as required.

Mrs. TELA STRICKLAND, Swatara, Minn.

**CONSTIPATION.**—Another good remedy made from some of the same ingredients is to have your druggist powder senna leaves and mix with an equal weight of peeled figs. Mix until it becomes an even paste. Use as required. Or one may find that a different proportion of the senna and figs will act better in their individual case.—Ed.

**FOR CALLOUS ON SOLES OF FEET.**—Put a pinch of ground ginger inside the shoes where the calloused part

touches. I have it in all my shoes, adding a little each time I put shoes on.

**FOR BURNS.**—Take a piece of common yellow soap, wet it the least bit and rub on. It will neither blister nor smart, use three or four times.

Mrs. S. E. VAN COTT, 15 Prospect St., Jamaica, L. I.

**SCARLET FEVER.**—Sulphate of zinc, one grain; fox-glove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoon of sugar dissolved with two tablespoons of water, and when all is thoroughly mixed together add four ounces of water.

Dose.—One teaspoon every hour. Don't miss a dose. For small children, reduce according to age.

**NOTE.**—I cut this remedy out of a paper years ago, and used it, when my little girls had smallpox, with great success. If physicians were compelled to use this remedy in cases of both smallpox and scarlet fever, with proper care there would be no deaths from these diseases.

Mrs. O. MORGAN, Flora, R. R. 1, Box 77, Ill.

## Requests

Mrs. J. B. Foster, Colton, Cal., song, "My Mother's Beautiful Hands, they are Neither White nor Small."

Mrs. Violet Eastman, Lakeview, Oregon, letters from Washington, California and Oregon regarding home-stead land.

Mrs. J. G. Ferguson, Chester, Mont., formula for making green bay salve.

Mrs. Leonard G. Grove, 123 West 6th St., Leadville, Colo., how to make rose jar (Potpourri).

Mrs. V. M. Iverson, 5 Haven St., Boston, Mass., letters from California sisters regarding employment and wages.

Mrs. Wm. Henry, E. Akron, R. R. 22, Ohio, quilt pattern of fruit basket with handle.

Eva Grant, Bedford, Ind., poem, "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

A. S. Stratton, Greenburg, Ind., old songs, "Leoline," and "Mother Kissed me in my Dream."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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and you receive this paper, it is because you are among the favored few to whom it is sent as a FREE SAMPLE COPY, with the Publisher's compliments, this month only, that you may see for yourself what an excellent all-round family magazine it is, and to give you an opportunity to subscribe in time to receive

## February COMFORT

the big WASHINGTON-LINCOLN and VALENTINE number with many features of special interest appropriate to the commemoration of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, and unique Valentine story, Valentine verses and instructions for making pretty Valentines, and other interesting matters described on second page of this paper. These and many other good things you will regret if you miss them by not subscribing at once.

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A Corner  
for Boys

By Uncle John

**T**HE last leaf is torn off the calendar and January is here again. Look back over the year and no doubt you will find that you made some mistakes, that you did things that you can do better now. This is the season of good resolutions. Boys are not wicked as a class but they are a little careless sometimes. There is only one resolution you need make. Here it is. "I will do my best." Repeat it every morning when you arise. Act accordingly and see what a grand place this old world is.

## About the North Pole

It has been the opinion of a great many people that the only way an explorer could really prove that he had passed the pole would be to approach it from the south then keep right on, until he had rounded the curve and changed his direction to south. The plan has always been to go so far, then turn and retrace back to the starting point. In 1890 Rear-Admiral Melville set 50 casks adrift on Behring strait. After floating for ten years one was picked up off the coast of Norway. The fact that it got through into the Atlantic proves that there is a drift flowing northeast through Arctic waters. It is almost certain that the mute navigator passed close to the pole.

## Refraction

Here is a little trick which illustrates the scientific principle known as refraction. Place the coin in an empty bowl as in Fig. 1 and look at it from the angle given in the picture. You will not be able to see the coin but let someone pour clear water into the bowl and the bottom seems to rise up and make the coin visible. The reason is that light travels faster in the air than it does in the densest medium water and when it strikes the latter the rays are bent downward by the resistance. Who are the scientific boys among my large family? Let me hear from you. I can give you some good advice if you want to learn more of nature's great secrets.

## Stilts

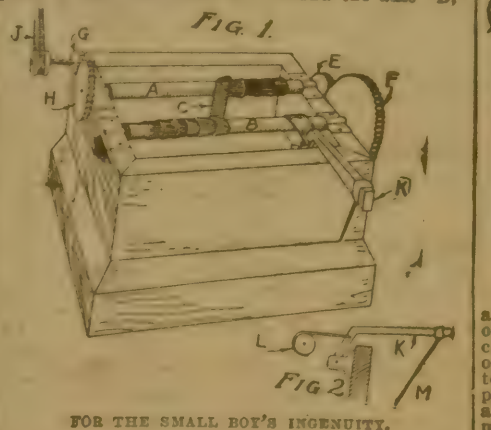
Here is a pair of stilts that look more like a pair of crutches. In walking with them you can put your weight either on the foot or the shoulder. It is great fun to have two or three line and at a given signal race with these queer stilts. For the upright pieces use broomsticks, for the crosspieces use a piece of an old wagon tongue or something of that size. It must be rounded off nicely for the armpit. The swing part is hung from two ropes that pass through holes bored in the sticks. To go along on these crutches you will need some practice but the most of the fun is in the learning.

## Sugar Trick

Get three lumps of sugar and having placed them on the table a short distance apart, put a hat over each. Tell the company you will eat the three lumps and, having done so will bring them under whatever hat they please. Swallow each lump, mixing in with the performance as much ceremony and mummery as you can, and request one of the spectators to point out the hat under which they wish you to cause the sugar to be found. When a choice has been made, make a few magic passes over the hat and then place it on your head. They will have to agree that you have kept your word.

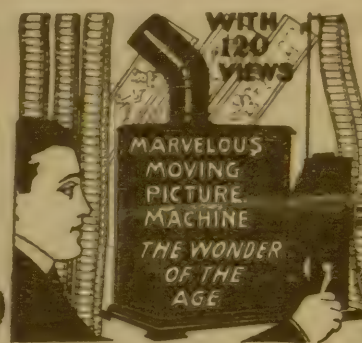
## Rubber Band Power

Here is a little engine for running toys that may be made from a small box and a couple of large rubber bands. The picture shows all parts pretty clearly and will answer any question that might arise concerning it. For axles use pieces of hard wood nicely rounded and resting on tin so they will turn easier. Oil the tin gearing occasionally. The toothed wheel may be gotten from an old clock or in a junk yard. Fig. 2 shows a clutch which prevents the machine from turning when no power is desired. "L" is a piece of bent tin which fits around the axle "B."



FOR THE SMALL BOY'S INGENUITY.

"K" is the wooden arm to which it is attached, "M" is the cord which you pull to release the clutch and permit the axle to turn. Wind the machine up by twisting the wheel "F" and then work the brake according to the speed desired.

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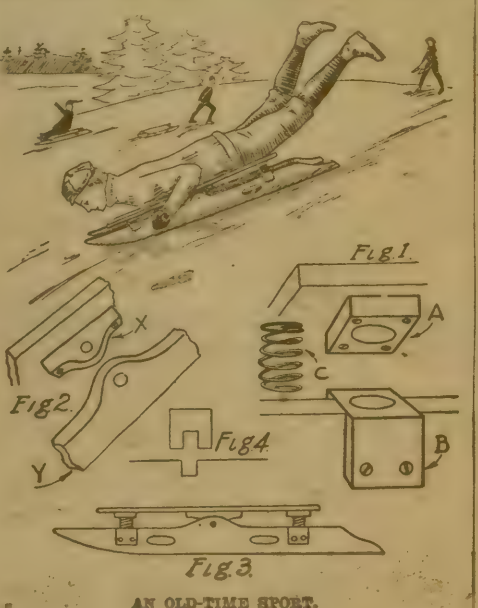
For toy windmills, fans or merry-go-round it is just the thing but for large metal toys you will need something with a more constant and stronger power.

## The Pig Puzzle

Here you see three pigs in a fenced up field which has three gates. The farmer wants to drive them out but he is particularly and wants Pig No. 1 to go out Gate No. 1, and the other two to go out the gates that are numbered the same as themselves. This in itself would not be difficult but the queer farmer wants the pigs to travel in such a way that their paths will not cross. Can you draw a line from No. 1 out through gate 1, from 2 out through gate 2, and from 3 out through the last gate without the lines crossing. Make the lines as long and crooked as you wish but do not let them cross each other. In next month's COMFORT we will show you just how it is done.

## Spring Sled

You will never fully realize the delights of coasting until you have one of those spring sleds. For a single coaster you want a long, low sled, built solid and strong. Make your runners with this advice in mind. In the center place a

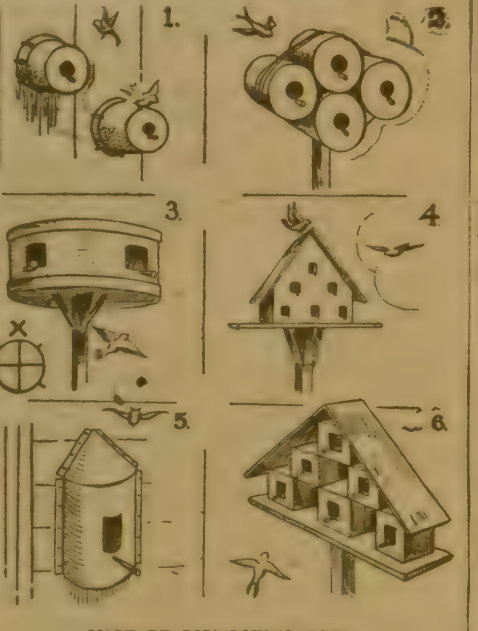


AN OLD-TIME SPORT.

pair of ricker blocks as shown in Fig. 2. At each corner of the top piece you must put a metal plate and a corresponding one on the runners to receive the coil springs. If you can't get metal plates use wooden blocks cut and fitted on as shown. I know of nothing else that the pictures do not explain. With this aid you can tackle the roughest hill in the country. It is just the thing for a boy.

## Bird Houses

The nature-loving boy will want to protect the bird during the cold weather which is now prevailing over the greater part of the country. The picture suggests a half dozen shelters that may be easily built. The first is made by laying



MADE BY BIRD-LOVING BOYS.

a flower pot against the wall and driving a ring of nails around it bending their heads so as to clinch the rim of the pot. The perch is a piece of wire. The second shows four tin cans wired together and nailed to the top of a pole. Wooden pegs nailed from the inside to the tin serve as a resting place. Number three is a cheese box. It makes a roomy bird house. The fourth is a soap box remodeled to suit its feathered tenants. Five is made of a large oil can cut in two. It is ideal for the rough weather. The last consists of small boxes erected on a post and roofed over with two boards, gable fashion. Tell me what birds are in your locality now and describe their habits.

## About the Historic Prison

The island of St. Helena where Napoleon was held a prisoner has an area of forty-seven square miles. Its population is about six thousand, but two hundred emigrants leave it annually. The whale fisheries there are the chief source of income and they are under American management. It is a lonesome and dreary place and certainly no punishment could have been more cruel to the intensely active Napoleon than to sit around and idle away his time with only the moaning of the sea for company.

## Magic Milk

Lime water is transparent and clear as common spring water but if we add air to it by blowing through a tube it becomes opalescent and as white as milk. To try the experiment put some powdered quicklime into a bottle and shake them well together now and then for a day; then allow the liquid to settle for a day and pour off the clear liquid. Fill a wine-glass with the lime-water thus made and blow into it with a glass tube or straw. In about a minute the water will look as if it has turned to milk. You can have fun at a party by telling the guests that you have a way of telling whether or not they are in love. With a shrewd guess present a glass of lime water to some and pure water to others.

## Answer to the December, 1911, Block Puzzle

Here are the names of the animals formed by the building blocks in last month's puzzle: Goat, ox, cat, hog, ape, gnu, tapir.

## January Nuts to Crack

1. Divide 48 cents among A, B, and C, so that B will have twice as much as A and C three times as much as A.
2. A boy bought an equal number of apples, oranges and lemons for 56 cents; for the apples he paid 1 cent apiece, for the oranges, 2 cents apiece and for the lemons 5 cents apiece; how many of each did he buy?
3. What is the difference between twice 22 and twice 2 and 20?

## December Answers

1. 600 pounds. 2. \$12. 3. Three sheep.
- The problems given will yield to a few hours' effort on your part and besides the amusement they afford, will prove to be the finest kind of mental exercise. Don't give up for a week at least and then if you are still puzzled write to me, inclosing stamp, and I will send correct solutions.

I expect to receive a great number of letters concerning this foregoing list of plans, and I am waiting with my pen in hand to answer them. Did you have last month's puzzle right? Doesn't the answer published here show that it was really simple? I don't believe in puzzles that are too hard, and right here is a broad hint that the new one given here is simple. A little work will prove it. Write me a letter or card anytime you feel like it. Criticism if everything is not right, if you are pleased let me know that, too.

UNCLE JOHN.

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Made from genuine Krag-Jorgensen army rifle cartridge, strong and durable, with keen blade made from selected steel.  
**Special Offer:** We will send you "The Boy's Magazine" for six months, "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money" (a very practical book) and this "Bullet" Knife, for 60c. The "Boy's Magazine," edited by Foster Camp, is the finest magazine in the world for boys. Filled with fascinating stories and instructive articles. Handsome colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. Departments devoted to Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins, Botany, or money refunded. Order today. The Scott P. Redfield Co., 334 Main St., Southport, Pa.  
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Let us send you, free, full details of a harmless way to permanently banish all signs of superfluous hair on face, arms, neck, or any other part of the body.

Let us rid you forever of the hair-blemish which makes life a burden, and your appearance on the street or in society painful and embarrassing.

Do not send any money. Just write today and say that you want free information as to how Tripose will eradicate the superfluous hair growth which makes life a burden to so many sensitive women. This treatment is a new method that is absolutely scientific and harmless to the most delicate skin. It was the discovery of one of the most famous chemists in England, formerly Professor of Chemistry at a leading university, and honored for his discoveries by the leading scientific bodies in Great Britain.

This safe and successful home method is now being introduced in this country by a Society of Chemists, after having accomplished wonders not only in Great Britain and in Continental cities, but also in the United States, one of its beneficiaries being Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, the society leader of Scranton, Pa., who is so pleased with it that she has authorized the use of her name and photograph.

This new Tripose treatment removes the growth so quickly, and so thoroughly kills the hair roots that it might be called liquid electricity, but it is not electricity, and it is not painful like electricity; neither does it resemble any of the ordinary liquids, powders or pastes which have been used in the past for temporary relief. No matter how many methods you have tried, no matter where it is, on the face, the neck, the arms or any part of the body, this new Tripose method may be relied upon to quickly remove the hair, and actually destroy the roots, leaving the skin smooth, soft and white.

If you wish to forever banish all signs of this blemish, do not delay, but send the attached coupon today for full particulars of this wonderful method, which has produced such marvelous results in removing superfluous hair and killing the hair roots. If you do not wish to cut out the coupon, just send name and address and a two-cent stamp for return postage, mentioning number of coupon, to Lady Secretary, Society of Chemists, 551 T. E. Delta St., Providence, R. I.

**FREE TRIPOSE COUPON NO. 551**  
To Destroy Superfluous Hair on Face, Neck and Arms

Send this coupon with your name and address and 2-cent stamp for information and full details that enabled Mrs. Jenkins and others to permanently destroy all trace of Superfluous Hair so that it never returned. Address Lady Secretary, Society of Chemists, 551 T. E. Delta Street, Providence, R. I.

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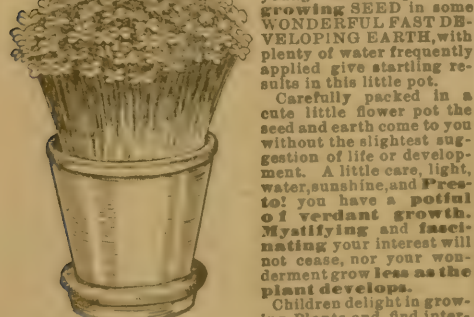
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## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

camphor cream, as this will toughen the skin slightly so it will not turn a beet color whenever a strong breeze strikes it. I am giving formula for this serviceable winter cream with explicit directions for making.

### Camphor Cold Cream

Take one half ounce each of spermaceti and white wax, and melt, add three and one quarter ounces of oil of sweet almonds, then add one quarter ounce of camphor, well-powdered, and stir until dissolved. Next you must pour in one and a half ounces of distilled water in which you have previously dissolved fifteen grains of borax. Stir mixture well with a wooden spoon until it is well creamed and has begun to thicken, when you should add four drops of oil of rose, one drop of rose geranium, one drop of oil of ylang-ylang, two drops tincture of musk, and two drops tincture of civet. Continue beating slowly until cream is cold.

Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meat. I also advise taking plenty of out-door exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

### Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces. Do not attempt to close the enlarged pores until the pimples have entirely disappeared. When that time comes, spray face three times daily with this stringent wash: Eighty grains of alum, one and a half ounces of thick almond milk and six ounces of rose-water.

The "queer kind of matter" is evidently a blackhead. Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night before retiring, with hot, soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smart the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft, soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly, else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

### Soap Jelly

Prepare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

As you have too heavy eyebrows, why not have a few of the hairs killed by means of the electric needle? This is the only sure and safe way of killing hair roots. I would not tolerate red, rough hands for a single minute, if I were in your place. You can keep them soft and white and free from "chaps" by simply massaging them with a good cream. Formula for such a one is printed below and I hope it will do as much for you as it has for others who have given it a trial.

### Healing Glycerine Cream

Oil of almonds, one half pint; white wax, five drams; spermaceti, five drams; glycerine, one and three quarters ounces; oil of bergamot, one and one half drams; oil of lemon, one and one half drams; oil of geranium, one and one half drams; oil of neroli, forty drops; oil of cinnamon, forty drops; rose-water, five ounces.

Place the white wax and spermaceti in an earthen jar and set in a pan of hot water. When thoroughly melted, add the almond oil, with continual stirring; next pour in the rose-water, in a steady stream, beating the mixture slowly as the water pours in. The sweet scented oils are added last, when the cream is just about ready to congeal.

Minnie L., N. Dakota.—Your letter was read with pleasure and would be very glad to have you ask any questions relating to beauty that may be in your mind.

A COMFORT Reader.—Please refer to my reply to Mrs. H. Ark. It is a simple matter to make up a supply of this perfume, which is applied directly to the face or used in the face water.

Kiddo.—Girls of sixteen are very apt to have pimply skins. I am sorry to say. I give directions for treating pimples and blackheads in my reply to Neva in these columns. I would not advise the use of a complexion brush until the pimples have disappeared. The Egyptian Face Lotion is not what you need. You ask how long it would be before you could expect to obtain results from the treatments given you. I cannot answer positively, but imagine that the pimples would disappear in three or four months and the blackheads in two months. Of course you understand that the blackhead treatment could not be taken until your skin is free from eruptions.

Miss M. F.—I am sorry but I cannot help you.

Francis R.—The oatmeal is the common oatmeal sold by the general stores. Treatments for blackheads and pimples will be found in my reply to Neva and the formula for the Egyptian Face lotion was given in my answer to Dorothy R.

Erma, Mortified Nell, Mrs. John, A. Constant Reader and others.—Your hair is in need of oil. I suggest massaging scalp with the following oil: Castor oil, one ounce; olive oil, one ounce; lavender, thirty drops. In character that it really goes to the roots where it is needed.

### Hair Ointment

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

I think you will like my sulphur treatment for dandruff, as it generally gives good satisfaction.

### Sulphur Dandruff Treatment

The sulphur dandruff remedy is simplicity itself. Take one heaping tablespoonful of sulphur, then pour over it one quart of boiling water. Keep in an air-tight vessel for twenty-four hours, then drain off the clear portion. Rub into the scalp every night until the dandruff disappears. While treating the scalp for dandruff it is advisable that you be careful what you use for a shampoo. The following liquid is excellent for this purpose, leaving the scalp beautifully clean and the hair fluffy as heart could wish.

### Egg Dandruff Shampoo

Yolk of one egg, one pint of hot rainwater, one ounce of rosemary spirits. Dry hair should not be washed oftener than once a month, but oily hair needs a shampoo every ten days or two weeks.

Another Katherine.—It is not expedient for me to give particulars of the treatments you mention. I am sorry. No rosewater is not at all expensive. Since you are losing your hair, why not take the treatment spoken of in the first part of my reply to Erma's Results will be all you could wish. In case your hair is oily, instead of dry like Erma's, substitute the following tonic for the ointment.

### Tonic for Thin, Shiny and Oily Hair

Witchhazel, two ounces; alcohol, two ounces; distilled water, one ounce; resorcin, forty grains. Shake this lotion well before applying to the scalp.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

knowledge of your wicked plot upon her, and caused her to become an unwilling accomplice. "But I should have told, Ruby," interposed Mrs. Gordon, turning, with streaming eyes, to her young sister. "I made up my mind yesterday, after becoming assured of this man's treachery against me, that I would confess the whole plot, and suffer the consequences." "Really, this sudden outburst of honor is refreshing," sneered Edmund Carpenter, eying her vengeance. "But," turning again to Ruby, while a gleam of curiosity lighted up his face, "how did you manage to get out of your cage at this opportune moment, my pretty one?"



## 32 Valentine Cards 10c AND SEALS 10c

SOME GOLD, SOME SILVER EMBOSSED

For only ten cents we will send you postpaid this entire BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION of post cards and seals, only twenty of which are shown in our illustration—the other 12 are just as beautiful. Every card is printed in MANY RICH COLORS and the designs include almost every subject suitable for Valentine Day. CHUBBY LITTLE CUPIDS, beautiful children and ladies carrying little red hearts, Love Scenes and MOTTO CARDS. Absolutely the best collection of cards ever offered at anything like our price. We guarantee you will be satisfied or return your money. LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS around this ad, remember that EVERY ONE is printed in many colors and that you get THIRTY-TWO OF THEM—then send us 10c and get them by return mail. SCHOOLS, CHURCHES AND LODGES should write for our Valentine Post Office Plans—an easy way to make money and HAVE LOTS OF FUN. BIG ILLUSTRATED CATALOG sent FREE. Address

ELLIS LIT COMPANY, Dept. 805, 538 Lawndale Ave., CHICAGO

Ruby drew herself haughtily erect, flushing an angry crimson at his familiar manner of addressing her, and deigning him no word of reply.

"Mr. Carpenter," interrupted Mr. Conant, in a severe tone, "I will trouble you for that bill, numbered 805, which you have in your possession."

"Are you not assuming a good deal, sir, in your request?" retorted the young man, in a mocking tone.

"No, he is not," said Ruby. "Remember that I heard all that conversation. You told my sister you 'did not have time to conceal it about Mr. Richardson's clothing and do it neatly,' and you returned the bill to her. She objected to having it in her possession, and you told her to 'send it to you by mail,' and you sold her a check for the amount. I know that the exchange was made the next morning."

"The bill, if you please, Mr. Carpenter," reiterated Mr. Conant. "There is no need to discuss the question. We know that you have it, and it is reasonable to suppose that you would not—at present at least—trust it away from your person."

"What do you take me for?" cried the enraged young man. "Do you imagine that I am going to stand patiently here and be bullied like this?"

"You will do as you are requested, peacefully; for we are bound to prove that that bank-note is in your possession—or else you will produce it under arrest, which, as you doubtless understand, will make matters rather awkward for you." Mr. Conant responded, with perfect self-possession.

An expression of wrath, fearful to behold, swept over Edmund Carpenter's face. He turned toward the door.

"It will be useless for you to attempt to leave this room until you have complied with all the terms which we propose to you," Mr. Conant continued, "for you will find an officer outside only waiting for the word to take you into custody."

A bitter oath burst from the baffled man's lips as he heard this, and a gleam of anxiety sprang into his eye. But he was not easily conquered. He threw up his head proudly; then, folding his arms across his chest, stood in sullen, defiant silence, his attitude expressing, more strongly than words could have done, his determination not to yield one inch of ground to the enemy.

Mr. Conant gave him one look, then himself stepped forward and opened the door. He would not parley with the man.

"Officer," he said, "I am afraid it will be necessary for you to do your duty."

The officer stepped into the room, and, addressing Mr. Carpenter, said:

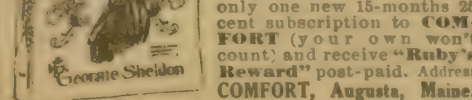
"It will be my duty to arrest you unless you comply with this gentleman's demands."

"Upon what charge?"

The officer took from his breast pocket a paper, and, unfolding it, read:

"First, for tampering with the last will and testament of Ralph Carpenter; second, theft; third, abduction. Rather grave charges, those, Mr. Carpenter."

TO BE CONTINUED.



## This Great Book Free

If you would at once read full and complete story, "Ruby's Reward" we are prepared to supply it in book form in a splendid edition in colored paper binding. This offer enables you to read the entire story without waiting for the monthly installments to appear, besides furnishing another book for your library or reading table. Send only one new 15-months 25 cent subscription to COMFORT (your own word count) and receive "Ruby's Reward" post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTED LIBRARY SOLD.—William Beer, librarian of the Howard Library, New Orleans, announces that he has sold his famous library, Americana, in New York for \$250,000. The collection consists of 5,000 or more items, including manuscripts, maps and prints. The sale was made through Jas. Plunkett of Chicago, who held an option, to a New Yorker, whose name was not disclosed. Mr. Beer has been librarian of this library for twenty years.

## ALL THE NEW SONGS 10c

Oh Ten Kid  
Baby Doll  
My Honey Boy  
Dreaming  
Kajano  
Ranch House  
Red Wing  
Honey Boy  
School Days  
Joe Mc  
Cheyenne  
Smarty  
San Antonio  
Darius  
Maudie  
Arre Wana  
Are You Sincere  
Cubanella's Little  
Hawaiian Song  
I Remember Her  
Tutu-Tutu-Tutu  
Sweetest Little Days  
Somebody  
When I Marry You  
I Wish I Had a Girl  
Be Sweet to Me Kid  
Swinging Through the Moon  
Bird on Nellie's Hat  
Games of Childhood Days  
Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares  
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With several pieces Piano Music, all big hits, the best collection ever published. You'll be more than pleased. 8 Song Books for 10 cents. Tell all your friends and order today. SAMUEL COOPER & CO., Dept. 23, Horton, N. Y.



## LOVELY PICTURE FREE

Your choice of a beautiful color picture sent free when 2 cent stamp is sent for postage. Home Sweet Home, God Bless Our Home, What is Home Without a Mother. Size 12x16 and printed in beautiful colors. A. PORTER, 107 Clinton St., Chicago, Dept. 777.

## A MONEY PROPOSITION.

Do you want to own a mail order business—be independent—your own boss? Would you manage an Agency for me in your vicinity without expense to you? All printed matter furnished for one half the profits. Write for particulars. HAZEN A. HORTON, Dept. 8, Tekonsha, Mich.

## White Valley Gem Book FREE

Send for it. See gems before paying a cent. Unlike the real diamond that experts can scarcely tell difference. Stands diamond tests. White Valley Gem Co., 752 Bank Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

## BIG BARGAIN!

25 EXTRA FINE POST CARDS 10c  
Silk Rose, Valentine, Washington, Lincoln, Greetings, etc. Catalog free. GROSS CO., 2147 Arthur Avenue, New York.

## 98 Cards for 10c

Embossed, etc. Sent postpaid for 10c. stamps or coin. HOPKINS' NOV. CO. Sept. 9, Belleville, Ill.

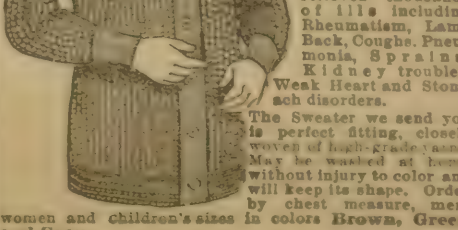
## \$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. EMERY, JR., CHICAGO, ILL.

## Sweaters Free

We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater, for men, women or children, to anyone selling only six of our 25-cent Orien Porous Plasters. We send the six Orien Porous Plasters to your address without money from you. After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Orien Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of ills including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Green and Gray.

Say you want to sell the six Orien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.



Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.







## This Wife and Mother Will tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her  
And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 205 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a drunkard. His case seemed a hopeless one, but to years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to know about this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

## \$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Kidneys.

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles,  
Backache, Straining,  
Swelling, Etc.

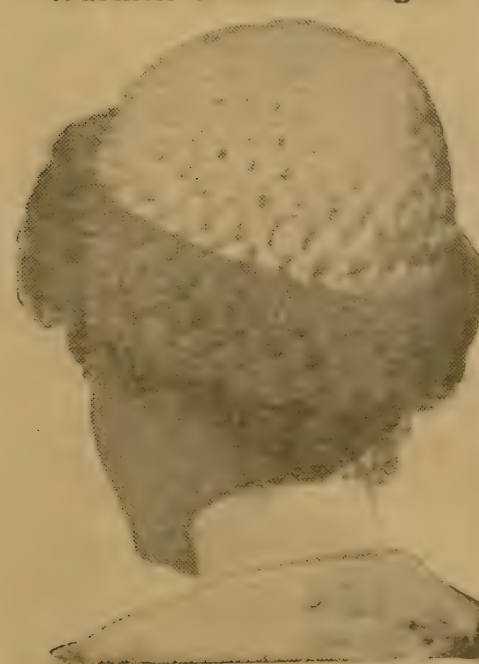
Stops Pain in the Bladder,  
Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency.

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-1143 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

## CROCHETED CAP Warmth Without Weight



LADIES' and MISSES' WARM WOOL CAP  
For Every Outdoor Wear.

Riding, walking, skating, for school, play and every genuine use a most suitable winter cap. Crocheted from coarse-wool down wool, they are large, thick, but warm without weight. Made in one style with deep red trim, usually in contrasting color, they are the most satisfactory head-wear of the kind yet devised and thousands are wearing them. Many pleasing color combinations are made, but plain colors prevail in adult sizes, all white, white and gray, or tan, or tan with blue are popular, while the smaller sizes are made in contrasting colors too numerous to mention. We strive to furnish the most popular colors and will use our judgment in filling orders unless you express a preference.

**CLUB OFFERS:** An adult cap (full size), as illustrated, made of genuine elder-down wool sent for a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each. A Misses' Cap of same materials for only four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each. State size and color preferred. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

her. Lulu Thornburg, of Patterson, Mo., has been helpless for twenty-three long years. Her parents are dead. She will be grateful for any help you care to send her. Please do not send her any postal cards. Postal cards when one is hungry are about as acceptable as a stone that is painted to look like bread. We know Miss Thornburg to be worthy, and feel sure you will not forget her. Eugene Barts, Fitch, R. I., Mr. C. This poor soul has been a helpless invalid for eight years. Her body is tied in knots by rheumatism. She is a great sufferer, and suffers not only from pain but from financial worry. Won't some of you help bear her cross of suffering and bear some of her heavy burdens. H. C. Walker, Cimmaroon, Colo. Mr. Walker was once a school master but that dread disease consumption, of which he is now incurably ill, drove him to the dry air of Colorado for relief. He is unable to work. Has a wife and family, the heroic wife has been doing her best to raise garden truck and do other work to support the family. This is a sad case, and we ought to do our best to send relief to this poor, stricken soul. The finest of references in his behalf, Dortha Grigg, Winfield, Ala. Dortha is twenty-six, a poor, little, crippled and lives with her aged parents who are unable to work. She is greatly in need of winter clothing and the necessities of life. If you send her any clothing, send it express prepaid, and please don't send rags. Lots of people spend a dollar to express five cents' worth of rags to invalids. Far better send the invalid the money that is wasted on express charges. Remember we want to help the poor and needy, and not the rich and arrogant express companies. Polk Thornton, Augusta, Ill. A rock fell on this poor fellow's back while he was working in a coal mine. He has been helpless for three years. He has a wife and two small children. He needs good bed clothing and money for alcohol to prevent bed sores, and money for food, fuel and treatment. Bed sores quickly kill unless the body is well-rubbed with alcohol, and then rubbed with talcum powder or stearate of zinc. Bed sores if not properly attended to become gangrenous. The flesh dies, putrefaction sets in, and death quickly ensues. This poor fellow is highly recommended and I hope you will do your very best for him. Remember if it were not for the brave fellows who face death daily in wretched coal mines, most of us would freeze to death. Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, Va. This poor girl is a great sufferer and is constantly in need of medical treatment. She is very needy and very worthy, and has been highly recommended. See what you can do to bring some sunshine into this poor girl's life. Send money to pay the doctor and buy medicine. Mrs. Katherine Fraisure, Lulu, Fla. Mrs. Fraisure is sixty years of age, and has been a helpless shut-in for a long time. Here is a case that should appeal to all. She is poor and needy, and we ought to do the very best we can to make life less of a burden for her. Edith Bachelder, 97 N. Broadway, Haverhill, Mass. Bedridden and helpless with a chronic disease. Is unable to walk or care for herself. Is thirty-three years old, and has been an invalid for three years. Miss Bachelder has no helper but a working sister in poor health who can earn only the barest necessities of life. She needs medical aid and treatment, is highly recommended.

**Uncle Charlie's Poems are Making All the U. S. Laugh, Shriek and Laugh!**

At every concert, festival and entertainment, it is Uncle Charlie's Poems that are being recited. Audiences scream with delight when they hear them. They beat the Dutch and will make a sick clothes pin laugh. Start the year right, by getting up a club of four fifteen month subs to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and secure this gorgeous, lilac bound, 160 page volume of riotous fun, the best bedside companion in the world. Contains splendid pictures of the author and a thrilling story of his life, all free for an hour's easy work. Start your clubbing today.

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It contains twenty-eight of the dearest, loveliest, dandiest songs ever written. Love, novelty, coon, religious, comic songs and story ballads follow one another in endless profusion. Full music for voice and piano. A magnificent cover with superb pictures of Uncle Charlie. Yours free of cost for fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Poems and song book free for a club of six. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. These count toward our cash premium prizes. Work for them today! Now!

## How the Days Got Their Names

The names of the days are derived from Saxon idolatry. Of the many gods, or deities, the Saxons had, seven were more particularly adored than the rest, namely: the Sun, the Moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Friga and Saeter. The first day was dedicated to the Sun and was called by them, Sunandaeg, his idol representing the bust of a man, whose face darted bright rays. In the hands was a wheel, supposed to indicate the circuit of the golden orb around our sphere. Monday was dedicated to the moon, and was represented by a female on a pedestal. The figure was draped with a very singular dress and had two long ears. Tuesday was in honor of Tuisco, a German hero, a very old man with a long beard. Wednesday was consecrated to Woden or Oden, a supreme god of the northern nations, father of the gods and god of war. Idols to his worship were made to look like fierce warriors. Thursday was the day of Thor, the eldest son of Woden. He was believed to govern the air and to preside over the rain, seasons, lightning and thunder. He was always shown sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold adorned with twelve glittering stars. Friday was sacred to Friga, the mother of the gods and wife of Woden. She was the goddess of love and pleasure, portrayed as a female of great beauty with a naked sword in one hand and a bow in the other. This implied that women should fight as well as men. Saturday was from Saeter which is the same as the Roman Saturnus. He was shown as an old man standing on the back of a prickly fish. In one hand he had a pail of water, in the other a wheel. The wheel betokened unity and freedom, the pail of water was proof that he could water the earth and make things grow.

**Helpless Shut-ins in Need of Cheery Letters**  
Miss Arrie Bailey (24), Lattimore, N. C. Rebecca Thomas, Tuckertown, N. C., would like stamps, writing material and silk or velvet pieces. L. W. Prettyman (21), 709 W. 8th St., Wilmington, Del. Letters and cards.

"Grateful," your letter received. Many thanks. I hope all the members of the C. L. O. C. and those of our readers who are interested in our efforts to aid the needy and suffering poor, will do what they can for those listed above. All are worthy objects of charity; none of them are beggars; these sad cases have been reported to me. I have investigated, and each is confirmed by the testimonial of the local postmaster or physician. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

## Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those who make years of membership with your name endorsed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

## How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents. Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it

## CATARRH

I have a remedy that cures Catarrh and Asthma. I will send a liberal trial free to prove it. When writing please mention disease. Send for free trial today.  
T. Gorham, 1687 Gorham Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

## MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 322-21 E. Van Buren St. Chicago

## Reproduction from Solid Gold

Genuine Garnet or Opal Setting  
Here is an artistic Lady's Ring, simple, dignified and very attractive. Solid Gold Ring of this very pattern have been sold and worn in great quantities of late. We could not resist having this ring gotten out for us in a fine quality rolled gold plate, so that we are enabled to send with each Ring a printed guarantee, thus you have our assurance that we send a ring we positively stand behind, something we are proud of. We give you a choice of either Genuine Garnet or Opal setting and from the illustration you get a splendid idea of the half round gold wire setting with the stone setting mounted in the center. This is the first time the Ring has been offered in the magazines and we expect a very large demand. Let us have your orders early either for Christmas or for presentation purposes.

**Club Offer** Send only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one of these Rings; give finger measurement and select stone preferred. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Consists of one covered cups, two baking bowls, from high grade porcelain, white, cream, blue, or pink. Fire, casserole or baking and roasting covered dish, inches across, the other six and a half, while the idea for good cooking, delicious food and full because the ware is so well made, so well glazed and even baked it will not chip, nor easily break and is absolutely sanitary. Each set in a substantial box, well packed and expressed from the manufacturers on this liberal.

**Club Offer:** Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one of these Baking Sets, as shown, to be expressed, safe delivery guaranteed. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

In with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise. All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

## Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

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It contains twenty-eight of the dearest, loveliest, dandiest songs ever written. Love, novelty, coon, religious, comic songs and story ballads follow one another in endless profusion. Full music for voice and piano. A magnificent cover with superb pictures of Uncle Charlie. Yours free of cost for fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Poems and song book free for a club of six. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. These count toward our cash premium prizes. Work for them today! Now!

## How the Days Got Their Names

The names of the days are derived from Saxon idolatry. Of the many gods, or deities, the Saxons had, seven were more particularly adored than the rest, namely: the Sun, the Moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Friga and Saeter. The first day was dedicated to the Sun and was called by them, Sunandaeg, his idol representing the bust of a man, whose face darted bright rays. In the hands was a wheel, supposed to indicate the circuit of the golden orb around our sphere. Monday was dedicated to the moon, and was represented by a female on a pedestal. The figure was draped with a very singular dress and had two long ears. Tuesday was in honor of Tuisco, a German hero, a very old man with a long beard. Wednesday was consecrated to Woden or Oden, a supreme god of the northern nations, father of the gods and god of war. Idols to his worship were made to look like fierce warriors. Thursday was the day of Thor, the eldest son of Woden. He was believed to govern the air and to preside over the rain, seasons, lightning and thunder. He was always shown sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold adorned with twelve glittering stars. Friday was sacred to Friga, the mother of the gods and wife of Woden. She was the goddess of love and pleasure, portrayed as a female of great beauty with a naked sword in one hand and a bow in the other. This implied that women should fight as well as men. Saturday was from Saeter which is the same as the Roman Saturnus. He was shown as an old man standing on the back of a prickly fish. In one hand he had a pail of water, in the other a wheel. The wheel betokened unity and freedom, the pail of water was proof that he could water the earth and make things grow.

## CANCER

Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

**LADIES** make supporters, \$12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. A350, Chicago.

## SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers  
From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), displacement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain, plain English.

**TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS:** I will send you a Simple Home Treatment which speedsily and effectively cures Leucorrhea in young ladies. It costs only one cent and does not hurt or interfere with your work. It cures all, young or old. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

## FIREPROOF

Consists of one covered cups, two baking bowls, from high grade porcelain, white, cream, blue, or pink. Fire, casserole or baking and roasting covered dish, inches across, the other six and a half, while the idea for good cooking, delicious food and full because the ware is so well made, so well glazed and even baked it will not chip, nor easily break and is absolutely sanitary. Each set in a substantial box, well packed and expressed from the manufacturers on this liberal.

**Club Offer:** Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one of these Baking Sets, as shown, to be expressed, safe delivery guaranteed. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Consists of one covered cups, two baking bowls, from high grade porcelain, white, cream, blue, or pink. Fire, casserole or baking and roasting covered dish, inches across, the other six and a half, while the idea for good cooking, delicious food and full because the ware is so well made, so well glazed and even baked it will not chip, nor easily break and is absolutely sanitary. Each set in a substantial box, well packed and expressed from the manufacturers on this liberal.

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## NOX-EM

Lady Agents 200%. Sample 10c. and stamp. NOX-EM CO., Springfield, Ohio.

**12 LOVELY POSTALS:** Perfumed SILK FLORAL YOUR NAME IN VELVET; Valentine, &c. 10c. Postal Art Co., West Haven, Conn.

**10 PERFUMED POSTCARDS:** your name in gold. C. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill. 10c

**\$2.00 A DAY** earned at home writing; send stamp. Address Art College, LAPORE, IND.

**BEEF HIDES** etc. TOP MARKET ALWAYS FUR G. Copeland Co's., Louisville, D.

**200 Popular Songs,** many with music 4c. A. KRAUS, 501 KRAUS Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Boys and Girls** Earn fine premiums easily. Send at once for Outfit Fred W. Thompson, 2280 East 16th Street, KANSAS CITY, MO.

**MONEY \$ \$** FOR WISE MEN. \$ \$ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

**EARN \$8** ADVERTISING OUR WORTHY FLUID in your town with 100 samples. SEND NO STAMPS. Write to A. W. SCOTT, CORVET, N. Y.

**24 HOT AIR CARDS** "lots of fun" 10 cents. Sun Book Co., Dept. 76, Harrison, Mich.

**MONEY** Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

**TAPE-WORM EXPELLED** WITH SEED. FREE BOOKLET. STELLER FIELD & CO., INC., 125 S. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

**Our New Census Business Guide** Fastest selling book on earth. Agents making \$10 daily. Write for free outfit. NICHOLS & CO., Dept. C., Naperville, Ill.

**12 YOUR NAME IN GOLD 10c** or lovely greetings on 12 Fine Post Cards. GROSS CO., 1147 Arthur Avenue, New York.

**\$80** in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

**\$8.00** PER HUNDRED for collecting names and addresses. Steady work; stamp for particulars. Hirsly, Unkefer & Co., Dept. 5, Ladlesburg, Md.

**\$15 CASH PAID** per 1000 for cancelled postage stamps. Send 10 cts. for price list paid. Acme S. House, 1721 Cold Spring Ave., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**LADIES Make Shields at Home.** \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**Asthma** REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 874 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

**TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN.** Good Pay, Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. MONTMONT TOBACCO CO., Box Q20, Danville, Va.

**Ladies to Sew** at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money, steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

**MOTHERS** Don't let the children suffer day and night from Kidney and Bladder weakness when our guaranteed Cure, UNI-STOP, gives prompt relief. Trial pkg. FREE. Give age, F. BOETTGER CHEMICAL CO., Peoria, Ill.

**GREEN MOUNTAIN SALVE** The kind your grandfather used. Nothing better for cuts, burns Etc. Small size 10c., large size 25c. Send Stamps. J. O. Turney & Son, 244 W. 29th St., N. Y. City.

## FITS

**BRIGHT REMEDY IS FOUND AT LAST.**  
Let Us Prove It.  
\$2.50 WORTH FREE

If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you \$2.50 worth of our wonderful new treatment free as a test. Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and if you have sought in vain for a cure of your affliction, we will give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich., 70 Madison Street.

**TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS:** I will send you a Simple Home Treatment which speedsily and effectively cures Leucorrhea in young ladies. It costs only one cent and does not hurt or interfere with your work. It cures all, young or old. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

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# I WAS A Heavy Drinker

## Consumed Quart of Whisky Every 24 Hours.



### VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave." I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a devotee of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily. Often some third drinks and beer too. I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became a burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyous message for drinkers and

### Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true remedy. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored, I became a man, a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I specifically and naturally lost all desire to drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee, beer and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased. I owe my recovery to the fact that I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

### WONDERFUL

It was done in 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous, for I have a reliable, guaranteed set of Remedies adapted for sending to any home, anywhere. My Remedies have saved thousands of drinkers; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. I will send you testimonials by the hundreds, every one of which you can verify. Many were saved from the drunk habit because they desired to get rid of it forever and others who did not have any will-power left, were rescued from their stupor by loving wives, mothers, or friends. The after effect of taking my Remedies gives energy through out the entire body; the mind, memory and will-power are completely strengthened.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to save the drunkard. I resolve in every victory; each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My Remedies are for either steady or periodical drinkers. These of it a complete and delightful overcoming of drink habit between Friday night and Monday night or any other 24 hours.

FOR MEN OR WOMEN, ANY AGE. To relatives, friends, or employers I say—if you want to save a drinker in the quickest time and completely, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—changes despair to joy.

### ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery, and gives valuable information. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments or remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Keep this adv. if you cannot write to-day. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., H359, New York, N. Y.

# GOITRE TRIAL TREATMENT FREE



Suffer no longer. Write me at once and be relieved. To prove that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a very liberal Trial Treatment FREE and without any obligation. It will quickly relieve choking and other dangerous symptoms. My treatment will also begin to reduce the size of Goitre, thus proving that my method will permanently cure at home without knife, pain or inconvenience.

Don't be discouraged by failure of other doctors. My treatment cures because I make a specialty of Goitre and understand the disease. I have cured patients throughout the country.

Here is what one grateful woman says: "I used the medicine you sent me and my Goitre has entirely disappeared. I believe the simple treatment entirely cured me and I will recommend your wonderful treatment. I intended to write you before but wanted to be sure that my cure was permanent, which I think it is." Mrs. Daisy E. Smith, Thompsonville, Ill.

Don't delay—write today for my FREE home treatment. You risk nothing. I prove that your Goitre can be cured. Don't suffer. Write me now.

Dr. W. T. BOBO, Goitre Specialist 615 Minty Block Battle Creek, Mich.

LOVE LETTERS LEARN HOW to write them. How to put your real feelings into words. Prize love letter contest. Enclose stamp for postage. NATIONAL CULTURE BUREAU, 124 Ransom Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

How to Jolly Girls man what every young woman wants to know. My "Book of Toasts" is the best girl jollier. 10 cts. 3 for 25 cts. AUNE J. HOUSE, 1793 Cold Spring Ave., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Wanted—a man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. \$50 to \$300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATION, 744 Association Building, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

## Peter's Piano Lesson

By Jac Lowell

Copyright, 1911, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

"I DON'T want no old pianer lesson to-day!" whined Peter, as his mother pushed him into the parlor. "Don't want to take your lesson?" asked Mr. Ainsley. "Why not?" "Oh, there's an old ball game down in Hickman's field," exclaimed Mrs. Grayson, "an' he's ben teasin' all the mornin' to git off! But I won't give in! I don't git a music teacher way from town, an' pay him a dollar, fer nothin'! So jest settle right down, Peter, an' do your lesson! If I hear any complainin' I'll be in here post haste! Remember!"

She shook a threatening fist at the disheartened boy, and bustled back to the kitchen.

Peter reluctantly slid onto the stool, and prepared to use the stubby fingers which were itching to seize a bat. For a few minutes he obeyed Mr. Ainsley, and thumped away at the discouraging exercise. Then he took his hands from the keyboard and looked up at his teacher with a sly little smile.

"Rosie's up-stairs!" he whispered. Mr. Ainsley smiled. "Well, go on with the lesson please."

"She's kind of blue!" added Peter. "Is that so?" said Mr. Ainsley, trying to hide his solicitude. "Not ill, I hope."

"Jest love-sick!" giggled Peter. "And, say, it's on you, really! I know, 'cause I found some papers where she'd ben writin', 'Mrs. Edmund Ainsley,' over an' over! Ain't sorry she's got it so bad, are yer?"

Mr. Ainsley smiled broadly, and blushed a bit. Peter had evidently revealed the real facts of the case. Perhaps it would be well to make him a confederate. It was worth trying, anyway. So under cover of an air which he drummed out on the upper keys, Mr. Ainsley unfolded a plan which caused Peter to thrill with suppressed joy.

"Will you do it?" questioned the teacher, when the plan was explained.

"Bet yer life! Jest play along, an' fool Ma while I'm gone."

He tiptoed to the stairs and crept up. Soon he was back again.

"It's all right," he whispered. "She says she'll be delighted! Now play loud as Old Nick, while I open the door!"

Mr. Ainsley struck into a brilliant waltz, and before he had played a dozen bars, Peter had unfastened the screen door, scampered down the front path, and headed for the ball field.

"What if the rascal has fooled me?" thought Ainsley.

But there was no time for worry. A girlish step sounded on the stairs.

"Seems ter me Mr. Ainsley's keepin' Peter on that one exercise long enough!" muttered Mrs. Grayson, some twenty minutes later. "I ain't no kicker, but I don't propose fer Peter to fiddle 'leven lessons! I want him to set down an' rattle off 'The Maiden's Prayer,' an' sech-like! Guess I'll run in an' explain how I feel about it."

She slipped her hands on her apron, and started toward the parlor. But Peter seemed to be drumming away so patiently that she deferred her interruption, and sat down in the rocker by the window. She could see her husband at work in the meadow, and she began to reckon up the profits of the hay crop. Her reckoning was disturbed by the continuation of that tiresome finger exercise.

"My! but that does rasp on one's nerves!" thought Mrs. Grayson. "I'll jest have ter interrupt!"

She hastened toward the parlor, but stopped short. The portieres were drawn. What could that mean? She tiptoed near and peeped in. Peter was not there. In his place sat Rose, and at her side stood Ainsley, gazing at her with admiring eyes.

They were chatting in joy-filled whispers, and the pink of the girl's cheeks had deepened to a rosy red. Ainsley held one of her hands. With the other, Rose was playing that tiresome exercise, over and over.

"Goodness!" she said, stopping to rub the weary hand. "Ma must think Peter's got the patience of Job today! I can't keep it up any longer! It's your turn!"

"It's the only way to keep her from interruptin'!" said Ainsley, continuing the exercise with his free hand.

Mrs. Grayson smiled knowingly. She quietly returned to the kitchen and made a loud racket with the milk pans, to prove to the lovers that they were still safe. Then she hurried to the back yard, and beckoned to her husband. He tossed down his rake, and joined his wife.

"Take off them boots, John, an' foller me!" said Mrs. Grayson.

John obeyed. Imitating her cautious steps, he followed her through the house to the parlor door. Mrs. Grayson peeped in first, then motioned John to follow suit.

The smile that spread over his sun-burned face was a smile worth seeing. His lips were wide, and he would have shouted in glee if his wife's fat hand had not closed over his mouth. The portieres swayed slightly, but unobserved by Rose and Ainsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson "took turns" in peeping at the happy couple. The exercise which Ainsley played was gradually decreasing in tone. Just as it stopped entirely, there was a slamming of the screen door, and in rushed Peter.

"We beat! We beat!" he shouted. "Twelve to two! Twelve to two!"

Paying no attention to the pair at the piano, he ran wildly on, threw back the portieres, and forcibly collided with the elderly eavesdroppers.

"Well, I'll be jiggered, Rose! If they wasn't rubbin'!" he exclaimed, drawing back and staring at his red-faced parents.

Rose and Ainsley stood in the middle of the room, hand in hand. This was a rude shattering of their dream.

"I beg your pardon," began Ainsley.

"No, don't beg no pardons!" said Mr. Grayson, stepping forward and grasping Ainsley's hand. "Jest accept our congratulations! You're the first man that ever could git a hint of a smile from Rose!"

"Yes," put in Mrs. Grayson, "an' we was mighty 'frail'!"

"That I'd die an old maid," finished Rose.

"Well, you need have no fears on that score!" said Ainsley, still shaking the farmer's hand.

"Just what I knew!" shouted Peter. "And I wasn't goin' to bother 'bout pianer lessons, when there's goin' to be a musician right in the family!"

## Current Events

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

PROOF AGAINST THE CURIOUS.—Proof against the curious is a double envelope that a Frenchman has invented. The flap of each envelope seals against the back of the other; so that the contents cannot be removed without destroying the cover. This envelope will be used by many when valuable papers or other things will be sent by mail.

BILLION. ALL HE WANTS.—A billion dollars is the modest sum that Elliott R. Robinson, a Chicago negro, seeks to collect in the United States court of claims. The government is made defendant in a suit he has brought because of alleged infringements on patents on an electrical signal system he alleges were granted to him. Robinson, an attorney, will argue his case when it comes up.

PLAN OF A RAT-KILLER.—Using a powder of secret formula to entice rats from their lairs, then seizing them with a pair of tongs is the proposed plan by which Prof. T. A. Torney, "pro-

fessional rat catcher," proposes to exterminate 25,000 rats in New Orleans. The "professor" arrived some time ago and called on the mayor, presenting his card with the business-like "rat catching" line printed thereon. He proposes to open a school for the instruction of dogs, also. He says he "works in the darkness of night."

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

### Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; as in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-month subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information wanted of Dina Siefkes, last heard of in Washington. Write to her father, S. Siefkes, Box 75, Ashdown, Ark.

Whereabouts of Allen Wiley, age thirty-three. Last heard from April, 1905 at Jerome Mining Camp, Jerome, Ariz. Mrs. W. A. Wiley, Chinook, Mont.

Information wanted of Thomas Rafferty, left Black-hill, Eng., 28 years ago for Denver, Colo. Write Miss Smith, No. 503 Elwood St., Joliet, Ill.

Information concerning Albert Jefferson Hickson, who went West about sixty years ago, will be appreciated. M. Deener Baker, Box 353 Kingstree, S. C.

### Comfort Postal Requests

#### How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Hazel Rogers, Waterbury, Nebr. W. S. Wilcox, Wasey, La. Miss Ella Lital, 404 C. St., Greenfield, Ohio. John McCormack, Oklahoma, R. R. 7, Box 8, Okla. Miss Evelina M. Dubuque, Belchertown, Box 85, Mass. Mrs. Mabel Rhodes, 144 Depot St., Salem, Ohio. John H. Housell, 226 Ripley Place, Elizabeth, N. J. Ada Hodge, Youngstown, R. R. 2, Box 28, Ohio. Miss Elizabeth L. Herbert, Point Pleasant, Box 38, N. J. George Moyer, 106 S. 5th St., Decatur, Ind. Mrs. Cora Savoy, Jackson, Mich. Mrs. Maria F. Smellie, Raynham, Mass. Colored views only. Harry Swan, Mason, Mich. Views preferred. Corinne Dubuque, Belchertown, Mass. Miss Jennie Lambert, 3349 E. 126th St., Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Belle Porter, Byesville, Ohio. Julia J. Frable, Mascow, R. R. 2, Pa. Margaret Reich, 312 W. Du Bois Ave., Pa. Mrs. Mamie Merritt, Haigler, Nebr. Mrs. J. A. Britton, 43 Hawthorne St., Stamford, Conn. Emil Newman, Fairmont, Minn.

## WE PAY \$80 A MONTH SALARY

and furnish stock and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry powders; money-back guarantee; outfit free; new plan; steady work. Address BAKER CO., X 314, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

"Alkavis" KIDNEYS and BLADDER. Doctors, Hospitalists, Ministers and thousands of others testify that "ALKAVIS" completely cures Pain in Back, Rheumatism, Urinary Trouble and all disorders of Bladder and Kidneys. Trial bottle FREE. The Alkavis Co., 321 Howard St., Detroit.

## WATCH GIVEN

AND RING. We give an American made, stem wind and set, Watch Guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful SIGNET RING for selling 3 boxes of

Wonder COMPLEXION Cream

at 25 cents a box. Most wonderfully effective remedy to clear and beautify the complexion and sells rapidly everywhere.

Order 8 boxes to-day. We send them post paid. When sold send us the \$2.00 and we will send you the Watch and Ring and a nice Chain. HILL SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 57 CHICAGO.

## FIVE FINE BOOKS TWO BEAUTIFUL COLORED PHOTOGRAVURES



### THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS

A stirring sea tale that will make the blood tingle. The romance of an island that was shrouded in mystery and that proved to be the very storm center of thrilling adventures; an island that was strangely found and still more strangely lost. If you have the sort of blood that beats faster at the recital of a great narrative of mystery and adventures, you cannot afford to miss "The Island of Diamonds." It is Harry Danforth at his very best. To readers familiar with his work, the story can have no higher praise.

### MY MOTHER'S RIVAL

No writer better understands the quick and sure way to a reader's emotions than does Charlotte M. Braeme. All her books throb with heart interest of the most entrancing, enthralling sort. In "My Mother's Rival" she has written one of her greatest stories. It stirs with the great pulse of human nature and is a tale of rare beauty and intense fascination. There is also about it an element of the supernatural that leaves one with a feeling of almost frightened wonder.

### THE LITTLE ROUGH-CAST HOUSE

Our mothers read and loved the books of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. So will our grandchildren. For such stories as hers can never die. They are fraught with a sweetness, a loveliness and a sustained interest that makes them classics for all times. And "The Little Rough-Cast House" is said by competent critics to be the finest piece of work Mrs. Southworth has ever done. It is a story to read—to re-read—and then to pass on as a treat to one's best friend.

### THE DEVIL'S ANVIL

This is a story that carries the reader through all phases of life, from cottage to palace. And through many a thrilling scene it passes. The description of the horrors of a burning ship in mid-ocean is one not lightly forgotten. In fact the whole book bears the reader along on a ceaseless rush of action that grips him from the first page to the very last. It is the masterpiece of Mary Kyle Dallas's many notable books.

### SWEET IS TRUE LOVE

The signature "The Duchess," to any story is as sure a sign of excellence as is the "sterling" stamp on a piece of silver. "Sweet is True Love," is the tale of two splendidly normal and attractive young people who smashed their way through a host of obstacles to win each other. All the world loves a lover; and all the world loves a well-written love story. Here is a love story that will set the slowest old heart to fluttering.

Each story is complete, in bound booklet form, with illustrations conveniently arranged in an artistic portfolio. A very beautiful TEN COLOR ART POSTER, GAINSBORO PORTRAIT, size four by five and one-half inches, adorns each portfolio, and this very beautiful subject is READILY REMOVED FOR FRAMING.

Another and larger similarly BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, size six by eight inches, is included also in each portfolio and is VERY ATTRACTIVE FOR FRAMING. Either or both are excellent for PICTURE PUZZLES, as they are artistic subjects, beautiful and of HEAVY PAPER.

Good wholesome stories by FASCINATING WRITERS such as HOLMES, BRAEME and others, appeal to all, and this UNIQUE METHOD of distributing them in PORTFOLIOS WITH TWO FREE ART PICTURES, adds additional value and interest to the liberal offers we make.

THESE FIVE NOVELS contain as many words of fiction as two average \$1.50 novels.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send one bona fide new subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months, for one subscription, with five cents additional, 30 cents in all for same. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## WOMEN WHO SUFFER.

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our Free Box of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice from our Lady Physician.

ADDRESS SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



I have been treating Epilepsy, Fits, or Falling Sickness very successfully for over 20 years, giving relief to many who had given up hope of ever overcoming this disease. They write like this: "I thank God I heard of your treatment." "My son is strong and healthy." "I thank you a thousand times." "May God bless you," etc. I will be pleased to prepare and send free a 16-c. bottle (regular \$2 size), also testimonials to any one suffering with this disease, who will give me a full description of their case. Address F. E. GRANT, M. D., Dept. 79, Kansas City, Mo.

## Perfect Salve for Sores

Allen's Ulcerine Salve relieves at once, and finally abolishes Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores and all sores of a painful and persistent nature. We have thousands of enthusiastic letters from grateful users. You'll write us one, too, when you've tried it. Try it now. By mail 50c.

J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 168, ST. PAUL, MINN.

## SOLID GOLD

These Two Rings FREE for selling seven 25c boxes "Merit" Blood Tablets in 30 days. One solid gold. Address MERIT Medicine Co., Room 10 Cincinnati, Ohio.

## FREE

Portfolio of Separate and Complete Stories and Art Pictures.

Graphic Library Tales for the family and home circle. FIVE WORLD FAMOUS STORIES, embracing LOVE, MYSTERY, TRAGEDY, RICHES and PATHOS, with the following popular titles:

by Harry Danforth

by Charlotte M. Braeme

by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth

by Mary Kyle Dallas

by The Duchess





## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no letters will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

J. L. V., Belvidere, N. Y.—We think there is no such paper published. Inquire of W. W. Ayer & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. D. F., Ottine, Texas.—Make known what you want in the advertising columns of the newspapers in your vicinity. That's the best way to let people know what you have to offer them.

Doubt, Luverne, Minn.—If you wish to become a first-class nurse having first-class patients you must have a good education. But before beginning your studies have a talk with a physician to learn how much is required to become a good nurse. Unless you are fitted by nature for the work you will be a failure and only a physician can tell you whether you are equal to the work or not.

D. P. S., Cleveland, Tenn.—The only way to get copying work is to advertise for it, either in your nearest city papers or in general magazines as some typists are lately doing, though that is costly. Living in the country you should be able to make prices which might attract city customers. Try an advertisement in Nashville, Knoxville and Chattanooga papers.

Subscriber, York, Pa.—York has several repair shops for tires needing punctures. Make direct inquiries of them. We know they are the best because on one occasion we got a puncture coming from Gettysburg to York and had it nicely fixed in York.

Mrs. L. S. N., Benton, Mo.—We do not keep addresses of inquirers in this column, and even if we did, would not feel at liberty to give them.

T. C. B., Artesia, Miss.—Write to Hon. George M. Bowers, Comm'r Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., asking for all the information you need. You will get help there to raise fish if you really want to go into it.

N. L. N., Patton, Pa.—Why come clear to the capital of Maine to ask a question that your own county seat? The duties of the register of wills varies in different states as the title of the office varies. Anybody of intelligence in Ebersburg can tell you.

E. S., Spring City, Pa.—Wm. Knox, a Scotchman, wrote the poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" We do not know who wrote the other, nor do we find it in any lists.

M. E. L., Hudson, N. M.—Try the Dolge Felt Shoe Co., Dolgeville, Pa., The Marshall Field Co., Chicago, and John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

D. G., Auburn, Nebr.—Inquire of Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C., for any information about government lands. If you mean experimental farms, write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

M. A. B., Winfield, Ala.—The rollers you saw in the picture for moving heavy boxes were either on trucks with handles which do not show in the picture, or on handleless trucks used for that purpose in some places. They are too heavy for your purpose. Can't you get a carpenter in your town to make rollers for your chair, such as you can use? We don't think you can find what you want ready-made. (2) Write to U. S. Mineral Wool Co., No. 143 Liberty street; Rob't A. Keasby Co., No. 100 Moore street and Asbestos Felting Works, No. 79 Maiden Lane, New York City. We would like to hear what success you have in converting an old tank into a fireless cooker.

W. P., Scottsboro, Ala.—Before trying for the Associated Press, see what you can do sending news to your nearest city paper. Scottsboro is hardly large enough to maintain an A. P. correspondent. Write to the editor of The Age-Herald, Birmingham, and ask him if he wants news from Scottsboro. If you can make good with The A. E., editor you will have a chance to spread. We don't think well-written matter would be "acceptable" to large newspapers, though it might be acceptable. Correspondents have to know how to spell. And don't begin to ask how much they pay. Ask how much of a chance you have to get your stuff printed.

R. D. O., Newberry, Mich.—If you can find a publisher for your story, he will attend to the copyrighting of it. If you want to publish it yourself, write to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. for copyright blanks. They cost nothing, but the copyright will cost a dollar. An ordinary book of fiction will bring you more disappointment than anything else. An extraordinary one will bring you money. You are making a serious mistake in trying to go over material from another story. The matter where you got it, or what changes you make in it. Be sure your sin will find you out. Make the book all your own or make no book.

Mrs. F. H., Bowie, E. R.—You neglected to state in your letter whether it was Bowie, Colorado, Louisiana, Texas, or Maryland and we couldn't guess. We know a lot up here, but we don't know everything. We hope though, that your wedding was a brilliant success. We extend our best wishes and may you celebrate your golden wedding.

N. O. G., Odenville, Ala.—If you are thinking of handling five, ten and twenty-five cent articles we advise that you make a trip to Chicago, or St. Louis, and get in touch with the trade. It may cost something, but it will be worth forty times what it costs in what you will learn. You can't do any good by mail until you have a clearer knowledge. Write to Charles Broadway Rouss Co., New York City, on the ten cent question. You can't cook if you don't know food stuff, and you can't do business if you don't know trade stuff. Knowledge is power.

F. A. C., Montclair, N. J.—Has Montclair a mayor, or other city officials? If so inquire of any of them what the city ordinances are regarding the taxing of a mail order business. In most places there is no tax, but Montclair may be different.

A. H. E., Altura, Minn.—There is a demand for auto experts, as there is for experts in any line. Wages vary according to the expertness and the class of work to be performed.

S. W., Wood Lake, Minn.—For scroll saw designs try H. L. Wild, No. 279 East 10th Street, New York City, or John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. You could probably get them at St. Paul or Minneapolis department stores, and save on the expressage.

Old coin inquiries are respectfully referred to advertisements of experts in that line in COMFORT. They know more about coins in a moment than we do in sixteen years. You may have to pay for it, but when you have it, you have the real stuff.

Mrs. W. E. H., Battle Creek, Mich.—We have been trying to find out who buys cancelled stamps, but so far have not done so. Does any COMFORT reader know?

S. S., Cogswell, N. Dak.—Write to M. Ortis, Manager Braun & Co., No. 13 East 46th Street, New York City, about rare paintings.

Mrs. A. M. H., Burnet, Texas.—Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. about requirements of teachers for the Philippines, asking him to refer your letter to proper authorities, if it is not in his jurisdiction.

Paula, New Braunfels, Texas.—We are not scientific about, but we should say that a glass magnifying forty times was stronger than the one magnifying six times. However, to make sure about glasses, spy and others, write to The A. Lietz Co., No. 632 Commerce Street, San Francisco, Cal., and to Albert Berger & Co., No. 47 Maiden Lane, and T. H. McAllister Co., No. 49 Nassau Street, New York City.

Miss J. L., Clements, Minn.—Unless you have feathers enough to pay for shipping, the freight will eat up all the profits. You should sell to local dealers who buy enough to make a shipment that will pay. If your local dealers haven't enough enterprise to do that, why don't you do it yourself and buy up all the feathers your neighbors have and then ship to St. Paul? Get the address of a St. Paul or Minneapolis firm that is reliable and let it handle the feathers for you.

M. A. J., El Rio, Cal.—In order to save our readers from wasting time, stamps and stationery in writing to wealthy people we decline to give their addresses.

R. H. E., Oange City, Kans.—The News and The Record are the leading newspapers published at Dawson, Yukon Territory. Dawson is not in Alaska; it is in British territory.

Mrs. M. G., Faircloth, Ga.—The Salvation Army has posts almost everywhere and a letter addressed to Salvation Army Headquarters, Atlanta, would no doubt be delivered. Put your address in the corner of the envelope for return if not delivered. Write similar letters to other cities.

Mrs. W. M. O., Gering, Nebr.—Write to Cupples Wooden Ware Co., No. 359 Greenwich Street; J. S. Barron & Co., No. 127 Franklin Street, and L. H. Mace & Co., No. 117 East Houston Street, New York City, asking them if they cannot supply you with spoons or refer your letter to some firm who can.

E. C. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Why not go over to Manhattan—you are not very far from there, are you?—and make inquiries for Wireless schools direct? You ought to know more about New York City than we do.

C. M. B., Duluth, Wis.—A letter addressed to the lady in care of either The Clipper or The Dramatic Mirror, New York City, would reach her.

Reader, Manitou, Okla.—A first-class education is not a qualification for a married lady to become a rural route mail carrier. For information on the subject write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., and to the member of Congress representing your district. He is at home now and you should know him if you aspire to hold office.

M. A. C. P., Center City, Minn.—Writing at home, as you refer to, is not to be had, as all such work is done by persons who are within reach of the firms requiring it. Nearly all writing work is done by regular employees in the offices. About the only home work to make money at by a woman is to learn what your neighbors need and cannot do for themselves and you do it for them. Make things for them, either things to wear or eat or for decoration of their houses. Many women are doing this all over the country and turn many a penny by it.

Mrs. C., New York, N. Y.—Inquire of any firm of jewelers in New York. Those in Maiden Lane are less expensive than those in Fifth Avenue. They may not handle individual communion sets, but they can tell you who do. You might inquire of The Stolzenberg Co., No. 51 Barclay street, or Benziger Bros., No. 36 Barclay, before seeing the jewelers.

F. J., Snyder, Ida.—The only way to find money to invest in inventions is to advertise for it, in city newspapers, west or east. As to manuscripts in postal form, we rather think the sale is limited, the market being overstocked. Still you might try them on San Francisco, or Portland or Seattle editors. They can stand a good deal. Unless the moving picture

show people know you or you have the cash, there is not much of a chance to get yourself into that business. See moving picture show advertisers in COMFORT and write to them for particulars. Anybody can run a moving picture show if he has a little money to begin with, and they sometimes are great money makers.

J. K., Chicago, Ill.—You can get such picture cards as you enclose, at plenty of places in your own town, but we can't give you their addresses. Get a move on and find them for yourself. Isn't every Chicagoan a hustler?

D. McD., Brady, Texas.—You ought to have your switch made in Austin or Houston, or San Antonio. It is too far to send it East. If you don't know any hair firms in those towns, inquire of the postmasters, inclosing postage for reply.

F. E. M., Oulin, Mo.—Write to Dietrich Sub. Co., Middleville, Mich., Review of Reviews Subscription Dept., and to Henry Malkin, No. 42 Broadway, New York City.

R. M. L., Lodi, Texas.—"Favorite" is a favorite name for a great many kinds of machines. What particular Favorite do you want when you say the "Favorite Machine?"

O. E. L., North Vernon, Ind.—Send your letter to Secretary of the American Numismatic Association, in care of The Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., and it will be forwarded if you write: "Please forward," in the lower left-hand corner.

Mrs. U., Balston Spa, N. Y.—All information about government lands may be had by writing to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. S. E., Fayette, Ala.—Write to Editor, Magazine of Entertainment, New York City, for copy of magazine, or for terms.

G. R., Cleveland, O.—We haven't the address. Send letter to author of book in care of the publisher and it will be delivered.

D. E. P., Groesbeek, Va.—Dried ginseng is in demand. Write to China Trading Co., No. 108 Fulton Street; Ohon Kee Co., No. 18 Doyers Street; Quan Yick Tai & Co., No. 3 Doyers Street, and John Hogan & Son, No. 99 Pine Street, New York City.

Miss M. K., St. Helena, Pa.—Write to Chautauqua School of Nurses, Jamestown, N. Y., about nursing. We think if you would go West where your good looks and energy would have full sway you might do much better than to remain in the East. There is a demand for women of the right kind in the West, but you have to go there and make your own start to begin with. Why not make a try at Denver?

E. W., New York, N. Y.—Some of the evening papers of Chicago are The Post, The Journal, The Labor World, The News and The Republican. The Saturday Evening Blade is not in our list.

X. Y. Z., Ceres, N. Y.—Not a great deal of experience is required to become a telephone operator. You must speak fairly good English, be quick and accurate in your hearing and enunciation and have a good temper. Take a few lessons in your local office.

Inquirer, Deluce, Ark.—Write to Harto, No. 705 S. Capitol St., Indianapolis, Ind.

E. H., Batavia, N. Y.—F. M. Wilmot is the Secretary and Manager of the Carnegie Hero Fund and his address is Pittsburgh, Pa. The fund applies not only to New York state, but to all others. Write to Secretary Wilmot for particulars.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

**Post Card Reflector FREE**  
AND 50 POST CARDS

This New Post Card Reflector will enlarge the picture on any post card to a very large size and in their natural colors. Entertain your friends or make money giving shows. Will reflect any Post Card. No time to buy at big prices. We send 50 hand-painted Post Cards with each Reflector. TWO BIG PRIZES! The selling only 24 hand-painted NEW MOTTO PICTURES at our special price, 1 cent each, sold everywhere at 50c each. Our greatest complete Post Card Reflector and 50 hand-painted Post Cards will be sent you promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. ALTON WATCH & JEWEL CO., Dept. 1721, Chicago, Ill.

## New Rupture Cure

Don't Wear A Truss.

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Hinds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No surgery. No lymph. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial. Pat. Sept. 19, '01.

Catalogue Free.

C. E. BROOKS,  
42 E. State St., Marshall, Mich.

## Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case. I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today, Mark H. Jackson, No. 99 Alhambra, Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

# FREE To Every Woman

I Will Send You  
**ABSOLUTELY FREE**

One 50-Cent Box

## BALM OF FIGS COMPOUND

It is a medicine that has cured women's ailments—one that has to its credit nearly twenty years of success and a record of thousands upon thousands of cures, and so positive am I that it will help you if you are suffering with any form of women's ailments, that I will gladly send this 50-cent box free. I will send it free to prove that I can benefit you or any suffering sister.

You know what the ailments of women are and since from past experience I know what will cure them, I want every suffering woman to embrace this opportunity to get well and strong and enjoy 365 healthy, happy days every year.

My mission is to make sick women well, and I will gladly send you, your daughter, your mother, or any ailing friend a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it, so that if you are suffering from any form of the well known symptoms of female weakness, you will know just exactly what to do. I want to tell you just how to cure yourself right at home, without the aid of a Doctor—and the best of it is, it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure.

Balm of Figs Compound is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong and I can prove it—I let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it and do it free, for I never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing is necessary. It is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors, Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

NOTE:—I will also send you free our book entitled "A Perfect Woman." This book should be in the hands of every woman and will prove of great benefit to all who receive it. I want you to have one.—H. M. R.

I want to do this because I know just what it will accomplish when given a fair trial, and have every faith that it will do as much for you or any suffering woman as it has done for the many others who have given it the opportunity.

### READ WHAT OTHERS SAY

The following extracts are only a few of the comments of friends which I am constantly receiving from those who have given Balm of Figs Compound a fair trial. "Since my own wonderful recovery I have persuaded many of my friends to try the remedy, and could tell of many remarkable cures by this simple, inexpensive treatment." Sincerely yours—Mrs. A. L. CHAM.

"I had been a great sufferer for 29 years prior to using your remedy, but I am now a perfectly well woman and owe my life entirely to the simple use of Balm of Figs Compound." Sincerely yours, Mrs. MARY E. SMITH.

"I feel that your remedy has saved my life and that I am indeed indebted to your representative for having persuaded me to give it a trial. It seems that I have never known before how glorious it is to enjoy perfect health, and you can rest assured that I will never lose the opportunity of telling others what it accomplished in my case." Yours truly, Mrs. MARY J. WITTE.

"Balm of Figs Compound was certainly a Godsend in our family, and I have every woman who reads this will be convinced that it is just as represented." Very truly yours, Mrs. FRANK P. GOODMAN.

## This 50c Box of BALM OF FIGS COMPOUND will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free to prove its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further it will cost you only a few cents a week.

I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50c boxes free, so, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me, at once, today, and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire I can readily refer you to many who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy, but after all the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merit.

Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today and remember if you will simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me I will gladly send you the 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free for the asking, or if you prefer to write a letter you can address me in all confidence.

**Mrs. Harriet M. Richards**  
Special Box E 23 Joliet, Illinois

### COUPON

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS,  
Special Box E 23, Joliet, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Richards:—As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs Compound, I will be pleased to have you send me—free of any cost—one fifty-cent box by return mail.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Age.....

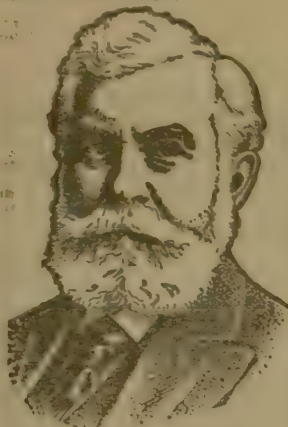


## Don't Dope Rheumatism

Let Me Send You My New External Invention  
That Is Relieving Thousands  
**TO TRY FREE**

**Send No Money—Just Coupon**

Don't derange your system with drugs when I promise you quick relief with my simple Magic Foot Drafts, so certain in their action that I send them



FRANK DYER, Cor. Sec.

an offer if my Drafts didn't give quick and lasting results.

If you could see the thousands of letters I get saying my Drafts have cured after everything else failed—cured even after 30 and 40 years of suffering, as well as all the milder stages of this cruel disease, you would not question my strongest claims. You would send at once to get the same relief and comfort so many others got. Remember, the risk of loss is all mine—you pay only when satisfied. Can anybody make a really fair offer? Don't delay, but send my coupon at once—now.

### This \$1.00 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to Try (as explained above) to

Name.....

Address.....

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, 156 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

## I Cured My Rupture

**I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!**

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today

### Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS, Inc.

Box 25 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

## Healthy, Happy Children BORN WITHOUT PAIN To Women Who Dread Motherhood

The wretchedness and sorrow of childless parents and the dread of the pains of childbirth, which is so often deterrent and can all be done away. Dr. J. H. Dye's system positively cures sterility and assures easy and absolutely painless childbirth.

Thousands of grateful parents and happy women testify to the wonderful success of Dr. Dye's treatment. If you will send him your name and address he will mail you a deeply interesting illustrated book, which explains fully how happy, healthy children can be born without pain. Address Dr. J. H. Dye, 3 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

## STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

**A Remarkable Offer** THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your own and family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. Besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x24 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a set of French stamping preparation.

**MORE STILL** we give you a most valuable book for those who are new to embroidery and for those who are just learning it. It teaches with clear directions forty-nine different embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Filet, Stabstitch, Wallstitch, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Knit, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and a list of the stitches are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn them. Did you ever read so extensive a book for only two fifteen-months subscriptions to Comfort? We are sending you only two fifteen-months subscriptions to Comfort for 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE**—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given to any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

A. M. E., Gowan, Minn.—Varicose veins are too serious for you to attempt to treat yourself. You must have a physician, and do what he tells you to do.

H. W., Lancaster, Wash.—The milk diet is all right if instructions are followed, but no kind of treatment will be of much value where a patient follows instructions in any way to suit himself. The difference in appearance of two persons of about the same height and weight is due to the fiber of the flesh, rather than to "bony framework." Some flesh is hard and firm and compact, making little show, while another is flabby and distended, making its owner look much larger. Sometimes this flabbiness is due to bloated, alcoholic or otherwise, and sometimes it is natural. The healthiest flesh is the firm, compact kind.

Clara, Roby, Texas.—You think you are careful what you eat, but you are not as careful as you should be, nor how you eat it. Read above what we have to say to several others suffering with indigestion and follow the advice we give to them. If you find no relief, after six months, ask us again what to do.

Mrs. H. V. G., Postville, Iowa.—You are doing what a great many other mothers are doing in this country, that is, ruining the health of your children by trying to save doctors' bills. All of you should know that if the child gets a good healthy start it will have a fair chance to have good health all its life. Nobody knows but a doctor what should be done in all the childhood ailments, and every mother should learn from a doctor what to do for the child's health. It is not necessary to call him on all occasions, but he should be called when the mother begins to guess at what should be done. He will tell her, if she will ask him, and after that she will know and won't have to guess. Now you have given us a long list of troubles your baby is in, and the trouble you are having, and both you and the child could be saved the most of it by getting the doctor's advice when he has seen the child and can prescribe properly. That is the very best advice we can give you.

Mrs. C. B. D., Catawba, N. C.—Read what we have said above to this other mother out in Iowa. What is good for one is good for another.

J. G. F., Delray, Fla.—The little bumps under the skin are usually the result of strain, or congestion, and may be removed by frequent and gentle massage. Rub them night and morning and whenever you can conveniently do so and they will disappear. If they do not, you might ask a doctor some day to look at them. Usually they affect the mind more than the body, and if you don't think about them they won't trouble you.

Miss J. C., Eby, Ky.—If you have a skin disease which is very general over the body and of a serious nature you should go to a hospital for treatment. Ordinary physicians and ordinary treatment will produce no good results. Even the hospital is not sure, but there you get the best treatment possible. You are not a great distance from Lexington, and there is a hospital there which might take your case. The expense will be according to your means.

C. L., Winston, N. C.—When the heart pains and the pains go down into the left arm, there is danger that there is real heart disease, and we should advise you immediately consulting a physician to make an examination. But do not get frightened about it, for a great many people with heart disease die from other causes, so even with old age.

Nell, Miner, N. Dak.—Put away the cancer idea. There is no cancer there in our opinion. The lump has probably come from a bruise or a strain. Gentle and frequent massage may cause its absorption. Try also applications of iodine. But if the pain continues she should see a physician, even if she does have to go thirty-five miles.

Mrs. I. L., Seattle, Wash.—The remedies you can get at a drug-store are about the best that can be done, for it, unless you go to a doctor. You might try a hair tonic according to the formula you give, but you can get as good by asking the druggist. We are not an authority on the value of patent medicines. Some are very good and some are not.

J. M., Cartersville, Ga.—Such an affection of the interior nasal passages is usually known now as adenoids, a vascular growth which closes the passages and makes breathing through the nose difficult, if not impossible. They will increase as you grow older and may cause deafness. They may be removed by an operation which is not serious, painful or expensive. Let your physician make an examination.

J. G. S., Fort Mitchell, Ala.—Your pimples may be acne, a much more serious trouble than mere pimples. Put yourself on a very simple diet, taking no fats or sweets and no tea or coffee. Wash your face thoroughly night and morning in hot water with Castile soap and when dry apply peroxide of hydrogen, letting it dry on the face. Get from the drug-store some pills of aloes and iron and take one after each meal, for a week or two. As young as you are we think you do not have acne. Shave only once a week which is enough we think for a seventeen-year-old boy.

H. W., Lebanon Pa.—The condition of your eyes is due somewhat to nervousness which makes them "water" when you look steadily at people. As the sight seems to be good, though if you had your eyes tested you would probably find some defect which you had never suspected, we suggest that you get very mild glasses—a man of forty-one need not be afraid of being taken for old—and wear them all the time, not only as a protection to the lids, but as a help to your nerves and it may be to your sight. You cannot be too careful of your eyes. The glasses, even if they are plain glass, will act as a screen against the air and you will find, we think, that they will be much comfort to you.

Mrs. J. A., Ferndale, Cal.—Don't try to cure your baby by your own treatment. Babies have so many small troubles that may grow into great ones that you should take her to the doctor and get his advice, not only in this case you mention, but for others that may arise. The health of the adult depends largely

upon the baby health and if you give it a bad start it never will get over it. A complaint which has been running two years is too serious for you to undertake to cure and unless you stop it now it never will be cured and you will be to blame for letting a girl baby grow into a woman invalid. (2) If your doctor thinks there is nothing serious the matter with your shortness of breath, don't you worry about it. Worry makes people sick. Be sure your digestion is good and if you have no indigestion your nerves will be less sensitive and your breathing will give you no trouble.

E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Ringings, or buzzing in the head as the result of catarrh will always be more or less disagreeable as long as you live in a climate where catarrh prevails. You must remove the cause if you want to get rid of the disease. Go West to the high, dry countries, even if you cannot stay longer than six months. Did you ever try hospital treatment in any of the city hospitals? You may get temporary relief there, but that is all.

Mrs. J. W. R., Someton, Ariz.—There are several cures for the tobacco habit advertised—see COMFORT's advertising columns—and in some instances they are effective. But what will cure one person may not cure another, and trial is the only way to find what is a cure. A great deal depends upon the will power of the patient. Many have power to stop of themselves and stay stopped, without any treatment, but not all are so strong.

Mrs. Anxious, Rockvale, Mont.—Stuttering is a malady and one difficult to cure in many instances, but usually not in a child. It is the result of nervousness and the child must be watched and not permitted to talk except very slowly and distinctly. By constant care you will be able to prevent the stuttering getting a start and the child will outgrow it. But you must not be neglectful for a moment.

Mrs. J. E. L., Napavine, Wash.—The lumps in the breast are not unusual at this time and local applications are not advisable as manipulation only increases the trouble. Take care of your general health, eating simple, easily digested food and thinking about yourself as little as possible. Consider it all as perfectly natural and don't worry a minute.

Mrs. C. C. F., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—See advertisements in COMFORT covering such cases and give some one of them a trial. Much depends on the mother's attention to the child and a constant effort to make her exercise proper care of herself.

Anxious Mother, Spring Valley, Minn.—Children should never be permitted to sleep with older people, especially very old people, as the older and stronger person will sap their vitality and in many cases will communicate disease, though we hardly think your three-year-old child has yet taken rheumatism from her seventy-five-year-old grandmother. Be that as it may, stop their sleeping together now and don't ever let any of your children sleep with older people. (2) Creosote will hardly kill the nerves of teeth so that you may pull them without feeling it. We know of nothing that will do that except ether, or laughing gas. Take gas, if you want a tooth pulled comfortably. It is practically harmless, if the dentist knows his business at all.

R. O., Walla Walla, Wash.—It is much easier to prevent a bunion than to cure it, and you should at once see that your daughter wears shoes which do not press upon the sensitive joint or rub it. At eleven years of age she should be so taught in the matter of her foot wear that she should have very little trouble with a bunion, though if it has started she will find that she must be that much more careful. If it is sensitive now, apply tincture of iodine. The most important thing is to protect it from pressure and friction.

D. W. H., Sulphur Springs, Texas.—The symptoms of intestinal indigestion are pains in the abdomen that are apparently more deep-seated than an ordinary "stomach ache." This is indigestion of the small intestine which may be serious and not yield readily to treatment, requiring a physician's attention. In ordinary cases abstinence from food for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours will be found beneficial as it rests the stomach. Attention must be given to diet, eating only the most easily digested food, and thoroughly chewing every mouthful before it is swallowed. For a laxative take rhubarb and soda pills. The mucous discharge indicates the disordered digestion. Get your digestion to working right and that will disappear.

E. E., Marysville, O.—Moles are dangerous things to handle except by an expert. To attempt to remove them ignorantly means ugly scars if not blood poisoning, or serious bleeding. You might find in Columbus a dermatologist who might make them less noticeable on your face, but you should inquire first what he will charge, for such specialists are expensive. Did you ever talk to your home doctor about what could be done for them? The remedies you mention are of no value in dealing with moles.

Gertrude, Wright, Minn.—Continue using the sulphur and lard for the cracked skin on the hands. We do not know whether you do wash work or not, but if you have your hands very much in soap and water, you should never expose them to the air unless they have been wiped perfectly dry and heated at a fire if possible. Mutton tallow is a simple and good remedy for keeping the skin soft and healing the cracks. It is cleaner than sulphur and lard. For the rash take an occasional dose of Epsom salts in the morning and eat very simple food until you get your digestion in good condition. Dusting the skin with flour or applying a spirit lotion will give local relief.

L. M. T., Tulsa, Okla.—The baby is all right if you will give him a chance and a good doctor to tell you what to do for him. Between three and a granny he ought to be in his grave by now, but he shows he has a strong constitution and is bound to pull through. So you get a good doctor to help the little fellow and find the kind of food he will eat without crying. We think he was weaned too early.

## QUICK GROWTH OF HAIR

We will send you  
**BROCHURE**

**FREE**

**ATTAINED AT LAST—THE TRUE METHOD!**

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of Hair Growing is the genuine and scientific one. We will send you our notable Brochure FREE. We guarantee to grow hair under cash forfeiture. Our method is directed at removing the cause, the *dermatofolliculorum* ("germs") and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, close a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility and a chance to grow. Ours is the treatment that **MAKES GOOD**. It is guaranteed. Koskott is for men's, women's and children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair and to promote growth of new hair. LADIES, wouldn't you like to be able to throw away false hair? We especially want you to write, if you have wasted time and money in liquids, powders, washes, soaps, etc. which accomplished nothing. We want to surprise and delight you. Write to-day (a post card will do) and we will send the valuable BROCHURE absolutely free, postpaid. Address: KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 359 X New York, N. Y.

## Drunkards Saved Secretly

Any Lady May Do It at Home—  
Costs Nothing To Try.



Every Woman in the World May Save Some Drunkard.

At last, drunk no more, no more. A treatment that is tasteless and odorless, safe, absolutely so; heartily endorsed by temperance workers; can be given secretly by any lady in tea, coffee or food; effective in its silent work—the craving for liquor relieved in thousands of cases without the drinkers knowledge, and against his will. Will you try such a remedy if you can prove its effect, free to you? Then send the coupon below for a free trial package, today.

### Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,  
2468 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

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City.....

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### Ring & Bracelet Given

FOR FEW HOURS WORK.

Sell 6 boxes of Smith's Rosebud Salve at

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for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema,

cold, croup, etc. When sold return

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your order today. NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU, and be right in your town, agents wanted.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. 2, Woodsboro, Md.

AGENTS WANTED

Sell our Big \$1.00 Bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents.

200 Per Cent Profit.

Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure

drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms.

F. R. GREENE, 39E Lake St., Chicago

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price

10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave. New York.

## CANCERS

Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. I

do all I advertise. Health Herald and testimonials Free.

Address DR. C. ROYNTON, Lawrence, Mass.

## THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest softest rubber.

Six cups or faces render

misplacement absolutely impos-

sible. Endorsed by the medical

profession. Ask your druggist or

send us \$2.00 and we will mail you

one postpaid in plain package.

Money back if not entirely satisfac-

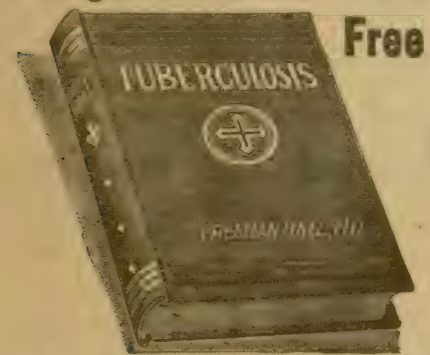
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The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.



# Consumption

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure



## NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M.D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 5159 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

## Trusses Like These Are A Crime



Get rid of Straps and Springs and be CURED

Simply write for our free cloth-bound Book of Advice, containing facts which took us 40 years of day-after-day experience to learn. It tells how 250,000 people were benefited and cured in a simple and inexpensive way. Book explains why drug stores should not be allowed to sell their misery-making trusses. Explains the dangers of operation and why it is no longer necessary. Exposes the humbug "discoveries," "appliances," "plasters," etc., and puts you on guard against throwing money away. Book tells how the wonderful Othe Self-Massaging Pad cures Rupture by strengthening the weakened muscles while holding continuously with ease—Sent on 60 days' trial to prove it—how it is waterproof—no leg- straps—no body spring—how it ends all expense on account of rupture. 4000 Public Endorsements sent with the book. After you have read this book you'll know more about your condition than if you had gone to a dozen doctors. You'll know how to get immediate relief without risking a penny. When writing, please give our box number.

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## Stomach Troubles

Vanish Like Magic

FREE

to Every Man or Woman



Would you like to eat all you want to, and what you want to without having distress in your stomach?

Would you like to say farewell to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache and Constipation? Then send us 10 cents to cover cost of packing and we will mail you absolutely free one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts. They relieve the bowels, remove soreness, strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach, and soon make you feel like a new man or woman. Suffer no longer, but write today enclosing 10 cents for postage, etc., and get one of Dr. Young's Peptopads that are celebrated because they have cured where medicines alone failed. Write Dr. G. C. Young Co., 957 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

## Information Bureau

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Mrs. M. P., Woodlawn, Ala.—The sale of lottery tickets is unlawful in the United States and you are likely to get a penitentiary sentence if you are caught dealing in them in any way, either in this country or in any foreign lottery.

M. B. F., Rhinebeck, N. Y.—There is such a tree as the Devil's Tree, but it is the distasteful old world tropical countries and is not of unusual appearance and is merely bitter to the taste. We think the description you quote of the Devil Tree of Mexico is largely a traveler's yarn. Maybe he saw all those snake-like branches creeping over the ground after he had partaken of too much of the Mexican national drink—pulque.

A. G. H., Leighton, Ala.—Old books, relics, curios or antiques of any kind have no definite value, except such as are well known, and dealers cannot afford to pay much for them. Collectors will pay much better, and the only way to get at them is to advertise whatever you have in the nearest city papers, or in art journals of general circulation. There are thousands of old Bibles for sale by dealers and only especially rare ones bring large prices. This also applies to other Comfort readers who have relics of various kinds they want to sell.

Dakotian, Havana, N. Dak.—The French for "Good morning" is "Bon jour," meaning good day. The Spanish for "yes" is "si" and for "no," the same as in English.

Bookworm, Rock Creek, O.—Write to the Member of Congress from your district about admission to West Point Military Academy. Cadet appointments are in the hands of Congressmen and the rule now is that the appointment goes to the young man passing the best examination, mentally and physically. This takes it out of politics and gives the best man a chance to win.

S. M., Bismarck, Mo.—If you mean by "clay," cement, you will be able to get details only from authorities. Write to The Engineering and Mining Journal, New York, N. Y., enclosing postage for reply.

M. J. F., Bailey, Okla.—As other Comfort readers have gone and are going into chicken raising without knowing how they can handle their product to the best advantage we say to you all that you cannot succeed at the business if you are ignorant of the most important part of it, namely, selling to the best advantage. Of course, we, or anyone, cannot tell you that. You must find it out by studying the proposition from every point. You must learn your markets and know the commission men to whom you ship your chickens; you must know freight rates and the best manner of shipping and you must know many other things that count for loss if you don't know them. Our advice in general to small producers is to sell to local dealers and shippers. The price may not be as high as in the city, but city prices when commissions, shrinkage, loss in various ways, freight and incidentals are taken out drop down to small figures and sometimes till there is nothing left. The great trouble with all of our farmers and small producers is that they are ignorant and will not learn except by high-priced experience, if they do it even then. Now, if you want to raise chickens for the general market, learn all about the market first, and then begin on the chickens. Raising the chickens is easy compared with the business end of it.

J. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—When a complaint has been made to the Post Office or other government department and information has been sent to you that your case will be given full consideration you must wait for action. Yours is not the only one, and progress is necessarily slow. You have done all you can and the P. O. D. will do the rest, but give it time. But you will hardly get your money back. (2) Milwaukee is a big town and a good one and you should be able to find work there that you could do even though you are lame. Plenty of lame people are making good livings. Keep on the move after what you can do, but don't spend any more money on art correspondence schools. House and sign painting is your field of art.

E. H. C., Claysville, Penn.—We suppose that half of Comfort's readers sometimes in their lives have invented something and thought it ought to be patented. Now and then perhaps some good thing has been turned out, but usually it is discovered there is something better already patented. To this inquirer and to all others we will say that the inventor has a hard row to hoe and the chances are against his ever getting anything for his invention except worry. In your case, there is nothing to do but keep looking for the man who has money and is willing to spend it in buying the invention, or having it patented and manufacturing it.

M. D. T., Uree, N. C.—Good strong men, able and willing to work, are wanted and needed in Colorado and all through the West. Go out there and go at it anywhere and by and by you will have learned the country well enough to choose what part of it you like best. By the time you are forty, you ought to own a ranch, or an interest in one. But it means work, steady habits and a fair degree of intelligence.

Inquirer, Portland, Ore.—The Grunewald in Berlin is not a fashionable part of the city. It is a popular resort for the people, where everybody goes for amusement. (2) Write to the Secretary of the United States Embassy for information about persons in Berlin, asking him to refer your letter to the police department if he cannot supply it from his office. The police keep detailed information about residents and visitors.

L. M. R., Concan, Texas.—The meaning of the word Buenos Ayres is good air. It is spelled Ayres not Aires and is Spanish. Write to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Charlotte, N. C., for information about the Jackson family, enclosing postage for reply.

F. De B., Baker, Ore.—Having composed a piece of music the way to sell it is to send it to a publisher and if he does not want it and returns it with the postage you must inclose to get it back, you must send it to another and so on till you have found one who wants it. So with manuscripts of stories or poems. You can get names of publishers from any music you may have, and you have as much chance with one publisher as another if the music you have composed is like that on which you have found the publisher's name. There is no way of recording it unless you send it by registered letter, which will be expensive. Publishers as a rule are careful of manuscripts if postage accompanies them. But our advice to you is not to try to compose music, nor for Comfort readers to try to write stories, as so many of them think they can do. There are thousands of experts at it and the novice has hardly any chance at all, and none, unless he is unusually gifted and is well educated besides. We hope our readers will take this advice to heart and save themselves much disappointment and loss.

## How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent OXIE Porous Plaster and samples of the OXIE Pills together with a free Sample Box of OXIE Tablets the wonderful HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free OXIE Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample OXIE Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to



## Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's Great storehouse of healing.

THE GIANT OXIE Co., 42 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.



# How to Completely Overcome TOBACCO HABIT

Attained at Last—A Successful Remedy.

Read these testimonials. They are but a few from legions.

## VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

DOES NOT CRAVE FOR TOBACCO.

Mrs. C. J. Davis, E. Port Ave., Baltimore, writes: "My husband is like a new man and does not crave for tobacco since taking your treatment."

FEELS BETTER EVERY WAY.

Mr. Wm. Selitz, Eldon, Iowa, writes: "I took your C Remedy. I have no desire for chewing tobacco and feel better in every way. My food tastes better, I sleep better and your remedies have certainly done all that you claim for them."

COULD NOT QUIT SMOKING BEFORE.

Mr. William Beardon, E. P. D. 4, Vilona, Ark., writes: "For years I was addicted to smoking but I could not quit until I got your C Set of Remedies."

THINKS REMEDY A WONDER.

Mr. J. L. Le Barb, Cir. Barnstead, N.H., writes: "Your Treatment for the tobacco habit is a wonder! I wish every tobacco user would try it. It is good to feel that one does not care for the nasty stuff any more."

NEVER WANTS HIS PIPE.

Mr. D. A. Bishop, W. Peabody, Mass., writes: "On the day I began taking your C Treatment, I filled my pipe and tried to smoke. It did not taste good and I did not crave for the tobacco either. After supper, the second day, I tried it again, but after three pulls, I had no desire. On the third day I did not put the pipe in my mouth. I have no craving whatever for tobacco any more."

MONEY WELL SPENT.

Mr. J. A. Perry, Miami, Florida, writes: "It is many months now since I took your Treatment, and I have no desire for tobacco. I am better in every particular and weigh 10 pounds more than before."

HE WAS A CIGARETTE FIEND.

Mr. Fritz A. Garretts, Box 3, Enna, La., writes: "I had become a cigarette fiend, but I never think of using them at all now. My nerves are steadier and my complexion is better; it does not have that yellow taint any more."

FEELS A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER.

Mr. John Babause, France, Minn., writes: "I wish to thank you for what your C Treatment has done for me. I am a man of strong will-power, but I never could overcome the craving I had for both chewing and smoking. I have lost all desire for tobacco and feel a thousand times better in every way."

HE SMOKED FOR 34 YEARS.

Mr. P. J. Lapp, Stark Ave., Canton, O., writes: "I had used tobacco for about 34 years, in fact, I could not quit without it, but I am now completely freed of the habit. I cannot say enough in praise of your Treatment and I certainly recommend it."

NEVER FELT BETTER IN HIS LIFE.

Mr. Andrew Thrapp, Waldo, Kansas, writes: "I never was so glad of anything in my life, as when I found out that I was freed of the accursed habit. I never felt better in all my life, than since I took your C Treatment, and I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone."

## ALL DESIRE OR CRAVING IS REMOVED FOR Pipe, Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Snuff.

I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causes such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensations in stomach, constipation, headache, work, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and willpower, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, indigestion, foul breath, acidity, lack of ambition, weakening and failing out of hair and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco and snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and gradually overcome the craving. You can quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling ready in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., C 359, New York, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 72 HOURS

FREE

LEUCORRHEA (WHITES) CURED. No Douching. No Drugging. New Discovery. Sent for Fifty cents. THE JOHN HOLMES DRUG CO., 1012A, St. Louis, Missouri.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return. Don't suffer. Act like a Man. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 709, Augusta, Maine.

I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is something—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds; itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY 936 Park Square Sedalia, Mo.

FREE OFFER—OUT HERE

Name..... Address.....

Statement and literature sent in plain wrapper.

## Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK

St. Louis, Mo. Jan. 1, 1930.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, making a specialty of ECZEMA. We have known him for years. He has been in our city for one year and eighty four days. His patients deposit their money with us, in their own banks, to be paid to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only FOUR of his patients for their money, and it seemed then, that the fault was more with the Express companies than with the treatment.

Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider his perfectly reliable, and assure these placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.

Very truly, J. E. Cannaday

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 936 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

Name..... Address.....

Statement and literature sent in plain wrapper.



## DON'T STAY FAT

**Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured.**  
No Charge to Try the New  
**KRESSLIN TREATMENT.**  
Just Send Your Address and a Supply  
Will be Sent You FREE—Do It To-Day.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and, in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment



This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases. It will be sent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the KRESSLIN TREATMENT, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 20672, 72 Madison Ave., New York, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of endorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let him hear from you promptly.

**WISE WOMEN** use our remedies and toilet specialties, appliances and the many other exclusive necessities which we handle. Illustrated catalogue with Helps and Hints 2c. Address Webster Specialty Co., Dept. M5, Chicago.

## OPIUM

or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Give particulars.

Dr. E. G. CONTELL, Suite 555 No. 400 W. 234 St., New York

**MOTHERS** Are Your Children Troubled with Weak Kidneys? If so our harmless remedy will cure them. 50c package FREE. G. H. ROWAN DRUG CO., Dept. 17, 53 River St., Chicago, Ill.

## CANCER

**BOOK SENT FREE**  
Explains the Combination Medical Treatment for Cancer. Contains scores of testimonials from persons cured years ago with whom you may correspond or go to see. The past 12 years of my professional life has been devoted to the exclusive study and treatment of Cancer in Kansas City. DR. O. A. JOHNSON  
1850 Main St., Suite 342, Kansas City, Mo.

## TOLD AROUND THE STOVE



### Age and Breathing

"Maybe we cannot tell a person's age by his breathing," said the man they called "Doctor," "but age has a great deal to do with the breathing power. For instance when a child is born it breathes at the rate of fifty times a minute and at the age of six the respirations are cut down to thirty a minute. The average adult breathes at the rate of eighteen times a minute, normal, but this rate is frequently changed. If you work moderately or walk slowly the respirations increase to twenty-five a minute, about what they were at six years of age. Fast work or running will bring the respirations up to sixty a minute, ten more than the new-born baby breathes. Pneumonia patients breathe about forty times a minute. Very sick persons in some diseases breathe at the rate of a hundred times a minute the breath coming then in gasps, rather than ordinary breathing. As one grows far along in years his breath varies somewhat, but as long as it comes fairly easy and at about eighteen times a minute when at rest, he will live as long as his breath lasts."

### Human Clocks

"Did you know," said the man who had just looked at his watch, "that we are human clocks which have to be wound up by eating? If you don't believe this, don't wind yourself up for about a month, and see what happens to you. You have heard your heart beat, haven't you? Well, that is the ticking of the clock? When it stops, you don't keep time any longer. Every body has what may be called a 'time sense' that is, you kind of sense the time as it passes and can make a pretty good guess at what the mechanical clock would tell you if you could see its face. Did you ever go to bed at night with your mind made up that you would turn out at five o'clock in the morning, an hour or two earlier than your usual time? Most of us have, and we have discovered that we open our eyes with a start for some reason or other we don't know just what and we have hit within ten or fifteen minutes of the time set. What does it? So far nobody can say for certain. The human clock marks the time when you sleep and tells you when to get up, that's all you know. Animals have it, too, to a loss degree, however, and they know at what hour they should do certain things. It is to some extent training, but there is more than training. A dog for instance will go out to meet someone he likes who comes home at a certain hour every day; take a horse out every morning at ten o'clock, and some morning neglect it, and see if he doesn't come around promptly for his morning walk; a horse accus-

tomed to be hitched up at a certain hour, will let you know about it some way, if you forget it. Lots of people in remote sections have no clocks or watches and they can keep nearly as correct time as those who have. Uncivilized people don't seem to need anything better than the human clock. I know a guide up in Maine who never carries a watch, but he is almost infallible in his 'time sense,' and hunters set their fine watches by him. He doesn't know how he does it, but he does it just the same, and he can tell time almost to the minute. Some of these days maybe we will know more about our time-telling faculty, but just now we are in too much of a hurry."

### Modern Whaling

"Modern whaling isn't what the old-fashioned kind was like," said the man who used to be a whaler, "but it has its advantages. It was hard and dangerous work taking a whale in the old style, but it is reduced to a science now. The modern whale-ship is a round-bottom little vessel quickly handled and at its bow it has a small swinging cannon which shoots a hundred pound harpoon with a dynamite bomb for a head. This is shot into the whale when it comes to the surface and its explosion usually results in instant death. When it does not, there is a fight, but not a very dangerous one. The dead whale is hauled alongside the ship and its body filled with air by an air pump till it floats easily. The hole is caulked with oakum to keep the air in and a buoy with a flag flying is attached to the body and the whaler goes after his next victim. After the day's work the whale or whales are collected and taken to the station on shore where they are converted into commercial products, and every bit of the whale is used. His fat and flesh go into oil—afterwards the cracklings are ground up into a fine guano, and the bones make fertilizer. The blood is boiled and mixed with the dried meat, and the water in which the blubber was boiled is made into glue. The fins and tails, cut into thin strips, dried and salted are barreled and shipped to Japan for food. Whalebone which isn't regular bone is carefully handled as is also any ambergris which may be found."

### High Cost of Living

"The high cost of living is still with us," said the party who looked as though he might be willing to do something for the people, "and nobody yet seems to know why there shouldn't be a reduction somewhere. Of 257 commodities reported on by the Bureau of Labor for 1910 wholesale prices were four per cent. higher than in 1899 and 1.6 per cent. higher than in 1907, the highest priced year since 1890. Of farm products the wholesale prices were 7.5 per cent. higher than last year. Generally wholesale prices were 19.1 per cent. higher than in 1900, 46.7 per cent. higher than in 1897, the lowest priced year between 1890 and 1910, and 31.6 per cent. higher than the average high prices between 1890 and 1899. In March, 1910, the highest prices were reached, being 49.2 per cent. higher than the yearly average for 1897. At the close of 1910 prices were 33.8 per cent. higher than the average for 1890-1899. Of the 257 commodities investigated, 148 showed an average increase, 26 showed no change and 83 showed a decrease. But the decrease was always small, one tenth per cent. on house furnishings for example and three per cent. on fuel and light, while some of the increases were phenomenal, potatoes, for example, increasing 300 per cent., eggs, 90 per cent., coffee, 60 per cent. and mess beef 35 per cent. Of course, the producers of these products have some of the advantages of higher prices, but they do not get their share and the consumer is left with the loss. There is no question that prices are too high, but what are we going to do about it? The government has been working on the job for a long time without results, except apparently to shove prices up higher. It seems to me that the farmers should get together in better shape and cut out the middlemen, thus making better prices for themselves and reducing prices to consumers. If there is any other way, it doesn't seem to be in sight yet."

## Let Us Send You This \$1 PILE CURE TO FREE TRY

Don't Risk Delay When You Can TRY FREE This Great Remedy That Is Curing Thousands—Just

Sign and Mail the Coupon



We want to place a full Dollar Package of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-Fold Absorption Cure in the hands of every sufferer from Piles, Ulcers, Fissure, Tumors, etc. ON FREE TRIAL. Don't wait for more serious complications to tell you of the dangers of this cruel disease, but act now. All we ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below to us. Return mail will bring you, prepaid and in plain wrapper, this remarkable 3-fold remedy which is curing cases of every degree of suffering, including cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, after doctors and even operations had utterly failed, as well as all the milder stages. After you get this treatment and try it, the if you are not satisfied, you can return it, it costs you nothing. We accept your decision as final. Could we possibly make an offer which would show stronger faith in the goodness of our remedy? Don't delay, but send in this coupon today, now.



There's Relief in Every Package.

fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. We accept your decision as final. Could we possibly make an offer which would show stronger faith in the goodness of our remedy? Don't delay, but send in this coupon today, now.

### FREE \$1 COUPON

Good for a \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to

Name.....

Address.....

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

## LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Barles Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

**Costs You No Money**

These GIFT BOXES of 25 VALENTINE Cards have more pretty designs in Post Card VALENTINES than you ever saw. Our full assortment is put up in this PRETTY Decorated Box containing 25 of the choicest varieties in VALENTINES ever gotten up. The idea of remembering friends near home or at a distance by sending a PRETTY VALENTINE POST CARD is developing each year. More and better POST CARDS are gotten out now, more than ever before, and our GIFT BOX ASSORTMENT is the best of all.

Thus one need not send a MISSIVE OF LOVE to each person, the most tender and loving tokens are selected for THE SPECIAL ONE. Very often this pet one is sent as a sealed letter. Thus many of the others are used in a general way having TENDER FRIENDLY REMEMBRANCE inscriptions on them so you cannot fail to find a suitable card in the GIFT BOX LOT to fit each and every case among your acquaintances.

**Valentine Plan.** One can get this full lot of cards and some or all of the cards can be sold and you can thus MAKE MONEY.

**2 BOXES COST YOU NO MONEY**

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY TWO SUBSCRIBERS TO COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, (your own as a renewal, or new subscriptions will count as one in the club,) or you may send your own and one new subscription, or join with your neighbor, each sending one 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will send post-paid two of these decorated boxes each containing 25 VALENTINE POST CARDS FREE, and to each subscriber we give a New Year's present of COMFORT'S Household PRIZE CALENDAR. In February COMFORT we shall print, describe and illustrate a lot of Valentine Games and run some soul-stirring VALENTINE STORIES that will make the Heart Beats of both old and young more intense. Send the 50 cents for Club of TWO Subscribers to COMFORT today and get 2 Boxes. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**2 Boxes of 25 Pretty Valentine Post Cards**  
**Cupid, Heart and Dart Designs FREE**  
Love's Greetings, Sweethearts and many other appropriate tokens of affection in our latest and best colored and GOLD EMBOSSED Post Card Valentines.

**Costs You No Money**

These GIFT BOXES of 25 VALENTINE Cards have more pretty designs in Post Card VALENTINES than you ever saw. Our full assortment is put up in this PRETTY Decorated Box containing 25 of the choicest varieties in VALENTINES ever gotten up. The idea of remembering friends near home or at a distance by sending a PRETTY VALENTINE POST CARD is developing each year. More and better POST CARDS are gotten out now, more than ever before, and our GIFT BOX ASSORTMENT is the best of all.

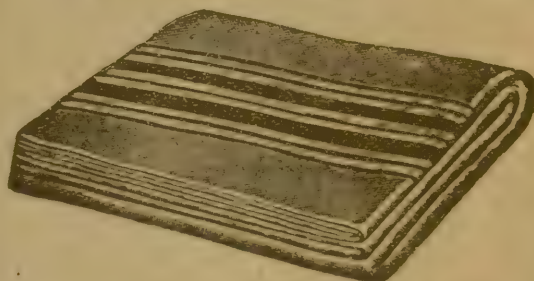
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## We Will Give You This Blanket



Six feet long and nearly five feet wide, made of good material, well finished and splendid weight. Borders worked in fancy colors on white ground.

### SOFT, WARM AND COZY

If you will sell Six of our Celebrated OXEN POROUS PLASTERS at 25 cents each and send us the money collected, \$1.50 in all, you will receive one of these heavy weight Blankets.

Oxen Plasters have been used for over a quarter of a century for Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Aches, Pain in Back, Lumbago, Kidney Troubles, Heart Disturbances, Stomach Disorders, Etc.

Write us you desire this Beautiful, Soft, Warm, White Blanket and we will mail you the Six Oxen 25 Cent Porous Plasters to sell same day your order arrives.

Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 41 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

## A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES

Cash Prizes All Sizes—Other Prizes Two Sizes

make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and fit it together according to directions. If you FIT IT TOGETHER correctly and mail it to us with ONE fifteen-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, before the twentieth of February, AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail 25 Valentine Post Cards, choice new BRIGHT COLORED and decorative—embellished, printed and EMBOSSED in many BRILLIANT kinds of ink, with pretty silver and gold effects, having inscriptions such as "TO MY VALENTINE," "LOVE'S GREETINGS TO MY SWEETHEART," and many other tokens of LOVE and AFFECTION, giving you the latest and most up-to-date assortment of VALENTINES, CUPID DARTS and HEARTS you ever saw. In fact, all the appropriate Greetings that go with the VALENTINE SEASON.

UNDERSTAND, all you have to do is to send us 25-cent subscription to COMFORT with the cut-up picture puzzle in order to GET ONE PRIZE SURE, perhaps two prizes, but that subscription MUST NOT BE YOUR OWN nor that of any member of your family.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, if you send us TWO 25-cent subscriptions with the cut-up picture puzzle; but REMEMBER that you have to get both subscriptions outside of your family.

### CASH PRIZES ALSO

BESIDES THE VALENTINE CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH ONE OR MORE subscriptions before the twentieth of February

A FIRST PRIZE OF - - - \$3.00 cash  
For second best a prize of - - - 2.00 "  
For third-best a prize of - - - 1.00 "  
For fourth best a prize of - - - 1.00 "  
For fifth best a prize of - - - 1.00 "  
For each of the 10 next best a prize of - .50 each

### CUT IT OUT



### ONE PRIZE SURE

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY VALENTINE CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with one or more subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with one or more subscriptions.

IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN and WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.  
Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. B., Augusta, Maine.  
Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription with the Money.  
Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.



# \$2.00 WORTH FREE

## FULL DOLLAR TREATMENT and DOLLAR MEDICAL **FREE** TO ANYONE **BOOK**

### Who Needs Medical Attention

**Send No Money. You Have Nothing to Pay—  
You Take No Risk. No Obligation.  
No Promise of Any Kind.**

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter describing your case and by return mail, in plain wrapper, postage paid, I will send you, Absolutely Free, a Full Dollar Course of Treatment and My Book, "The Ills of Humanity."

FREE  
TREATMENT

*Dr. Jas W. Kidd,  
Ft. Wayne Ind.*

ILLS OF  
HUMANITY  
THEIR CAUSE  
AND CURE.

### Why I Do This

For years I have been convincing the public that my treatment for chronic diseases is better than others. In this I have been wonderfully successful, but I am not yet satisfied. I want every sick suffering man or woman in the world to know of this remarkable treatment.

Fortunately I can now afford to prove to sufferers at my own expense that my treatment will actually cure where others fail. I need not ask you to take the word of others. I need not ask you to believe me. All I ask is that you allow me to send the medicine at my own cost—allow me to send the Full Dollar Treatment to prove all and more than I have claimed.

I will not expect payment for this Dollar Treatment, nor would I accept it if you sent it. It is my free gift to the sufferers of the world to show them how and where they may be cured. It is free in the real meaning of the word. All I ask is that you will use it yourself so that you may feel and realize and be convinced that at last, relief is within your reach.

I will distribute \$10,000 worth of treatment in this way to those who accept this free offer. I have made this announcement and am ready to fulfill my promise to the letter. Be one of the first to receive these free gifts. Write me today. Use the coupon below.

### This Valuable Book Free

I have published a book, "The Ills of Humanity, Their Cause and Cure." It is not a "pamphlet," nor an "almanac," but a Book, containing 192 pages, filled with professional advice and valuable information the result of years of experience in the practice of medicine. It is written in plain, simple language that everyone can read and understand.

It tells about practically all diseases, gives their symptoms, their causes and how to cure them—tells what to eat and what not to eat—how to prevent sickness and explains how many diseases may be cured at home without a doctor.

Every home in America should have a copy of this book, for ready reference. It will pay anyone, sick or well, to read it. The selling price is \$1.00, but I am going to send it free with the treatment, to every ailing person who writes me or sends the coupon opposite.

### All the Sick are Welcome

It does not matter what your ailment may be nor of how long standing—no matter if you have just begun to fail a little or have suffered for years—no matter how many other doctors or medicines have failed to cure you—no matter who you are—nor where you live—nor what your occupation may be—rich or poor, far or near.

If you are in need of medical attention I will send you a Full Dollar Treatment, a copy of my Medical Book and a letter of advice in plain wrappers, free of all charge—just as soon as you write or send me the coupon.

There are no "ifs nor ands"—no "buts"—no "reservations"—no "strings" of any kind to my offer. I will prepay the postage myself. I want you to have them—you are as welcome as welcome can be.

Take the treatment and use it in your own home—see how it acts in your case—it won't cost you a penny. If it cures you of your affliction, you have gained the priceless possession of health—if it does not help you, you are nothing out—you cannot lose—you have everything to gain. You owe it to your family, your friends and to yourself, to make the effort to be well—able to enjoy life as others do.

**Free \$2.00 Coupon--A-515 Free**

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Please send me a Full Dollar Treatment and your Book, "The Ills of Humanity," all free and postage paid, just as you promise.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Postoffice \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

How long afflicted? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you want my  
Special Book for Men? \_\_\_\_\_

Mark a cross (X) before the diseases you have; two crosses (XX) before the one from which you suffer most.

.....Rheumatism  
.....Lumbago  
.....Catarrh  
.....Constipation  
.....Piles  
.....Diarrhoea  
.....Torpid Liver  
.....Indigestion  
.....Stomach Trouble

.....Kidney Trouble  
.....Bladder Trouble  
.....Weak Lungs  
.....Chronic Cough  
.....Malaria  
.....Asthma  
.....Hay Fever  
.....Heart Trouble  
.....Poor Circulation

.....Impure Blood  
.....Anemia  
.....Pimples  
.....Eczema  
.....Neuralgia  
.....Headache  
.....Dizziness  
.....Nervousness  
.....Obesity

.....Female Weakness  
.....Womb Trouble  
.....Ovarian Trouble  
.....Irregular Periods  
.....Painful Periods  
.....Delayed Periods  
.....Hot Flashes  
.....Bearing Down Pains  
.....Leucorrhoea

Give any other symptoms on a separate sheet if you wish.





## Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. M. T. C., Montana.—Upon the death of a man, we think his life insurance would be paid to the beneficiary named in the policy, and that unless he, himself or his estate was named as beneficiary such money would not become an asset of his estate; in a case where some of his children were named as beneficiaries and others were not, we think the money would all go to those who were named. (2) We think you should communicate with the Land Bureau, Washington, D. C.

E. E., Michigan.—As a general rule, we think a sister who keeps house for her brother, without any definite understanding as to the amount of her pay for such services, would be presumed at law to be entitled to reasonable pay from him for such services as were not barred by the statute of limitations which, in your state, would run in six years, but we think there are so many exceptions to this general rule, and so

many other questions entering into a matter of this kind that it is never safe to allow such a matter to run along without some definite understanding, as if the case were one where the brother simply kept up the home in order to provide a place for his sister to live, should not compel him to pay her for housekeeper services.

Mrs. L. A., Iowa.—We are of the opinion that the maker or endorser of a note can be held for the payment of same; but if the debt for which the note was given is one upon which some other person was liable, it may be possible for the maker or endorser of the same to collect in turn from such person. (2) Under ordinary circumstances we do not think a town or municipal government would object to a board fence as a line fence, although such government would we think have power to do so.

E. S., New York.—Under the laws of Indiana, we are of the opinion that any person of sound mind, who is over twenty-one years of age, can make a will and devise his whole estate, of every kind, to any person or corporation, or to any charitable or other purpose, saving the legal provision for the widow, which cannot be affected by will without consent; that the rights of a widow against children are as follows: To five hundred dollars in goods or money, and in addition thereto the following: If two or more children survive the husband, the widow takes one third of the real and personal estate absolutely; if one child survives, the widow takes one half absolutely; provided, however, that if all the children surviving are children by a former wife, the children are the "forced heirs" of the widow, i. e. the widow cannot alienate her interest so as to prevent these children from inheriting it from her. Of course, such property as a man had deeded or conveyed during his lifetime would not become an asset of his estate, unless such conveyance was in some way defective and were afterward set aside.

G. Mc. A., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a man can by will increase the share of his widow in his estate, but that such share cannot be diminished by the husband's will.

Mrs. L. W., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, the widow will take absolutely all personal property which came to the husband in right of the marriage and also one half of the real and personal property of which the husband was owner at the time of his death, provided she make the proper written election within twelve months after granting of letters of administration, and such written election be properly recorded.

D. M. B., Idaho.—We are of the opinion that an owner of property can convey or grant to another the right of way, easement or privilege to run a canal across his property without making an absolute deed of conveyance of a strip of his land; we think, however, such agreement should be carefully drawn by

a competent lawyer acting for the owner of the land, and that any future sale of the owner's property should be subject to such easement.

Mrs. J. H., Mississippi.—We do not know of any way to procure the services of any private detective agency without paying for such service, in matters relating to the public welfare, we think such services are paid for by the public and supplied through the local police department, or in places where there is no police department through the local sheriff, constable, or marshal. We think it probable there would be a difference in time when the body of a person who had been killed and afterwards thrown in the water would come to the surface, and the time when the body of a person who fell in the water and drowned would come to the surface, but we think that so many other conditions enter in the question, that the length of the time which elapsed before the body came to the surface of the water would not amount to much as evidence to base a charge of murder on.

Mrs. J. B. A., Connecticut.—We have no knowledge of the value of the stock in either of the oil companies you mention, and they may be exceptions, but as a general rule we think it unwise to invest in the stock or bonds of companies located a long distance away, and about which you have no very definite knowledge in detail. We think the security of the investment is more important to most investors than the increase or rate of dividend on the investment.

I. C. A. P., Georgia.—Under the laws of Texas, we are of the opinion that ten years' peaceable possession of real estate, cultivating, using and enjoying the same, paying taxes thereon, without evidence of title, gives to the possessor full title to one hundred and sixty acres, and to all beyond which he has in actual possession.

B. A., West Virginia.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a husband and children, her real estate would descend in equal shares to her children subject to the husband's right of dower of one third interest for life. We think it will be necessary for you to have an examination made of the title records of the county where the property you mention is situated in order to find out just where the title stands.

H. Mc. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that every will (except nuncupative wills as hereafter provided) must be in writing or typewritten, and signed at the end thereof by the party making the same, or by some other person in his presence and by his express direction, and must be attested and subscribed in the presence of such party by two or more competent witnesses who heard the testator acknowledge, or saw him subscribe the same; but verbal wills made in the last sickness, will be valid in respect to personal estate provided certain legal requirements are complied with. It is not necessary that the will be read to the witnesses, except in the case of a nuncupative will.

## Nine Wheel Chairs in December

120 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Grand! Glorious! Nine wheel chairs to make Christmas bright and happy to nine poor shut-ins. That breaks our record. Six is the most we have ever sent out in any one month heretofore. Nine is more than twice the number we sent out in December a year ago. This brings the number for the year up to 51 and makes a splendid ending of a great year for the Wheel-Chair Club. Now that gives us all courage for the new year and we must try to beat it or at least do as well this month.

The recipients of the nine December chairs are Jimmie Banks, Big Cedar, Okla.; Miss Willie Collier, Como, Miss.; Master Clyde Davis, Jamesville, N. C.; Mrs. John Evans, Jr., Taylor, Pa.; Sarah J. Parsons, Salisbury, Md.; Sarah Russell, McAllister, Okla.; Olive Weber, Phillips, Wis.; James E. Lefler, Rocky Comfort, Mo.; Ethel Park, Fort Scott, Kans.

You see that poor little Sarah Russell gets her chair, and I want to thank the various good people who, in answer to my appeal in her behalf, sent in a total of 199 subscriptions for her chair.

You will be interested to learn that James E. Lefler and Ethel Park each sent 200 subscriptions, in a bunch, and I ordered their two chairs shipped the same day. Olive Weber's family have sent a total of 111 subscriptions in three lots beginning with November 13. On December 9, 130 were received from Mrs. Williams in aid of Mrs. John Evans, Jr., and her chair was shipped that day. Sarah J. Parsons sent 100, friends of Miss Willie Collier 51, Clyde Davis, 43, and Jimmie Banks 42.

All these shut-ins or their friends, as it appears, have helped, as they should so far as they could; and you see how quickly those who make an earnest effort in their own behalf get a wheel chair by the help of the Club.

I make my talk short this month because I want to save the space for the long Roll of Honor and the letters of thanks from shut-ins for their wheel chairs.

Thanking you all for your assistance in making this grand charity work so successful, and trusting that you will increase your efforts through the coming year, I wish you the happiness which your good deeds merit.

Sincerely yours,  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Enables her to go to Church

INDIAN SPRINGS, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair safely, and the word thanks is too feeble to express the gratitude I feel towards COMFORT'S family and all those who have helped me get it.

I cannot stand nor walk a step. Am sixty-three years old, and was sadly in need of a rolling chair. I can wheel myself around and get a drink of water without assistance once more. I was taken to church in my wheel chair the day after I got it.

Long live the Wheel-Chair Club, and may God bless you all in the prayer of, Your afflicted friend,  
MRS. SARAH J. CAIN.

More than Delighted with COMFORT'S Wheel Chair and Can't See how Mr. Gannett can Afford to Give it

WATKINS, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair safely, and am more than delighted with it. I cannot see how Mr. Gannett can afford to give away so valuable a present for the little work required for same. My advice to the sick and afflicted is to cheer up, do what you can, and COMFORT will surely be on hand to help you out. Again thanking you and all the kind friends who helped to get my chair, I am, Your grateful friend,  
MARSHALL OVERTON.

Has been Visiting in her COMFORT Wheel Chair. None but Shut-Ins can Realize what it Means to Her

HORTON, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: My wheel chair arrived safely, and words cannot express my appreciation of it. Only those who have been unable to get out into the sunshine, or have had to stay in one position, except when kind friends moved them, can realize what it is to me. I have even been visiting in it. Long may Uncle Charlie and Mr. Gannett live to carry on their noble work of helping poor, suffering invalids. I also want to thank the kind friends who assisted me in getting this chair. May God bless you all.  
Your sincere and grateful friend,  
CREATIE JACKSON.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

### COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

James E. Lefler, Mo., for own wheel chair, 200; Mrs. J. Y. Gilpin, Kans., for Ethel Park, 200; Mrs. Wm. A. Hanna, Pa., for Mrs. John H. Evans, Jr., 130; Maggie Weber, Wis., for Olive Weber, 105; Sarah J. Parsons, Md., for own wheel chair, 100; Mrs. R. F. Wooden, Iowa, for Fannie Ogden, 87; Mrs. D. L. Williams, Ohio, for Helen Otterberg, 48; Mrs. Maggie Stark, N. C., for Master Clyde Davis, 43; Mrs. Julia McEachern, Ala., for her baby, 40; Mollie L. White, Okla., for own wheel chair, 32; Bertha Caddell, Ala., for Dortha Griggs, 27; Miss Elva Talbert, Mich., for own wheel chair, 24; Mrs. R. E. Hurlbut, Wyo., for Mary Jones, 20; Mrs. Laura McDonald, Ohio, for Sarah Russell, 20; Mrs. Stella Meek, Tex., for Daisy Faver, 20; Mrs. R. E. Parker, Ala., 15; Zetta Murphy, Mich., for Sarah Russell, 15; Bessie Johnson, Okla., for Miss Willie Collier, 14; Mrs. E. J. Atkinson, Ohio, for Martha Sidwell, 14; Edna Klepper, Mont., for own wheel chair, 13; Miss Mary Harvey, Tex., for own wheel chair, 12; Miss Ella Womeck, Ga., for own wheel chair, 12; Mrs. E. N. McCullers, Ala., for Josie Woodruff, 11; Mrs. John Johnson, N. Y., 11; Mrs. Bertha Lewis, Ind., for Sarah Russell, 10; Mrs. W. J. Starns, La., 10; Mrs. Harry E. Smith, N. Y., for Sarah Russell, 10; 2102 So. 70th St., Pa., for Sarah Russell, 10; Bennie Long, Okla., for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. Walter Groff, N. Y., for Sarah Russell, 9; Mrs. Phillips Pletsch, Minn., for Sarah Russell, 9; Miss Eva Gannaway, Ala., for Josie Woodruff, 9; Nathalia Heander, Ill., 9; Mrs. Della Pienz, Okla., 8; Amelia J. Meek, N. Mex., for Sarah Russell, 8; Miss Willie Collier, Miss., for own wheel chair, 8; Mrs. H. S. Rapp, Pa., 7; Mrs. Pluma Scott, Colo., 7; Mrs. Mary J. Seaman, R. I., 6; Mrs. Mary Brown, N. Y., 6; Miss Teresa Weber, Pa., for Olive Weber, 6; Miss Lucy J. Gullen, Ore., 6; Maggie Sellers, Ky., 6; Mrs. T. W. Gray, Okla., for Sarah Russell, 6; Annie Simmons, Fla., 6; Miss Annie Cleary, Ark., 6; Ray Insull, Mo., for Nannie Collins, 5; Mrs. Anna Bunnell, N. H., for Edgar Bunnell, 5; Mrs. J. H. Hughes, Ala., for J. Woodruff, 5; N. S. Hoy, Wis., 5; Mary A. Born, Iowa, 5; Mrs. O. W. Beckett, S. C., for Sarah Russell, 5; Fairy, Pa., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. Martha Shurts, Iowa, for Mrs. Mary Brown, 5; Mrs. Edna P. Tobey, Maine, for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. E. Russell, 5; Mrs. Arbutle, Mo., 5; Miss L. I. Kinman, Neb., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. O. W. B. Johnson, Okla., 5; Miss L. Pearl Elder, Va., for Sarah Russell, 5; P. J. Leonard, Ill., 5; Lella Foy, Utah, 5; Mrs. A. A. Hammer, Okla., for Sarah Russell, 5; Edna P. Tobey, Maine, for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. Eva Bird, Iowa, for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. Linnie Farrington, Mo., 5; Mrs. Myrtle Norwood, Tenn., 5; Mrs. Elizabeth Groll, Mich., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mary Caroline Vernon, Mo., for Sarah Russell, 5; Georgia Love, Colo., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. Clara Zander, Wis., 5; Mrs. Fred Kolz, Colo., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. Minnie Hayward, Ill., 5; Miss Florence Moody, Minn., for Sarah Russell, 5.

## THIS GENEROUS TREATMENT AND 36 PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE



Dr. F. W. Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best specialist of modern times in his chosen field, makes you this liberal offer.

### If You Are Sick Let Me Help You

Just mark with a cross X in the coupon below any of the different symptoms you have and send it to me, and I will send you the Treatment Free so you may make a personal test of just what my special medicine will do.

This Treatment Will Be Delivered By MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, Right to Your Own Door Without One Cent of Expense to You

This offer is made to any person who sincerely wants to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel Disorders, Heart Trouble, Nervous Weakness, Catarrh and all other diseases arising from impure blood, Uric Acid conditions, Etc.

**SEND NO MONEY** Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

### The Object of This Advertisement

is to reach the sick, weak and suffering; those who have failed with other treatments, those who have given up in despair, those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date and successful methods of curing diseases.

I want to Prove to Those People at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my cures by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

### Accept My Liberal Offer!

It Places You Under No Obligation Whatever To Me I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have; sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me to-day. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you. Address,

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, 532-535 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### INDICATE YOUR SYMPTOMS HERE

For FREE DIAGNOSIS Cut Out and Mail This Coupon Today I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case. I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment and XX before my worst troubles.

- Name \_\_\_\_\_ State plainly Mr., Mrs. or Miss. \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
Street or R. F. D. or Box \_\_\_\_\_  
Did you ever write me? \_\_\_\_\_  
What is your age? \_\_\_\_\_  
What is your disease? \_\_\_\_\_  
Is it distinctly understood that I will never ask you to pay for the proof treatment letter of advice, diagnosis, or for answering your special questions. I will send you my Medical Book containing valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc. all free—Absolute Free—Write at once. Address Dr. F. W. Jiroch, Dept. 1133, 532-535 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- ☐ If you are losing flesh.
  - ☐ If you take cold easily.
  - ☐ If your appetite is poor.
  - ☐ If you have rheumatism.
  - ☐ If you have sick headache.
  - ☐ If you have a pain in the back.
  - ☐ If you are subject to malaria.
  - ☐ If you spit up mucus or slime.
  - ☐ If you are subject to biliousness.
  - ☐ If you are troubled with catarrh.
  - ☐ If your sleep does not refresh you.
  - ☐ If you feel weak and all run down.
  - ☐ If you have palpitation of the heart.
  - ☐ If you have heartburn and indigestion.
  - ☐ If you have weak lungs or cough much.
  - ☐ If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
  - ☐ If you belch up wind from the stomach.
  - ☐ If your hands and feet get cold easily.
  - ☐ If you spit up sour or undigested food.
  - ☐ If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
  - ☐ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
  - ☐ If you have specks floating before the eyes.
  - ☐ If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
  - ☐ If you have itching or burning of the skin.
  - ☐ If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
  - ☐ If you have boils & pimples on the face & on neck.
  - ☐ If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.
  - ☐ If you are depressed in spirits & easily discouraged.
  - ☐ If you have pains in back, through loins, hips & joints.
  - ☐ If you get weak, nervous & trembling after slight exertion.
  - ☐ If you have twitching of muscles, limbs, face & eyelids.
  - ☐ If you have too frequent desire to pass water, or if there is dribbling or painful urination.

FILL OUT this Application and Send it TO-DAY



### Advanced Case of Consumption Cured in Four Months.

Lung-Germine Co.,  
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I feel it my duty to write you that I have been saved from the grave by Lung-Germine. Every one that saw me thought I would die in a short time, and my doctor told me he could not help me. Analysis of my sputum by the State Board of Health showed that thousands of tuberculosis germs were present. I was having hemorrhages very bad, and fever 103 every day.

I heard of Lung-Germine and began its use. At the end of two months my cough was all gone and I was gaining very fast. I sent another sample of my sputum to be analyzed and the reply came back that there were no germs whatever. When I began Lung-Germine treatment I weighed 95 pounds. I used the treatment four months in all and today I am well and strong. I weigh 115 pounds, and can truthfully say that I am completely cured of consumption by Lung-Germine.

Yours very truly,  
MRS. LUCY BUNDY,  
1403 E. 33d. Ave., Denver, Colo.

### Chronic Bronchitis and Lung Trouble Cured Three Years Ago. No Return of Trouble.

Lung-Germine Co.,  
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Replying to your inquiry of some time ago, I am sending herewith statement covering my case. Before beginning the treatment I was in poor health for about one year, my case having been diagnosed by home physicians as chronic bronchitis and lung trouble, although in my opinion it was genuine consumption. I was troubled with night sweats, fever and chills, also had a very severe cough and lost forty pounds in weight in a short time. In March, 1908, I ordered a month's treatment of Lung-Germine and after using four bottles I can say that I was cured and am still enjoying good health, none of the former symptoms of my disease having returned.

You will please excuse my long silence, but I did not want to give a testimonial until I was satisfied that the cure was permanent, else I would not have waited three years. I hope that many more sufferers may learn of the treatment, for I believe that the remedy will accomplish what you claim for it.

Respectfully yours,  
SAMUEL J. SMITH,  
R. R. 6, Elkhart, Ind.

### Another Case of Chronic Consumption Cured.

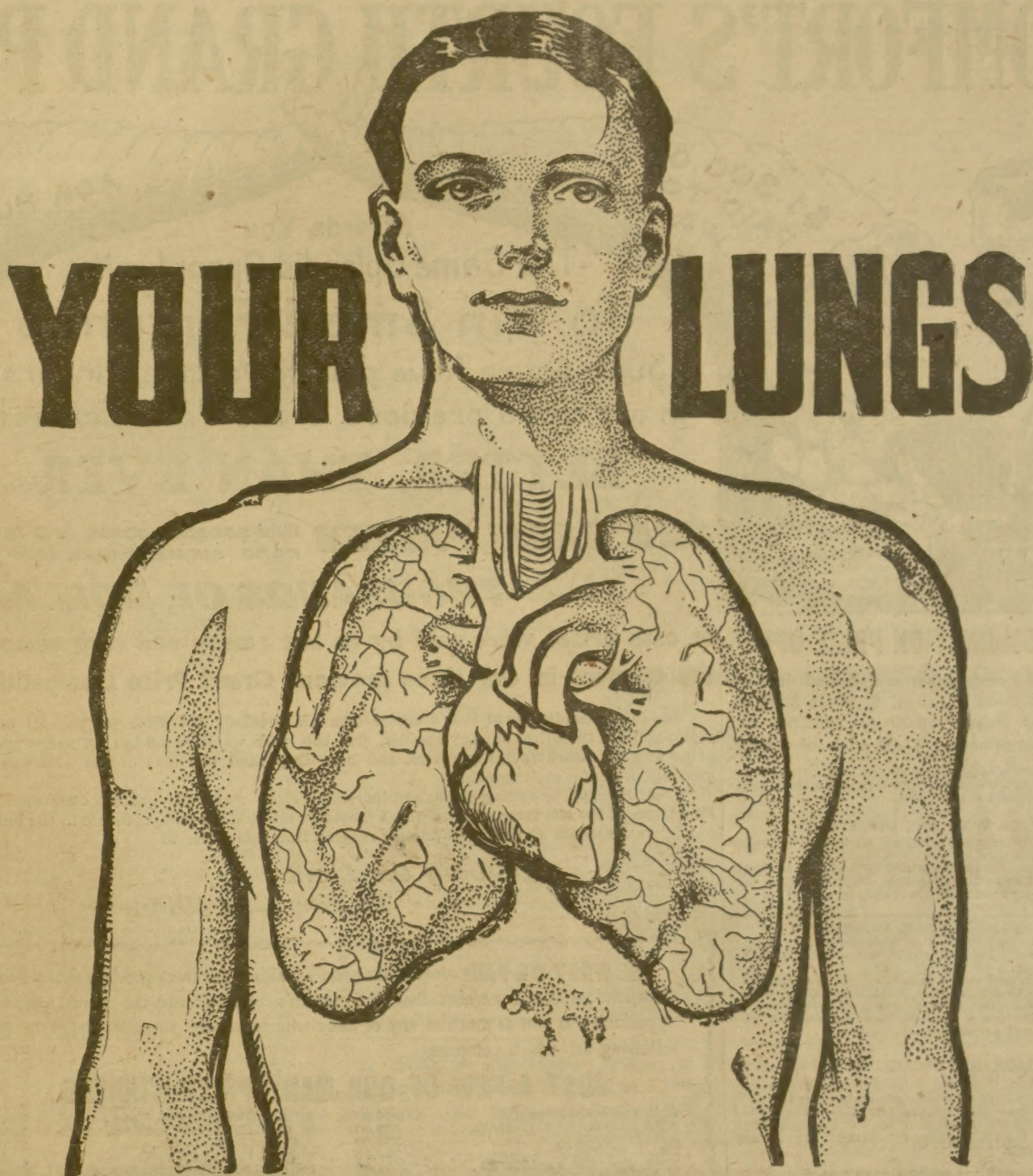
Lung-Germine, Company,  
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I am more than anxious to have my case spread to all humanity suffering with Consumption, for I am well and hearty today, and three years ago I was taking Lung-Germine.

Well, I will tell you my case as near as I can remember it now. I have had a cough in winter ever since I was a child and it seemed to grow on me, so three years ago this winter I got very bad and was not able to do half of my work. I was so weak I would have to sit down two or three times when making up my bed, and when sweeping my house I would tie a cloth over my mouth to keep from coughing so badly. In February I had three spells of bleeding of the lungs so it scared me a little and we called a doctor. He said I had Consumption and that made me pretty blue. I saw your medicine advertised in the paper, and sent for a sample. My sides were sore and hurt me severely under the shoulder blades, had night sweats so awfully bad and I would chill if the least wind blew on me across the shoulders. I could not lie on my left side for months before I took Lung-Germine, but just as soon as I began to take it I began to gain in weight, my appetite improved and I just got well. I believe to this day that if it had not been for Lung-Germine and God I would have been in my grave long ago, and my husband says so too. I had a local doctor examine my lungs after I quit taking Lung-Germine and he said if I ever had consumption I didn't have it then, so you see my case was cured by Lung-Germine and I recommend it wherever I go. I am willing to do anything to help this medicine do the work, for there is no medicine that has done half so much for me as it has, and it will do the same for others if they will only give it a fair trial. I am pleased to have my statements published and hope it will help someone to believe. Wishing you success, I remain,

Yours very truly,  
MRS. MAGGIE BRIGGS,  
Gower, Mo.

R. F. D. No 3, Box No. 35.



## Are Your Lungs Weak or Painful

Do Your Lungs Ever Bleed?  
Do You Have Night Sweats?  
Have You Pains in Chest and Sides?  
Do You Spit Yellow and Black Matter?  
Are You Continually Coughing and Hawking?  
Do You Have Pains Under the Shoulder Blades?

## These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

### We Stand Ready to Prove to You

absolutely, that Lung-Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Diseases.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.

It is not only a cure for Consumption, but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.

Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

### We Will Send You Proof Positive----Proof That Will Convince Any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you proof of many remarkable cures; also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

### JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG-GERMINE CO., 89 Rae Block, Jackson, Mich.





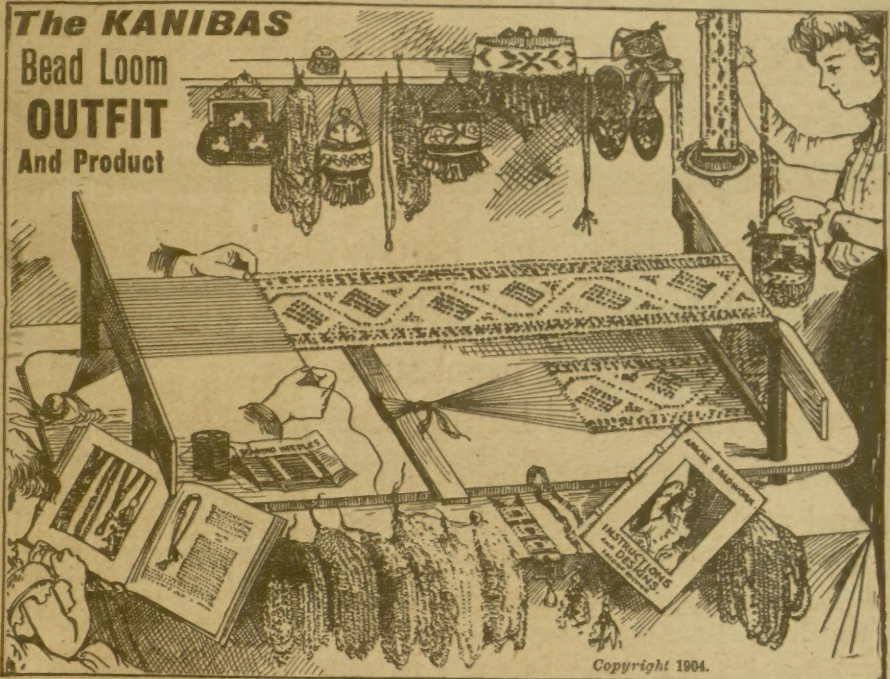


# 14,000 BEADS & LOOM OUTFIT FREE

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOB WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.

## The KANIBAS

Bead Loom  
OUTFIT  
And Product



Copyright 1904.

The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a Wonderful Loom Invention for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the Penobscot Indians of Maine as well as the Apache Tribes, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of Venetian Beadwork to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of beautiful color such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That beadwork is entirely practical can be proven by its thousands of years of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more profitable employment or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for many times the cost of material—all that is necessary is a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. With this new invention of this Bead Loom, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of working the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would throw the pattern out all over the design. All of our grandmothers' beautiful designs can now be reproduced with half the expenditure of energy and nerve force. Another wonderful help is the use of the regular Bead Needle. These are long and slender and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The Kanibas Loom as illustrated shows the method of working the beads, holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the warp in making a Belt or Woven Chain. The outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bunches Black Beads, 2 Bunches Green Beads, 2 Bunches White Beads, 2 Bunches Pink Beads, 2 Bunches Blue Beads, 1 Paper containing a dozen Special Bead Needles, 1 Gold Swivel Snap for chain, 1 Spool Special Strong Bead Thread, and the Apache Beadworker of Instruction and Designs. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photograph cover and contains seventy-five different cuts and designs in popular beadwork, giving full easy detail instructions just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the Lady Washington Bags illustrated from these old Revolutionary articles themselves that cannot now be bought for hundreds of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of Chains, Bags, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Trimmings, Purses, etc., etc., giving full directions for all designs. All the popular Secret Order Emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for Fob Chains, etc., and this book shows Masonic, Odd Fellow, Royal Arcanum, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs shown bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of money doing these designs. You get these Fourteen Thousand Beads with the Loom and Book of Directions, Thread, Needles, in fact, the entire outfit above described absolutely Free. So popular and instructive has beadwork now become in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead instruction and introduced it in all large city schools.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish  
or Candy, Olives, Nuts,  
Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish  
for Salad, Fruit,  
Nuts and Candy.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver set. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament on the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have our feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction. Send only a 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

**Club Offer.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

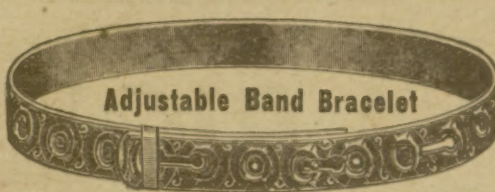
## FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the  
Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a  
Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set  
in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of inest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six lesser plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

**Club Offer:** For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Adjustable Band Bracelet

for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

**Club Offer.** Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable



**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only four 15-mo subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.

## Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

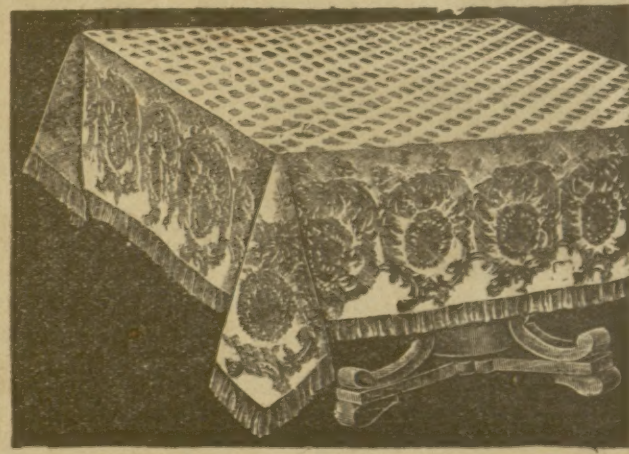
1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuckles. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality Safety Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lintle Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttener. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curiers. 1 Spool Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

**Club Offer.** Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory.

A Big Lot of Real Silk, also

Plush and Stamped Satin

## REMNANTS

FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

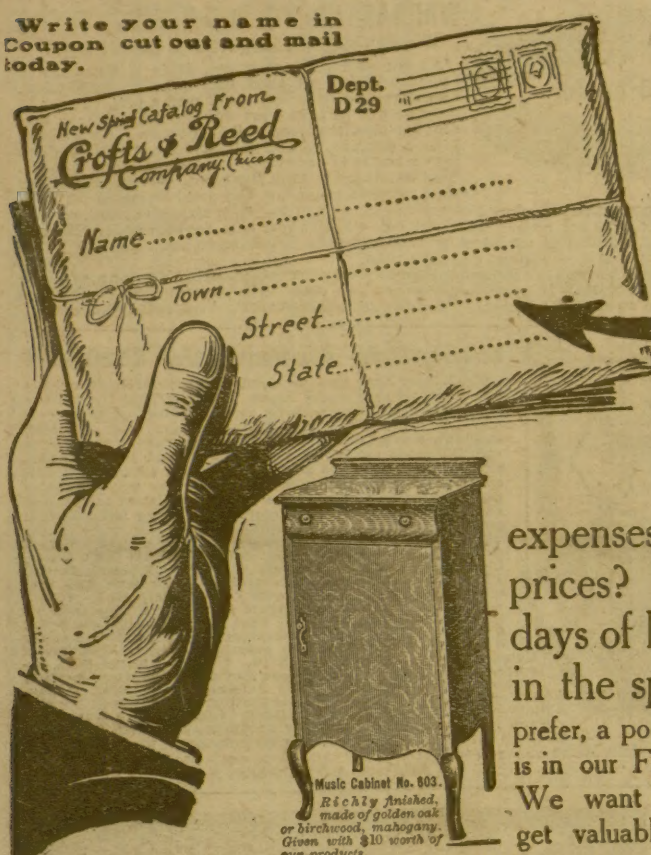
ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will soon delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 50 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 35c. **Grand Offer:** If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. **Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free.** In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price you ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell more in your locality, so make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush. **BEST WAY.** We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 35 cents for 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book **With Eight Full-Page Illustrations** for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work with Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitches, Arrangements and Ornamental Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitches, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patching. **REMEMBER** we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin pieces, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 25 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.



Write your name in  
Coupon cut out and mail  
today.



# We Want to Send You Our New BIG WINTER & SPRING CATALOG IT WILL SAVE YOU A LOT OF MONEY

On Your Groceries, Clothing, Shoes, Furniture and Other Household Supplies

**SIGN  
YOUR  
NAME-  
MAIL  
TO-DAY**

**WOULDN'T** you like to know how to cut down your living expenses—how to get your groceries at about half usual store prices? Just imagine what a saving that would be in these days of high prices. Then just write your name and address in the space above—cut it out and mail it today. Or, if you prefer, a post card will do. You can then see for yourself what a big difference there is in our Factory-to-Home prices and what you are paying for the same goods now. We want you to see how you can cut down your living expenses and also get valuable premiums—hundreds of nice things for your home without extra cost.



Oak Rocker No. 1003.  
Has massive hard-wood frame, finished in golden oak. Very roomy, comfortable. Seat is 21x21 in. Back 41 in. high, has padded head rest. Given with \$10 worth of Products.

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Laundry Soap, 2½¢ a bar  
Toilet Soap (3 cakes in a box), 12½¢  
Baking Powder, 12½¢ a can  
Tea, 1 lb. 30¢ Starch, box 5¢  
Pork and Beans, 7½¢ a can  
Family Breakfast Oats, 1½ lb. pkg., 7½¢  
Corn Flakes, 7½¢. Rice, 2 lbs., 12½¢  
Lemon Extract, 2 oz., 10¢, etc., etc.

This saving is obtainable on our entire list of over 450 different products. There is scarcely a single article which you use in your home that is not in our list of Guaranteed Food Products and on which you cannot save big money. We can only quote a few here as samples, but our catalog gives all.

**30 Days' Trial—No Money Asked  
in Advance**

We guarantee our goods as no store-keeper can. We make most of them, know their excellent quality—and gladly ship them on 30 days' trial. If not satisfactory, we ask no pay and remove what is left at our expense. We ship them, giving you 30 days to pay. That gives you a whole month to test their quality.



Ladies' Coat No. 56095

A Beautiful, Black Thibet Coat with Silk Velvet Collar, four large handsome buttons; a splendid value. Size 32 to 44 bust. Given with \$10 worth of products. Catalog also shows fine line of Suits, Waists, Undergarments, Plumes, Shoes, etc.

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We have thousands of customers among readers of Comfort buying from us regularly and nearly a million patrons all over the United States. The publishers of this magazine know us—know our goods and will tell you our plan is a money-saver.

## How to Get Furniture, Clothing, Carpets, Bedding and 1,500 Nice Things for the Home Free with Your Orders

for our Grocery and Food Products. We haven't space to explain this attractive feature of our Factory-to-Home plan, but our big catalog tells you how you can get anything in the way of Furniture, Dishes, Carpets, Rugs, Silverware, Lace Curtains, Clothing, Shoes, in fact anything for the home without paying a cent extra.

## Send for Your Copy of Our Big New Winter and Spring Catalog

It shows over 1,500 beautiful and useful articles similar to those shown here. Certainly it is worth a two-cent stamp or a penny post-card to learn of this great money-saving plan. Send for this big valuable book now and be convinced.



Oval or Square Mirrors.  
French beveled glass, beautifully framed. Size of glass, back, given with \$10 worth of Products.



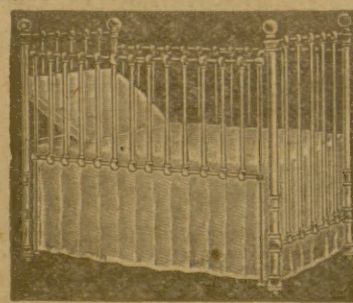
Curtain No. 81011. Beautiful reproduction of peasant-made lace design, 52 in. wide, 3½ yds. long. 2 pairs given with \$10 worth of Products.



Full line of rugs and carpets given FREE with our products on our Factory-to-Home Plan.



Petticoats and Wearing Apparel of all kinds for Women, Men and Children, given free with our Guaranteed Products.



Crib No. 200. White Enameled. Improved sliding side. Size 2 ft. 6 in. wide by 4 ft. 6 in. long. A remarkable value. Given with \$10 worth of our Guaranteed Products.



Couch, No. 7076.  
Given for a \$10 list of Products or for 5 Coupons.

# Crofts & Reed Co

Dept. D 29.

Chicago

A neat, strong one-motion go-cart. Self-locking. Easy riding. 10-inch wheels, with 3-8-inch rubber tires. Adjustable hood. Given with \$10 worth of Products.



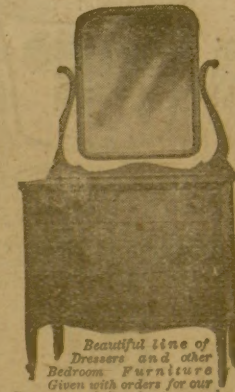
Vernie Martin Bed, No. 105.  
Given with \$10 worth of Guaranteed Products.



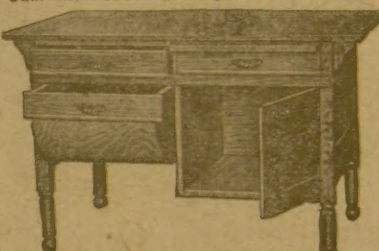
Ladies' Desk No. 5023.  
Quartered oak, or mahogany finish. Given with \$10 worth of our Guaranteed Grocery Products.



Lamp, No. 25037.  
Given with \$10 worth of C. & R. Guaranteed Products.



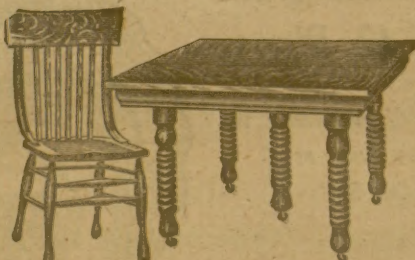
Beautiful line of Dressers and other Bedroom Furniture Given with orders for our Guaranteed Products.



Kitchen Cabinet, No. 4019.  
Birchwood natural finish. Top, 42 inches long; 26 inches wide. Has two drawers, large cupboard, flour-bin, removable hardwood pastry-board. Given with \$10 order.



Fine line of Watches and Jewelry given FREE with orders for our Guaranteed Products.



Dining Chair No. 3018.  
Three given with \$10 worth of C. & R. Guaranteed Products.

Dining Table No. 3075.  
Polished oak finish. Given with \$10 worth of Guaranteed Products.



Dinner Set No. 18039.  
White semi-porcelain set, embossed as shown in cut. Graceful pattern, light weight, 190 pieces, given with \$10 worth of Products.